THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded by Benj. Franklin

NOV. 18, 1916 — 5cts. THE COPY

CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL.

Beginning SHOESTRINGS—By Maximilian Foster

Prince Albert answers your smoke appetite's demand for quality!

Smash square in the eye *all* the tobacco notions you ever had in your life and blaze away on Prince Albert! *For,* you get such a whale of tobacco joy out of every cool, fragrant, tasteful, biteless smoke it'll seem like shifting from the peanut gallery to the parquet! *And you let P. A. make that say-so good* quick as you can canter for a supply!

For, Prince Albert's middle name is "More-smoke-smiles" *because it is quality tobacco!* Your money gets quality *and quality only* when you buy P. A.! And, if you're out for tobacco joy, *via quality,* you'll certainly bump right up against the real article when you play this tip and prove out

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

No "ifs" about this line-of-talk! Because, Prince Albert has won-all-the-way ever since it hit the turnpike over seven years ago! Yes, sir; got to smokers in the bushes, in the big and little towns, while today it's "P. A. for mine" in every civilized language all over the globe.

What's the answer? Prince Albert *quality* is backed by an exclusive patented process that removes *bite and parch!* Smoke it with your cut-out on; speed up your puffs like you were in a hurry! *We tell you P. A. won't bite!*

When we hand you such cheery news, line up on Prince Albert like you were carving-tender-turkey, for you'll cash in a lot of jimmy pipe fun—or any old way you go-to-it—that'll make you want to stretch those smoke hours all out of kilter! P. A. does that thing day-in-day-out for men who are game to invest a small piece of change, *because it has the quality!*

Wherever you travel, Prince Albert is right there at the first place that sells tobacco. For the toppy red bag you pay a nickel; for the tidy red tin, a dime. P. A. is also sold in handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and—in that clever pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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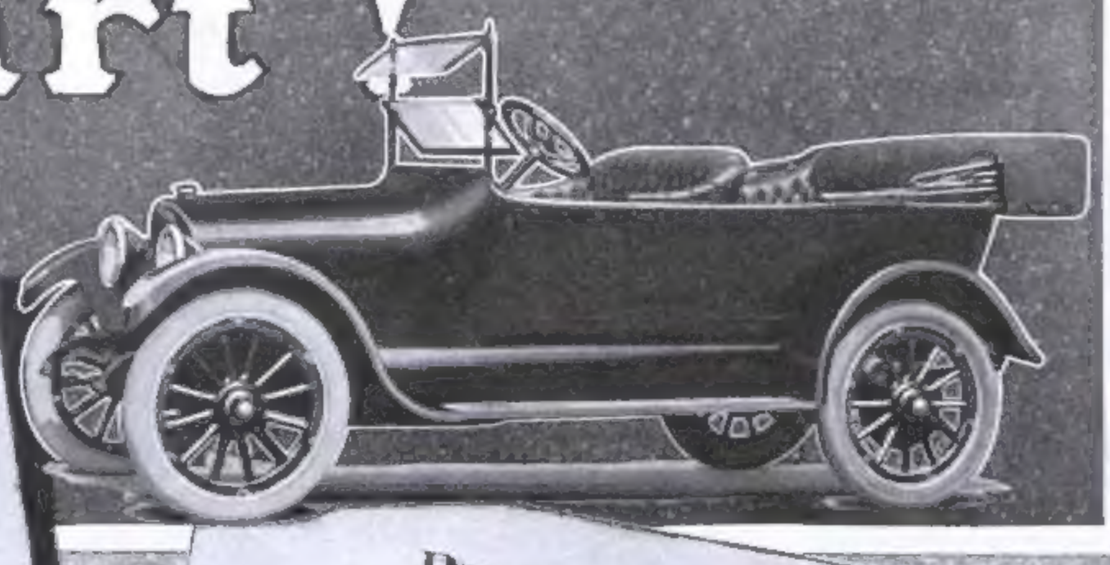
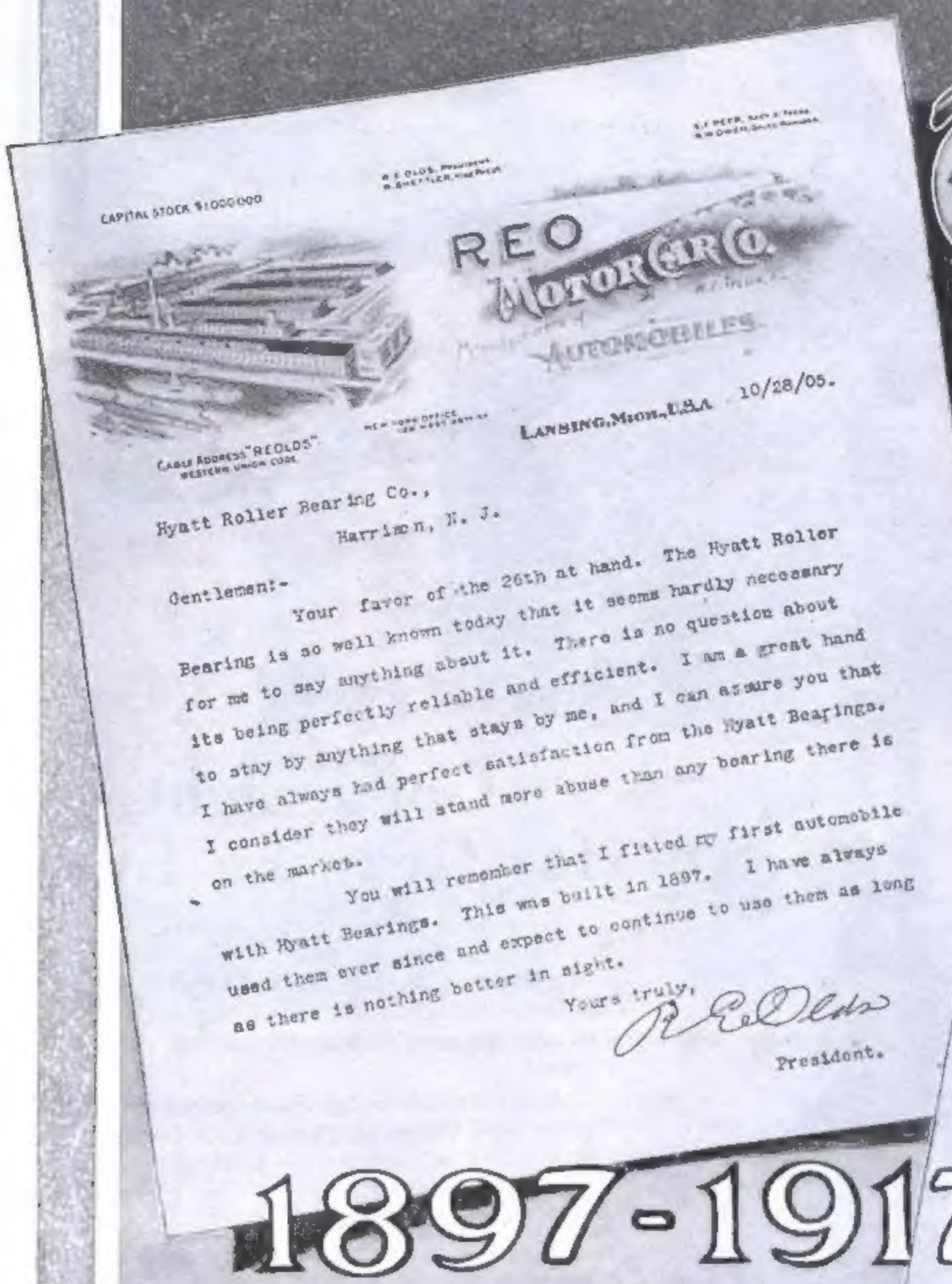
Standard from the Start!

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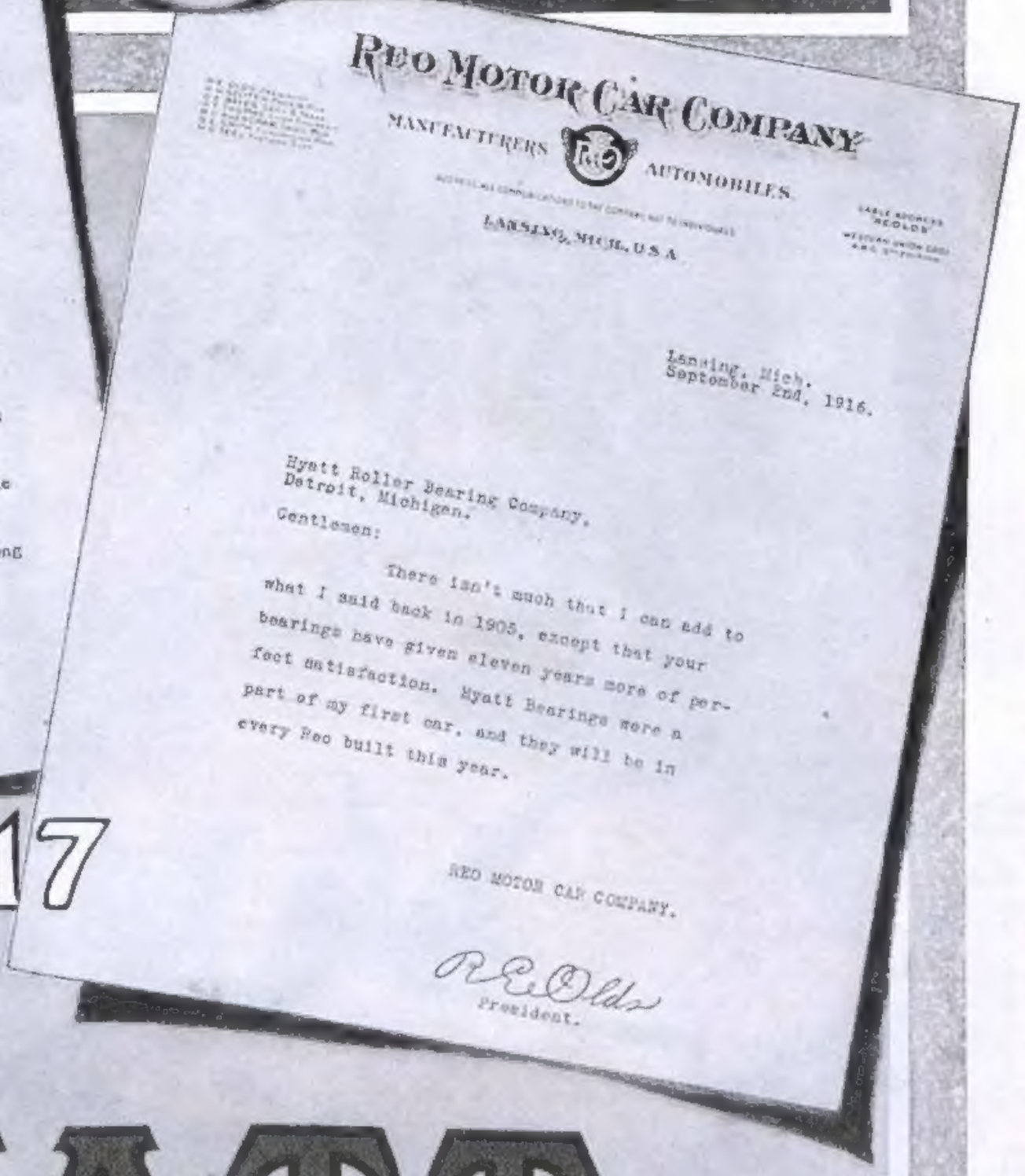
You will remember that I fitted my first automobile with Hyatt Bearings. This was built in 1897. I have always used them ever since and expect to continue to use them as long as there is nothing better in sight.
Yours truly,
R. E. Olds
President.


REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY
MANUFACTURERS AUTOMOBILES
LANSING, MICH. U.S.A.
Lansing, Mich.
September 2nd, 1916.
Hyatt Roller Bearing Company,
Detroit, Michigan.
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There isn't much that I can add to what I said back in 1905, except that your bearings have given eleven years more of perfect satisfaction. Hyatt Bearings were a part of my first car, and they will be in every Reo built this year.
REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY.
R. E. Olds
President.

1897-1917

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SHOESTRINGS

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

Both Heels Placed Tightly Together—Position Three—One Hand on His Breast, the Other Placed Behind Him, Mr. Tams Inclined Himself

DARKNESS had fallen, and the trade wind, passing with the day, had ceased to boom and bluster among the housetops, when Mr. Tams, his air agitated and his arms encumbered with his parcels, climbed the stairs of Mrs. Wallop's Octavia Street boarding house to his room at the third-floor back. Patrons at the Beehive would hardly have known him now. The store was in Market Street, and, long engaged there as a floorwalker in the notions and dress-goods aisles, his manner at the moment had in it little of the tone—that easy self-repose—so much the mark of his genteel calling.

His first act, once he entered his bedroom, was to kick the door to with his heel. Then, having laid his bundles on the bed, Mr. Tams lit the gas; and, carefully pulling down the window shade, he returned hurriedly to the door. The key he turned in the lock. He was still breathing thickly.

For a moment he stood there, his eye roving and his ear bent close to the woodwork. The hour was six o'clock. At seven dinner would be served; but Mr. Tams manifestly was not thinking of his dinner. Something other than appetite seemed at the moment to engross him.

Outside all was still. As if not assured, however, of a sudden he bent down and put an eye to the keyhole. Nothing was to be seen. The hall, dimly lighted by a single economic gas jet, was as vacant as an abandoned igloo; but, as if still dissatisfied, Mr. Tams crossed the room; and, taking a towel from the washstand, once more he returned to the door.

The towel he draped over the keyhole. Then, as if at last content that no eye could profane his privacy, a sigh of relief escaped him; and, hastening to the bed, he began feverishly to fumble among the parcels that lay there.

Among them was one he did not touch. A pasteboard box, in dimensions, say, two feet long, four inches by four in breadth and thickness, it was this package, rather than anything else in view, that from the first had seemed to connect itself with the gentleman's singular secrecy and uneasiness. Coloring slightly, Mr. Tams turned to the others.

They were many and they were diverse. The first he attacked was another pasteboard box. Pincus & Bloom was printed on its face, and beneath this ran the legend, "Gentlemen's Suits Suitable for Gentlemen." In it was what the receipted bill that lay there termed "1 Full Dress Clothes of Evening Wear."

Absorbed, Mr. Tams drew it out. After Pincus & Bloom's well-known mode, the coat was cut wasplike as to the waist and athletically broad as to the shoulders. Satin facings adorned it, the edges were piped with thick satin cord, and the collar was genuine velvet. Mr. Bloom, in suggesting its design, had suggested that the cuffs be velvet too. But Mr. Tams had said no. Velvet cuffs were no longer *choisèe*, he had read. As to its buttons, though, the tailor had insisted; and these were a final touch of artistry. They were of black cut glass, the shape and size of filberts.

Waistcoat and trousers were equally distinctive. The first, its fabric a creamy flowered satin, was piped also with heavy cord; and, again like the coat, it was narrow in the waist, broadly opening above. The buttons were lapis-lazuli enamel. As for the trousers, they were pegtop in style, with a double stripe of broad black satin tape running down the seams. His eyes glowing, his features flushed, Mr. Tams draped the suit upon a chair back; and, having delicately smoothed out a wrinkle in the coatsleeve, he began opening the other parcels.

In one was a shirt, its material a soft white silk, the bosom an expanse of narrow pleating, in its looks and texture resembling the gills of a mushroom. Another parcel held a tie. It was a wide black satin stock, already tied, with a black elastic and a hook-and-eye that let it be slipped on easily. "Tasty," the haberdasher had termed it. Mr. Tams agreed with him.

Pearl studs were in another box. The marvel of it, too, was that the pearls were real pearls, genuine. In another box there were a dozen handkerchiefs, and the handkerchiefs were of the finest lawn. Half a dozen pairs of dove-colored silk socks came to light after that; and next in order a pair of patent-leather pumps and a suit of pale baby-blue silk underwear. Mr. Tam's modest bedroom bloomed with its wealth of finery.

Presently, however, as his eye roamed over it, and then went roving onward to dwell on the suit of evening clothes, a change crept gradually into his expression. It was as if doubt, a gnawing disbelief, somehow held him in thrall. At any rate, having stared for a moment at the dress suit, Mr. Tams all at once threw back his shoulders; and, drawing in his breath, he shot it forth again.

"I can't believe it!" said Mr. Tams. "I can't believe it yet!"

With this singular observation, and his manner once more brisk and energetic, the gentleman threw off his coat and waistcoat, and, sitting on the bed, began hurriedly to remove his boots.

Ukiah, the Hop City of Mendocino County, was the birthplace of Mr. Tams. He was a veritable Native Son. The term may need a definition. Native Sons are supposed nominally to be a home product, born within the boundaries of the state. Not so in California, though. Most of its Native Sons, the most professional especially, are found usually on investigation to have first seen the light of day elsewhere. Kansas usually. Iowa frequently. Anyone, by omitting to validate his return-trip ticket at the ticket office, becomes automatically a Native Son. But Mr. Tams was Simon-pure.

In Terms Not Merely of Dollars, But Dollars by the Thousands, Mr. Belcher Talked

He was the son of a grape and small fruit grower seven miles out from Ukiah. Tams Senior, having pioneered from Indiana—not Kansas or Iowa—early in the eighties, had purchased from the railroad's land office forty acres of what the railroad land agent, in disposing of it, had termed a piece of God's Own Country. But perhaps the Divinity had let His title lapse. Two-thirds of the grant, at any rate, was productive mainly of jack rabbits, sagebrush and gophers; and having for sixteen years, year in and year out, waged unremitting warfare on this flora and fauna, the embattled farmer at length gave up the struggle, at the same time giving up the ghost. Few would blame him.

Behind him he left a widow and a son. Other items of what he left comprised half a dozen head of farm stock, a house, a barn and wagonshed, twelve acres under cultivation, and a ten-year mortgage of the type known locally as a "home exerciser."

Every time the clock ticked or the wind blew the mortgage rose up and stretched itself, taking on added health and strength. It never slept. A week after the funeral, however, having talked over matters with mother—the widow—the farmer boy left her to carry on the warfare with the jack rabbits, sagebrush and gophers, and set out for the city.

The great town, as he had seen it from afar, all his life had been the dream of Lester Tams. There was wealth. There were fame and glory too. Lester knew all about it. Years before, one evening in the spring, a stranger had come wading up the channel of wheel ruts and mud that led to the homestead door; and, ere he departed, for the small sum of one dollar and six bits he had left with Lester what had become Lester's most treasured possession. The book, for it was that, was entitled America's Noblemen, and in it Lester had learned how he, too, might become noble—that is, rich; famous also. It was by diligence and application; by rugged honesty as well.

Portraits of the noblemen adorned the work. Each, it was seen, wore whiskers, among the peers being such rugged examples as Jay Gould, Daniel Drew, Vanderbilt, Jim Fiske, Leland Stanford, Hopkins, Huntington and Crocker. Lester was resolved that by diligence, by application and sterling honesty, he himself would become a nobleman. Somehow he hadn't, though. The system seemed to have some flaw in it. By diligence, by a strict adherence to probity, the highest he had at the moment reached was the post of floorwalker at the Beehive.

He had been many years, too, in getting there. First engaged as a bundle boy, for three years—nearly four—Lester had wrapped wrapping paper, snipped endless ends of string. Then he had been promoted. It had been to the white-goods counter, where, for five years more, the young man had pulled down bolts of muslin, bleached and unbleached, assuring the entire feminine half of San Francisco, as he did so, that the muslin would wash; that it would not shrink; that: "Yes, ma'am; three yards is enough to make a nightgown."

The dress-goods counter was his next. Not till he had been fifteen years with the house, though, was he elevated to the floor. His philosophy, meantime, had undergone somewhat of a change.

Earnest, perhaps, he was at the same time not just a dolt. As the years progressed and he had found himself little nearer to the goal, that early aim of his, he had relinquished gradually the hope of reaching it. Great wealth he might never have. It was doubtful that he would become even well-to-do. However, out of the ashes of desire a new hope, an ambition just as alluring, had risen, Phœnix-like, to encourage him.

The aim, this new idea, once born in him, from that day on other employees at the Beehive marked a change in Mr. Tams. Approached by a customer, Mr. Tams no longer laved his hands in invisible soap. He said "madam" now; never "ma'am." If a clerk engaged him, no longer he addressed her as Mamie, Sadie, but as Miss Finnegan, Miss Nusbaum, instead. Nor was this all. Away from the Beehive, once its doors were closed, other employees saw little of Mr. Tams. No more, like his fellow floorwalkers, was he to be found in the places they frequented—the nickelodeons and billiard rooms "south of the slot," the balls, the outings at Sausalito, the Cliff House and North Beach. Instead, Sundays and on holidays he made his way to Golden Gate Park. Seated on a bench, his air rapt, he pored on the equipages rolling past—the swell broughams, victorias, limousines. On journeying cityward, these days, Mr. Tams took a turn past the big clubs and the big residences of Nob Hill and its neighborhood. Evening found him in his room. There, ensconced behind the pages of a book or paper, he spent the hours in study.

America's Noblemen, though, no longer engrossed him. The work, with its whiskered heroes, was laid aside. It had been replaced in his literary esteem by one page in particular of the newspaper; and, with that, by two books, together equally elegant.

The two reposed constantly on his bureau. One was entitled At the Table; the title of the other was In the Drawing Room. Cover to cover, Mr. Tams for many years had set himself to digest all that they contained.

It was much. Generally it was invaluable. One gleaned from them that persons of refinement refrain from combing the mustache in public; that the nails must not be trimmed in a street car; that one does not eat with one's knife. Also, it was indicated that a silk hat is not *de rigueur* with a lounge suit; that, with the Prince Albert, tan shoes should not be worn.

Dog-eared by constant thumbing, the two books, these and the news he gleaned from the daily sheets, represented in germ the nature of Mr. Tams' new aspiration.

The books were books on etiquette. The newspaper's news was news of the fashionable social world.

Monterey! Burlingame! Coronado! Mr. Tams had never seen these places, never visited them. But never mind! That was his aim; that was the ambition which so long and so earnestly had inspired the Beehive's genteel assistant. That was why, too, night and day he had set himself diligently to digest all that was contained in At the Table and In the Drawing Room.

You follow, don't you? Coronado, Burlingame, Monterey, perhaps, he had never seen; but that didn't mean he never should. Let him once get money enough, and Mr. Tams would take his place in the world.

The floorwalker, in short, meant some day to become a gentleman! A man of the world, you know!

Outside, the clocks had struck half past six. In half an hour dinner would be served; and, aware of it, Mr. Tams felt he must hurry. The strings, the lacings, however, were what bothered him.

Half-dressed only—attired, that is, in the pegtops, the patent-leather pumps and a pair of the dove-colored socks—he stood before the glass. The pale baby-blue silk underwear he had put on also, of course; and, as he felt, it was fetching. However, having opened the last of his parcels, that mysterious packet he had reserved till now, Mr. Tams at once found himself in difficulties. No directions were given on the box. There was nothing to tell whether the thing went on from the front or at the back. However, having tried both ways, he decided finally it must go on from the front.

Wrong! He knew it was instinctively.

Down the two side ribs were clips that clamped together. When he had fastened these, and wriggled into the thing like an eel squirming into a drainpipe, it did not fit at all. It jabbed him under the armpits, for one thing; it stood out in a hump behind; and, besides, when he pulled the lacings tight the ribs prodded him in the stomach. Reversing it, Mr. Tams tried again.

This time it went better. The front ribs ceased to spear him and the back shaped itself to his form. How to pull the lacings tight, however, still remained a problem. He could not reach them over his shoulder; nor could he do much better when he reached round his waist. The strings, when pulled at the bottom, gave way at the top. When pulled at the top they gave way at the bottom. Had he been Briareus, invested with a hundred arms, he might have managed it. But Mr. Tams was not Briareus. The strings, hauled taut in one place, gave way at another. They slipped and got tangled, like a cat's cradle in clumsy hands.

Sweat rolled down his brow; and, making sure that the towel over the keyhole still protected him from intrusive eyes, Mr. Tams tried again. Reclining on the floor now, he strove to pin down the top strings with his back, while, at the same time, heaving upward, he seized the bottom lacings beneath him and sought to draw them together. It was of no use, though. Baffled, he sat up in distress; and, jerking the harness over his head, he was about to cast it from him when out of the limbo of the past there came to Mr. Tams a memory.

His mother had worn such things. He recalled that on a Sunday, long ago in his youth, he had seen her gird herself in them. How simply, too, she had done it! With what ease, what celerity! The next instant, springing to his feet, Mr. Tams attacked the problem with aplomb.

How simple, how facile it was now! Once you knew, how gracefully and with what swiftness it was accomplished! The ends of the lacings Mr. Tams attached to the doorknob. Afterward, with one hand reaching over his shoulder and the other reaching round his waist, he walked

"I Tell You My Opinion, Belcher: You are, From the Chin Up, Solid Teeth!"

slowly away from the door. The lacings tied to the knob drew steadily through the eyelets. With one hand he pulled them together at the top; with the other he took in the slack at the waist. The doorknob did the rest.

Presto! It was finished. A few minutes later Mr. Tams stood before the glass, slender; shapely as to waist; narrow-hipped; with the shoulders of an Achilles. "*Distingay!*" he murmured; and it was so. Never had he looked so distinct. Unfolding one of the dainty cambric handkerchiefs, he tucked it between shirt and waistcoat; the end negligently protruding. The effect it gave seemed to fill him with conscious ecstasy; but, admiring himself only briefly, Mr. Tams turned hurriedly from the mirror.

Then, for the second time within the hour, the third-floor back of Mrs. Wallop's establishment in Octavia Street was the scene, the theater again, of an incident equally strange and astonishing.

Quitting the glass, Mr. Tams hurried to the bed. There, lying among the litter of waste paper, string and boxes, was the suit he had taken off. Picking up the trousers, he inserted a hand in one of the pockets. From it he withdrew a roll of bills. This he transplanted to a pocket of the trousers he wore. Then, from another pocket, Mr. Tams took another roll of bills. This, too, he stowed away on himself; then for a third time he repeated the operation. Five times in all Mr. Tams did this; and each one of the five rolls of bank notes was as thick and as round as his fist. All the bills were yellow, too—gold notes, big of denomination. The floorwalker had in his possession thousands of dollars; and as he held the last of the rolls in his hand, preparatory to stowing it away, again an air of vague wonder and disbelief overspread his countenance, and again he uttered that strange speech he had uttered once before.

"I can't believe it!" said Mr. Tams. "I can't believe it yet!"

Curiously, at the same moment and with the same incredulous amazement and uncertainty, no less than six of the eleven members of Mrs. Wallop's household were saying the selfsame thing:

"I can't believe it! I can't believe it yet!"

Briefly, it was a miracle that had happened in Octavia Street.

There Was Nothing to Tell Whether the Thing Went On From the Front or at the Back

II

A MIRACLE indeed! Not the least of its astonishing results, though, was its effect on Mr. Tams. After years of preparation and expectance, the dream he had dreamed was, at last, marvelously to come true. Mr. Tams was to become a gentleman.

The term is general. What is a gentleman, anyway? The question, in fact, often had perplexed Mr. Tams himself; for in becoming a gentleman how does one know when he has become one? More than that, if one becomes the gentleman, how much means, money, must one possess to assure himself he is one? On this point lamentably those two sterling authorities, At the Table and In the Drawing Room, were silent.

Had form been the one criterion, Mr. Tams had form at his finger tips. Let him but take his place in Society—say, in a drawing room—and he felt no fear that he'd not acquit himself. You bowed first to the hostess, didn't you? If she offered you her hand you shook it; but not otherwise. Anyone knew that. Afterward one made oneself agreeable.

In the Drawing Room gave the instructions: First, you thanked your hostess for asking you. "So good of you to have me!" was the phrase the book suggested. This accomplished, you fell into conversation. The weather, of course, you avoided, only the *gauche* making that their topic. Either you remarked, "By the way, have you heard?" and followed it with a bit of interesting gossip, something in the *haut monde;* or, if not that, you observed "That reminds me"—when you related some àpropos anecdote. A number of such were given as examples.

Several were about New York notables, members of the Four Hundred; and one was about an English duke. Afterward, especially if others engaged the hostess, you withdrew from her, making yourself agreeable to the guests. Refreshments being served, you made sure your hostess, then the other ladies, had theirs before you helped yourself. Ice cream, in society, is eaten with a fork. Nuts are not cracked with the teeth. If there is but one nutcracker, you wait till it is handed to you. Take your spoon from the cup while sipping tea.

Few situations, in fact, such as occur in high society would have found Mr. Tams unprepared. How to act the perfect gentleman was, indeed, not what troubled him. It was, instead, the one question of means, of money.

Eighteen a week was what the Beehive paid him; and on this he had lived, paying out of it for his board, his carfare and his luncheons, the floorwalker dressing himself, into the bargain, in the style his position demanded. Manifestly, to save much was difficult. Seventeen hundred dollars was all he had laid by in sixteen years.

No one could become a gentleman on that. Mr. Tams knew it. But how much and for how many years longer must he scrimp and save ere he could take his place in the world? The question, perplexing in its complexity, through all the years of his earnest effort and preparation had baffled Mr. Tams. Eventually it had driven him to take counsel.

That season, early in the spring, there had been an addition to Mrs. Wallop's household in the person of a Mr. Belcher. The floorwalker from the first had felt himself strongly attracted to the new arrival. His talk entertaining, filled with up-to-date anecdote and story, Mr. Belcher was also an excellent dresser. Frequently at dinnertime he appeared in a full-dress suit—either that or a Tuxedo. These were his own too; not rented, as Mr. Tams had made sure from Mrs. Wallop. Probably Mr. Belcher was a member of clubs. One inferred so from his talk. Then again, Miss Negley, Mr. Tams' pretty vis-à-vis at the table, had once seen Mr. Belcher riding in a private auto. Miss Negley was the stenographer in a real-estate office. The firm's specialty was apple lands. The auto was a limousine.

Indeed, what influenced a person of such distinction to dwell at Mrs. Wallop's was a good deal of a question. But Mr. Tams was not critical. Encountering Mr. Belcher alone in the parlor one evening, he seized upon the opportunity.

The occasion, it proved, was the turning point in Mr. Tams' life! After fidgeting for some moments, the floorwalker finally spunked up courage to speak.

"Excuse me," he asked, "but ain't you—are you not, I mean—some way in the banking business?"

Reclining on the parlor sofa, Mr. Belcher was immersed in an evening paper.

"What say?" he inquired, still negligently immersed; whereat a faint flush colored Mr. Tams' earnest, somewhat eager countenance.

"I wish to ask something you might tell me. You are acquainted with money, you know."

At once, swiftly, Mr. Belcher looked up.

"Money?"

"Yes," said Mr. Tams, with that awkwardly leading up to the point, the question that so long had perplexed him. "If one means to enter life—join clubs, entertain ——"

"Huh?"

Mr. Belcher put his feet to the floor; and, embarrassed, Mr. Tams drew a mustache comb out of his waistcoat pocket. He was almost about to use it when he recalled himself.

"I mean," he said, "if you—that is, one—if one, you know, intends becoming a gentleman how much must they have?"

Mr. Belcher laid down the paper and rose.

"How much have you got?" inquired Mr. Belcher hurriedly.

He seemed to have comprehended clearly the drift of Mr. Tams' questions, for his face had lighted swiftly, quick with interest and attention. More embarrassed, Mr. Tams again colored. It was only seventeen hundred dollars, he apologized.

Mr. Belcher, in turn, was seen to wet his lips.

"Sure," he assented; "seventeen hundred's only a shoestring. If it's society you want to break in on, the big game, what you've got won't get you any farther up Nob Hill than Dupont Street." That thoroughfare, as Mr. Tams was aware, is the middle of San Francisco's Chinese Quarter. He blushed again, therefore. "But I tell you what," hurriedly added Mr. Belcher; "with your seventeen hundred, maybe we c'n do something. I've seen boys that had only the half of that—a quarter, maybe—and now where are they? Why, there's Jimmy Alsop, him that was only a bale checker in a hemp and sisal house; and look at him! Why, you can't hold the chap! Thousands in his jeans! Togged out in his soup-and-fish every evening in the week regular! Right in the thick of all that swell mob at Coronado!"

"Coronado?" breathed Mr. Tams.

"Polo, racing, motors—all that kind of doss! Right in the swim, that boy, and rolling the dudgeon stroke with all those swell hightones, the lads and the queens that have it. . . . Yes," said Mr. Belcher, twitching down the waistcoat of his dressy gun-club checks; "and who put him there? Ask me, I say. It was your little Uncle Dudley."

The energy, the fire and eloquence of the outburst that fell from Mr. Belcher communicated itself to Mr. Tams. From bale checker to polo swell! Had Mr. Belcher indeed done this? Mr. Tams had not dreamed before of the philanthropic quality of Mr. Belcher's occupation. Did bankers do such things?

"Banker—broker—it's all the same," said Mr. Belcher; and he went on to add that people made him tired. "Take this here house now. There's that guy Poulsen, him with eleven hundred laid up in the savings, and setting on it useless, like a hen on a china doorknob. What good's it doing him?"

"But he don't wish to get into Society," explained Mr. Tams; "it's retail electric fixtures."

It made little difference to Mr. Belcher.

"There's that Miss Negley—young Babbett, too. Fourteen hundred the one, and something like sixteen hundred the other. Yes; and they've got it locked up

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The Pirates of the Caribbean

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

NOW that the parrot has left his indelible brand, not only on the members of the family but on the digital members of most of our friends; now that our Jamaican house boy has learned to suffer the tortures of shoes in the house, and has used his soft Jamaican-English accent over the telephone to such advantage that we are supposed to have a new English butler; now, in other words, when time has healed our wounds and given us grace, it is time to write up Our Trip South.

It is not easy to lay the blame where it belongs. Though appendicitis was the immediate *raison d'être*, it lies deeper than that. It is, perhaps, a sort of midwinter contagion which has of recent years assailed a part of the American people. This is the disease of "going south."

The disease is not of sporadic origin. It is, indeed, of careful propagation. Its germs are distributed in folders containing photographs of a row of palms against a blue sky; people frolicking in a tepid sea; white ships on more of the same sea; monkeys, parrots, coconuts and clusters of bananas.

In its mild form it results in Palm Beach, Miami and St. Augustine, with an occasional case of Long Key or House-Boat-in-the-Gulf. In more severe cases it terminates in Panama, Costa Rica, and sometimes in South America. The same symptoms, however, of collapse of the purse, flushed and peeling skin, distaste for food, especially bananas, and occasional fits of depression, often taking the form of a longing for snow or a heavy broiled steak, are characteristic of all of them. Also characteristic is the frame of mind of the recovered patient who, after taking a week to get back to normal, begins to brag of wearing flannels in February, and shows signs of grievance if his friends fail to notice his sunburn.

We have had the disease and are now immune.

We brought back the aforementioned parrot, the similarly mentioned house boy, some preserved tarpon eyes, some Mexican drawn work bought in Cuba at New York prices, three words of Spanish—except what the parrot knows, and that is not printable—and a resolve that we were glad we had done it, and enough is enough.

The Patronizing Shopkeepers

THE three words of Spanish the Commuter found written on a card in his pocketbook a day or so ago, or they would not be among the present assets. They look like *paré*, *para* and *dispacio*, although rubbed and rather faint, and were meant to enable us to enter a taxicab, tell the driver to go slowly, and finally to stop so that we might escape. We also brought back our clothing, owing to invincible watchfulness and the fact that nobody thought of adding it to the hotel bill. Otherwise, we came home plucked, neatly and to a feather, not all at once, but slowly, quill by quill, with painstaking thoroughness.

The true pirates of the Caribbean are the hotelkeepers. They are not the only ones, but they are in a class by themselves. They are the Captain Kidds, the Morgans, of the present century. They have many admirers and emulators, but they are modest folk, and timid withal, contenting themselves with what the others leave. True, they too will charge forty cents an individual serving of bread and butter—thus placing New York hotelkeepers in the amateur class. But I must give the devil his due. There was no extra charge when, as happened to me, a weevil had thrust itself into the heart of my muffin. The head waiter dismissed the matter, with a lordly wave of his hand, as of no consequence. It occurs to me now that he may have charged for it, however, but as the bill was in Spanish I did not recognize my little friend under his Castilian cognomen.

In the rooms, too, in this same hotel, although there was a certain niggardliness as to bed linen and towels—the only blanket I was able to get on a chilly night being half of an old bedspread—there was no extra charge, above the fifteen dollars a day without food, which was the tariff, for those clever and amusing little creatures, the Cuban roaches. They were everywhere, gay bits of life that, unlike the United States variety, were able to leap from spot to spot, thus meriting the name of the "Cuban chamois." Reach for a hairbrush and he frolicked there. A leap and he was on a chair back or in a shoe. A dozen of them playing about a shoe one is about to put on is a pretty sight. Only to Americans are they timid. The Cubans pay no attention to them.

Winter after winter a wave of travel sets in for Cuba, and the island itself deserves attention. But there are more things to travel than climate and strange sights. There are such things as fair treatment and a *quid pro quo* for what the tourist spends, and these things Havana does not furnish.

The Latin-American attitude to the United States is, except among the thinking few, arrogant, suspicious and afraid. The suavity, when it exists, is on the surface—a thin veneer.

Human nature interests me. So when I see shopkeepers in Havana being magnificently courteous to American tourists, and making gestures of contempt behind their backs, I like to reason it out. Why, for instance, should a seller of embroideries, after answering a civil question of a prospective buyer, on seeing that buyer leaving the shop call after him a Spanish epithet? It corresponds, in a way, to the Cockney shopkeepers' patronizing attitude to Americans in London, or to the surliness of the small dealer in Berlin. But in no country of Europe have I seen gratuitous insult offered to tourists as it is in Havana.

Yet let us be fair. The American in Cuba is apt to swagger. Certain types of Americans patronize, and the Spanish blood is proud: proud, but overreaching and notably unbusinesslike.

In Havana the hotel buildings are large and airy, the tiled floors are clean; but the food is indifferent and expensive, and the service is poor. Yet Cuba has in her tourist business a gold mine only second to her sugar and tobacco, if she had either the diplomacy or the tact to develop it. Last winter unfortunates coming by boat from New York or Key West found themselves given cots in large rooms on the ground floors, a dozen or more cots together in a row. For even these the charge was five dollars a night, and I heard an excited gentleman offering twenty-five dollars for any sort of room to put his cot in, alone.

For fifteen dollars a day we had a room with a bath—nothing else included except a number of roaches and all the street noises of Havana. The bathroom had no soap or hot water. There was only condensed milk to be had. Orangeade, in that land of oranges, is forty cents a glass, and a small glass at that, and oranges are ten cents each. I do not eat coleslaw, but it was on the menu at fifty cents a portion.

Which reminds me of the story of the Irishman and the corned beef and cabbage. "Fifty cents for corned beef and cabbage! Go on; a man can't eat fifty cents' worth of corned beef and cabbage!"

Because the American tourist is rather a spoiled individual, expecting the best because he is able to pay for it, seeing the morning boat come in during those crowded Havana days was like a play. One moment the lobby was indifferently full with people writing postcards which said: "Quaintest place in the world. Wish you were here," which was unkind, under the circumstances; and with other tourists buying as many cigars as they could take in duty free.

Then the arrivals began. They came in, accompanied by dressing bags, wardrobe trunks, maids and motor coats, and demanded suites.

"Just time to get settled," father would say, glancing at his watch, "bathe and get some hot-weather things on, and then we'll get a machine and look round."

And the women would open the jackets of their traveling suits and look over the hotel clerk's head.

"I wired from Key West—J. Thompson. Suite if possible. Three rooms and at least two baths."

"Sorry," says the clerk. "We cannot accommodate you."

"I wired," father says, "and particularly ordered connecting rooms."

Beds on Billiard Tables

THE clerk says nothing. The family confers. Then father turns and says it's a shame, but they'll take separate rooms if they are close together. It takes five minutes for father to realize that he isn't going to stay at that hotel or any other, that there is not an empty room in any hotel in Havana; but that, if he is respectful and not too careful of expenses, and will take a machine and hurry, there's an attic four miles out in the country where he may be able to get shakedowns for most of them.

Father, unable to believe that this is happening to him, goes away and searches the city. Such a thing has never occurred before, and there must be a mistake. One of the best indoor sports of hotel life in Havana in the middle of the season is to see him start off, followed by his satellites, and to see him return at nightfall and fall on his knees before the desk and knock his forehead on the floor, and beg for the billiard table or the top of the kitchen stove for him and his to retire on.

Given, however, a place to sleep, however indifferent, and food, however possible it is to be to be totally indifferent to it, Havana is a beautiful city. But then, so is St. Louis, Missouri, or Spokane, Washington. The fact is, however, that Havana, unprepared for its growing tourist business, grasping and suspicious—Havana is yet worth seeing. It cannot, in the season, be done with comfort; but it can be done. And, done once, it need not be repeated. A week in Havana is longer than a cycle of Cathay.

This is for tourists, from the standpoint of the tourist. Splendid Cubans there are, of course. The American colony knows and likes them. Americans who live there have eaten of the lotus, and will never voluntarily come back to us. But the Havana of the chance visitor is a quaint city of stuccoed pink and blue and white houses, of wonderful sunshine, and of the unfriendliness, however masked by diplomacy, that has characterized it since the American occupation.

The dominant note of the Spanish-American is his pride. We of the United States have trampled that pride under foot. We have shown him such health and civic beauty and cleanliness and prosperity as he never dreamed of, and he dislikes us for it.

The traveler from north to south leaves winter and meets young spring, and sees her, in the course of a day, grow to full-bosomed summer. Compromises in costumes take place. If one goes by a train Georgia sees furs put away, and perhaps even a shamefaced straw hat emerging.

The Mark of Spain is Still on Cuba

Florida sees the lady across the aisle take out a fan and the men in the smoker consulting as to the propriety of donning white trousers. If the traveler takes a steamer from New York he leaves a frozen land and finds a green and blooming one. Not a tropical one. Cuba is semitropical in vegetation and spring in climate.

Last winter, travel either by ship or train was uncomfortable. And, because I have emphasized the attitude of Havana, let me say here that some of the passenger carriers to the island showed the same arrogance of overprosperity. Ship lists were full to overflowing, and the European war having drafted the English stewards, the companies were compelled to draw on what people they could get. The result was bad.

"Damn that door!" said the stewardess when, the first morning out of Havana for Panama, she brought in my coffee and struck her elbow. She was a little woman, very round, and this was nothing to the language she used later on. I have tried to be charitable. Unaccustomed heat to those ship employees making their first trip was probably trying. The boat was crowded.

I can still see the face of that very prominent gentleman as he held forth to a sympathizing audience on deck:

"Brought my salad without dressing. And when I asked for dressing he took the whole thing away. So I said: 'Steward, where is my salad?' And he slammed it down in front of me, and still it was not dressed. So I said: 'Damn it, where is the dressing?'"

Well, the steward had folded his arms and observed that he would have the passengers know that we were all Americans on that ship, and equal. "And don't you talk like that to me," he finished. Which is excellent sociology and poor business. As I was present, I can vouch for the incident.

And here again, in the interests of fairness, it is only right to say that the personally conducted tours to the tropical islands are a different matter. There various experienced gentlemen act as buffers, and the passengers are well cared for and considerately treated.

The railways, too, must come in for their share of blame. They show no lack of courtesy, but they signally failed last year to provide dining-car accommodations enough for the tourists to Key West. A stand of from one to two hours for each meal was common, and indeed I feel that I saw most of the Southern States from the dining-car vestibule.

What is the reason for the theory that a train must have but one diner? Going west this last summer we found the same state of affairs. Is there no way to have the dining-car system elastic?

Gentlemen, I rise to protest. This is poor railway housekeeping. As well might I try to feed my rather large household in the linen closet. Why not put a woman executive on the dining-car service? She would see that people are fed, and in comfort. That has been woman's work for a long time, and when she has food no one goes hungry. Yet the big railway and steamship companies supply masses of food, and people go hungry in spite of it.

By rail the journey to Havana ends at Key West. Generally the boat and train connect, and a daylight voyage of a few hours lands one in Havana. But now and then the train is late, and one must wait over in Key West until night.

Nothing in the overcrowding of Havana during the tourist season can be any worse than the situation at Key West. Last winter food was at a premium; relays of hungry travelers who had missed the boat and must stay over were fed on dirty tablecloths. Even there—and Key West is the United States, remember—the waiters spoke nothing but Spanish.

Along with several hundred others we had missed the boat. It was necessary to remain during the entire scorching day in Key West. We examined the government fortifications with all the aplomb of foreign spies. We saw the banyan tree, and threw coins for smiling negroes to dive for. And in the intervals we panted and looked at the clock.

There are few more beautiful sights than the harbor of Havana. It is lovely in itself, and it is something solid to get on to, after the trip from Key West. Sometime I am going to investigate the scheme for changing the course of the Gulf Stream. As a matter of fact, I am in favor of doing away with it altogether. In case that is not feasible, why not inclose it in some safe place, like the Gulf of Mexico, and let it eat itself by the tail?

Pretty nearly every place I have gone to for years has been spoiled by the Gulf Stream. It ruined a perfectly good wedding trip by holding the nose of the boat down in the waves and rotating the rest of the ship in a circular motion on this axis. It has caused dissension in the family on various trips to Europe, because its fiendish contrariness affects tempers as well as stomachs, and because I consider it absurd to maintain that it is something one has eaten, and not seasickness, which is the trouble. In a small way it has had an esthetic cost also. I cannot use a certain brand of violet soap. Let me so much as sniff it in the aisle of a shop, and the counters rise and fall, and the Gulf Stream is doing its *danse du ventre*, and a steward is offering me chicken broth, and it smells greasy, and ——

The Gulf Stream ruins the approach to Havana, but it makes it one of the most dearly loved harbors of the world.

Cuba Has in Her Tourist Business a Gold Mine Only Second to Her Sugar and Tobacco

Next to Calais on a stormy day, I would place the harbor of Havana. One moment the Gulf Stream has its will of you, a quiet, oily, rolling will that slides you to the edge of the berth and leaves your stomach behind. And the next the engines are slowing down, and Morro Castle—it is the custom to mention Morro Castle, so I shall do it here and get it over. They put it in the bill in Havana. For instance, that forty-cent orange juice is five cents for the juice and thirty-five cents for the view of Morro—Morro Castle is on the left, and the Gulf Stream is behind, and a number of stomachs are where they belong, instead of being almost beyond reach, and a collapsed lady is removing her head from a strange gentleman's lap, and Havana is ahead.

It is a rainbow city. The houses are plastered and painted—blue, pink, yellow and white. The roofs are tiled. Round a great circle, bordered with a wall and fringed with lights, is the Malecon, that triumph of Leonard Wood and American esthetics over four hundred years of absentee Spanish landlordism. It cost Havana quite a lot. The Cubans drive along it and build their houses on it, and still weep at what it cost.

As I have mentioned that one drives along it, it is probably clear that the Malecon is a great boulevard. It curves along the shore, and at high tide one of the taxi-drivers' sports in Havana is to drive close to the sea wall and amuse their passengers by letting an occasional comber catch them. This takes away the monotony of the drive, and is also cooling.

Key West, with an hour to wait for food after placing the order, had already prepared us for the lack of haste of Cuba. We made our landing and prepared to disembark. But no! The port doctor was not around. He was, apparently, not on the island. Time passed. We stood in line, first on one foot, then on the other. We upended suitcases. We yawned and muttered and craned our necks. We had had a bad time, and now we had arrived, and we wanted food and baths, and to put our furs away and maybe buy a parrot.

And nothing happened.

Our first beautiful dream, which had been clothed in Easter-egg stucco, began to fade, and kept on fading.

It was a wonderful day. The sun shone brilliantly. The American Mediterranean outside was no bluer than the sky. We, too, grew blue. But at last the doctor came, and we passed the customs.

Here we were kidnaped by a gentleman with large mustachios, who piled us in a car driven by a small boy, and who hung on the rail to the hotel.

As we went the streets grew wider. They were all clean. We Americans claim to have made the transformation. Probably we did. We are better housekeepers away from home than at home. The whole appearance of the city under that wholesome sunshine was inviting. The Gulf Stream lay behind us. Before us lay a holiday. The sun was shining. It was not too hot or too cold. And I had never before been in Latin America. The very balconies and grills on the windows spelled romance. Here and there, even in the business quarter, were glimpses to be had of inner courts, open to the sky and filled with green and tender things.

Now I am a happy traveler. I like places, although mostly I like people. I am neither captious nor overcritical. Like many other wandering Americans, adventure calls me, romance beckons, a friendly smile is the salt of the day. I do not rail about hot water. I have a decent sense of my own rights as a traveler, but I neither bluster nor patronize. In other words, I am, on a tourist trip, a typical American tourist, long suffering and slow to wrath. It took, therefore, a little time for me to realize the truth—that Havana is unfriendly to American tourists.

Rather a better class of tourists visit Cuba than those motley Americans who, before the war, overran Europe. In the first place, only the semileisured or leisure classes take a winter vacation. Cuba receives the overflow from all the high-grade winter resorts of Florida and other Southern States.

A man may stay in the back yard all summer and acquire a sort of seashore tan, but it requires money and time to secure a winter sunburn—mainly money. We cannot then lay the responsibility on the class of tourists.

Havana has yet to learn what we are ourselves rather slow to realize—the value of courtesy, the impossibility of doing away with the human element in service. Probably the Cubans will learn this only when American tourists pass by the island until it is prepared to give them proper treatment.

In regular order of interest the tourist is told of the penitentiary, a very good one too, and miraculously clean; the Foundling Asylum, with its little green doors where

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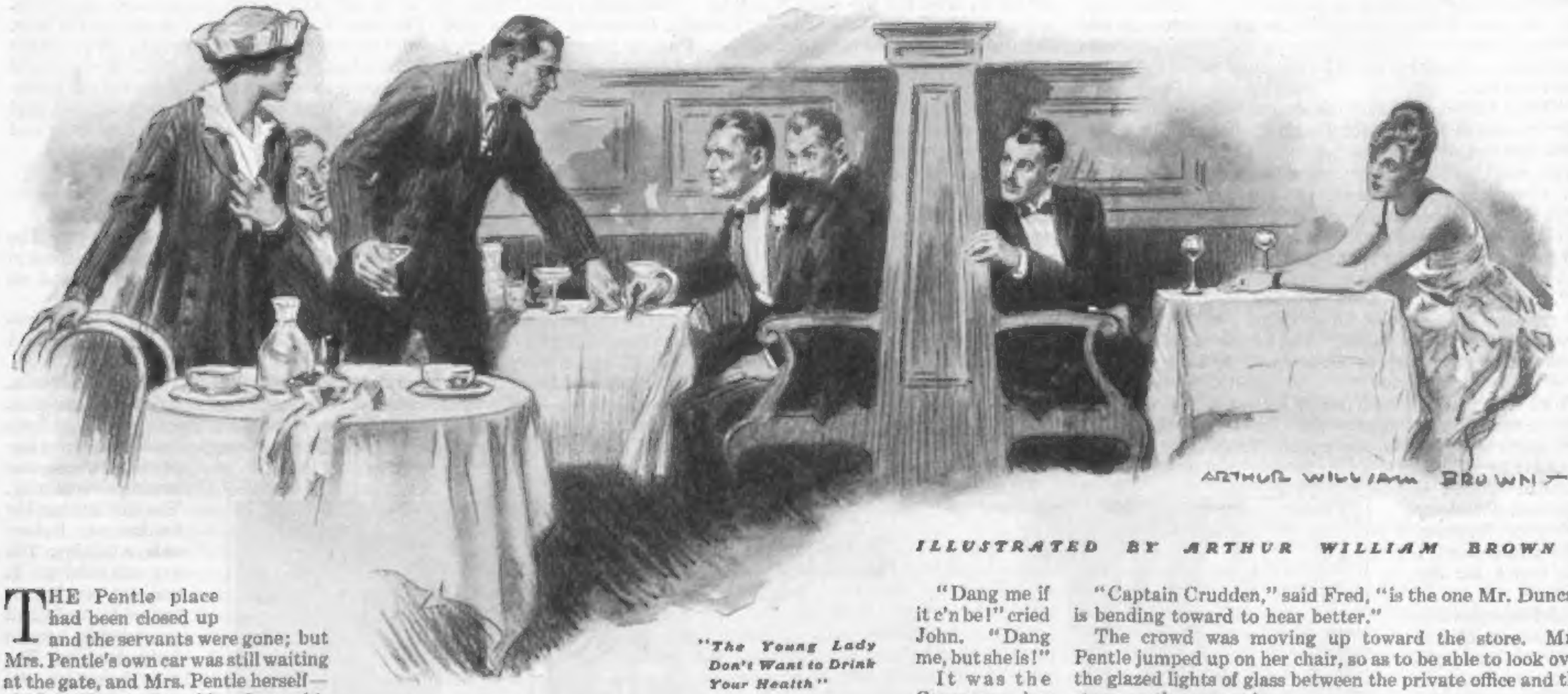
PETER STOPS ASHORE

By JAMES B. CONNOLLY



"The Young Lady Don't Want to Drink Your Health"

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE Pentle place had been closed up and the servants were gone; but Mrs. Pentle's own car was still waiting at the gate, and Mrs. Pentle herself—old John Ferguson could see her on his way to the lookout—was perched up on her flat rock and looking out on Gloucester Harbor and the sea.

There was a fishing schooner sailing out. John put his glasses on her and was entering her in his book when he heard someone's step on the ladder leading to his tower, and then the hatch sliding back. It was Mrs. Pentle.

"I've heard of your book, John. May I look at it?"

"Surely, ma'am, surely." He passed it to her. "For seventeen years now I've been keeping it—the account o' the fishing vessels sailin' out o' Gloucester, ma'am. A column for the day o' departure, one for the name o' the vessel, one for the master, and one for the day she comes back home."

She was turning the pages.

"So many never come back home, do they?"

"Nacherally—they bein' fishermen, ma'am."

"Ah-h, here's the year!" She ran her finger down the page. "And here!" and read: "'Valorous—sailed December seventeenth—and never returned.'"

"I mind her, ma'am, with the proud name—Georges handlin'."

"I know. My father was one of her crew. . . . But here"—she stopped in her turning of the pages—"isn't this the entry of one they've just given up for lost?"

"That's her, ma'am—the Conqueror. It's queer what bad luck goes with those proud names, ma'am. Peter Crudden was master of her."

"Peter Crudden! I played with Peter Crudden when we were children together. And he's lost!"

"When they print the names o' the crew in the Gloucester papers, it's a hundred to one they're gone, ma'am. A married sister o' Peter's is a neighbor o' my married daughter's up in Boston, and they're cryin' their heart out a'ready, she writes me—Peter's sister an' her children."

Mrs. Pentle closed the book.

"We live such sheltered lives here ashore, most of us, don't we, John? And we complain at the smallest little discomfort—many of us, I mean. And those brave men sail out to the dangerous waters in their little boats, where the best of it is hardship—and death comes so often. It must be born in me—I just can't help feeling different toward those fishermen from what I do toward the men I meet in my business in the city."

She left then; and, watching her swing down the ladder, climb the stone wall and hurry down the path to her waiting car, John Ferguson was thinking that for a woman of her build—full bosomed and no slimling—she was cert'nly light on her feet, and wondering why a young and good-looking widow as she was—dang good-looking—why more o' those wealthy young men she must know hadn't hooked her afore that. "Must be," mused John, "none of 'em's used the right bait."

John turned, just naturally to have another look out to sea, and —— "Well, you old gadabout!" John hurried to point his glasses at what he saw wabbling in.

"Dang me if it c'n be!" cried John. "Dang me, but she is!"

It was the Conqueror—her foremast gone halfway to the deck, her mainmast gone clean to the deck and her bowsprit broken off at the knightheads. And she was a foot thick, or more, in ice; and in her jury-rigging was her flag—at half-mast.

"That's one, ye ravenous sea, dang ye, ye didn't get!" muttered John. "And she'll have a tale to tell!" And wondering how many of 'em was gone, and who they were, he entered the month and day of her return.

The Conqueror had fitted out at Duncan's; and now she worked her slow way back to Duncan's, which, wharf and store, had not changed in twenty years. Mr. Duncan didn't like changes.

The old shelves of canned goods in Duncan's, the long packages of blue-papered macaroni, the little green cartons of fishhooks, the piled-up barrels of flour and boxes of hard-tack—they were all of the same old reliable brands. And the woolen mitts in strings! And in back was an area of kegs of red lead and hanks of tarred ground line and coils of stout rope, and oilskins and sou'westers, and rubber boots and the heavy leather redjacks—the smell of them was all over Duncan's.

Fred Lichens, who had kept books for thirty years for Mr. Duncan, was looking down the wharf at the Conqueror warping into the slip, when Mrs. Pentle arrived in her car. Her arrival was not surprising. She had half a dozen small charities in Gloucester, and she came regularly to Mr. Duncan's for advice about them.

Fred knew all this exactly, because he kept the books for the Gloucester end of these things—drawing a few extra dollars a month therefor—and he had known Mrs. Pentle since she was a little girl and used to come with her mother, and without her as she grew older, to Mr. Duncan's to draw, against whatever would be her father's share, the stores which the family needed to keep them alive while their father was out to sea. Oftentimes her father's share of the trip, when at last he did come home, was not enough to offset what the family had drawn while he was gone.

Fred remembered when the girl who was now Mrs. Pentle left high school to go to work in Boston. She was a bouncingly pretty girl; and within two years married Pentle, the millionaire department-store man. In Fred's judgment Pentle should have left more millions than he had, to offset the things he didn't have.

Fred dusted the chair he had been sitting in, to let Mrs. Pentle sit in it, and set it in her favorite spot, which was beside a window in Mr. Duncan's own office looking out on the harbor. Sitting there, she saw an iced-up wreck of a vessel and some of her crew leaping up onto the wharf, where a crowd was surrounding them. She asked what vessel it was, and Fred told her—the Conqueror, Peter Crudden; and she said no! and Fred said yes, ma'am, it was.

"I wonder if I should know him now," she said; and then "Which is Peter Crudden?" she asked.

"Captain Crudden," said Fred, "is the one Mr. Duncan is bending toward to hear better."

The crowd was moving up toward the store. Mrs. Pentle jumped up on her chair, so as to be able to look over the glazed lights of glass between the private office and the store, as they came in.

Peter Crudden was a hard-looking figure of a man, coming into Duncan's store that day. He had not shaved for days, and his thick hair looked enormous—it was so tangled. He had not slept in a week; and when he took his seat on the long store bench, and let his head settle wearily back against the wall, he looked old.

He was telling about the big gale coming on and how her spars went, which maybe saved her from going onto the No'theast Bar and being lost right there, and how they worked her way clear o' the bar under jury-rig, how they were lookin' for a little ease and comfort at least, when aboard comes this unlucky sea, with no more warning than a shooting star out the sky, and sweeps—cleaner than ever you could sweep the floor o' the store—her deck and all, everything. And atop o' that a sea to fill her cabin full. Four of 'em makin' for the deck were thrown back into the cabin again—smashed afoul o' the stove, one, and atop o' the lockers and into a looard bunk, another; and how they picked themselves up and made the deck, and when they got there—as if a clean-swept deck warn't hard luck enough—there was Dave Elwell that was to the wheel, his breast smashed again' the wheel spokes and he dead.

"And the two on the deck gone—gone, sir, so quick that we never even got a sight o' them or a smothered hail from them goin'," concluded Peter. "An' cold! And ice! And ——" But once more he let his head fall back against the wall.

Fred was so wrapped up in Peter's story that he forgot Mrs. Pentle, till he found her beside him and heard her saying in a low voice:

"When I was a little girl I listened to fishermen on that same bench, with their stories of toil and death. And I remember how I would linger, making believe to retie my packages into a tighter bundle, to hear more of what they had to say. It was a man sitting on that bench, Mr. Lichens, in just that way, not knowing who I was, who brought word of my father's vessel gone down—and all hands with her."

"I cal'late the hard tales told from that same bench would fill more books than was ever writ about Gloucester, an' there's been a many—an' some foolish ones among 'em," said Fred.

"Those two men washed overboard"—Peter was speaking again—"someone has got to tell their people how they come to be lost. And poor Dave in the ice house aboard the vessel—someone has got to 'tend to him."

"I'll 'tend to Dave," said Mr. Duncan.

"That'll help," said Peter. "And now—I'm through with fishin'—through with goin' to sea! I'm goin' to stop ashore!"

It was then Mrs. Pentle ran from beside Fred and into the store. "Captain Crudden ——"

"This is Mrs. Pentle, captain," said Mr. Duncan.

"Celia Curtin that was," explained Mrs. Pentle. "I knew you as a boy."

"I know," said Peter. And then he almost smiled: "You could beat up any girl o' your age in Gloucester when I knew you."

"If I could get you something to do in my store, would you take it, captain? If it was fit work, I mean, for a man?"

"It wouldn't have to be fit—I'll trim bonnets for ladies before I go back to fishin'," said Peter, "and thank you for the chance."

Peter passed out with his crew.

"So that's settled! I shall telephone you, Mr. Duncan, about Captain Crudden's place in my store—the work will not be disagreeable."

Mr. Duncan and Fred watched Mrs. Pentle's car racing up the street; and then Fred said:

"Mr. Duncan, Peter didn't look like any magazine cover of a hero I've seen lately, but—sitting there on that bench awhile ago—did you take a look at Mrs. Pentle's face while he was telling the story of that wreck?"

Mr. Duncan looked at his old bookkeeper.

"Reef down your imagination, Fred. She's a woman who likes to manage things and to do good; but what I'm afraid she'll do now will be to ruin the makings of a smart young skipper with her soft job ashore."

Mr. Henston, the manager of Pentle's, brought Peter Crudden to Flaxley, the head shipper.

"Flaxley, you are to break in this man," said Henston, "and he's to go on the pay roll at twenty dollars per week."

Flaxley wondered why a new man, who was to be only a shipper's helper, should go on the pay roll for twenty dollars a week; and he wondered yet more why Henston should be telling him about the pay roll, which was made up in the office and not in the shipping room. He wondered, too, why the manager himself should take the trouble to introduce the new man.

"You needn't make it easy for him on my account," whispered Henston, going out.

Flaxley had seen a lot of things happen in Pentle's, where he had been so long that, when Mrs. Pentle wanted to know about anything that went back beyond the memory of even the ancient cashier, Herrick, she would send down for Flaxley.

He was no older than Herrick, but he had started to work in the store younger.

Flaxley was like something that went with the store. He had privileges; and he did not like Henston and would not have minded telling him so, but that he had great respect for Mrs. Pentle and thought—what many more in the store thought—that Henston was dressing his windows so as to catch Mrs. Pentle's eye, and some day—you can't tell about women, especially young widows—some day Henston might marry her.

Flaxley looked Peter over and rather liked his make-up; and pointed out a big dry-goods case and told him what he wanted done. Flaxley saw the new man hook into the box, which weighed eight hundred pounds, upend it, claw-hammer it, and toss the heavy bolts of cloth out onto the long table.

"Jeepers!" said Flaxley. "He did that while some o' the other young fellows here would be peeking around for help!" He studied Peter for two days more, and from then on wearied the head shippers of other emporiums, whenever he met one, with his tales of the strength and niftiness of the new man he'd "picked up."

Peter took his lunch in the basement where he worked, the same being put up by his married sister in a package made to look like a camera box.

He had bought this lunch box in Pentle's—he remembered it was sold to him by a pretty girl with a pleasant manner. It was just the thing for lunch—she had said—all the girls in Pentle's carried 'em; and there was ten per cent off for employees. It was the first time in his life that Peter ever got anything off on anything he'd ever bought, and he said so; and the salesgirl looked at him again and then smiled.

"You're not a city man?" she said. Peter said he wasn't; and then his change came and he went off.

It was his third day in Pentle's. He sat on a stool by the door leading into a passageway, to eat his lunch. Just across the passageway was the door into the girls' rest room, where there were lounges and chairs, and a big heater on which they set their cans of coffee to warm up.

"My new helper, girls—height five feet eleven, weight a hundred ninety, thirty-two teeth in his head and not married—look him over," said old Flaxley, making Peter blush. "And now warm his coffee for him—he's been too shy to ask," and Flaxley handed Peter's coffee across the passageway.

They looked him over, some of them saucily. And hearing Flaxley call him Peter, in a week or so some of them were calling him Peter and offering him pickles and doughnuts from their lunch boxes; and there were always three or four ready to take his coffee from him when he reached it across the passageway to be heated for his lunch.

One day a group of them, with their heads bunched in the doorway as usual, chaffed him across the passageway.

"Watch out for 'em!" called Flaxley.

"I don't cal'late any of 'em means any harm. And, Lord, it'd be a lonesome watch if people warn't sociable," said Peter.

Peter, when he said it, was looking at a lovely white neck and dark little head, back of the row of heads in the door, and wondering where he had seen that girl before. And biting into a thick corned-beef sandwich, he remembered where—it was the girl who had sold him the lunch box.

"Ten per cent off for employees," shouted Peter; "all the girls carry 'em!" and held up the lunch box. The others caught the idea and laughed uproariously—except the one who had sold it. She only blushed scarlet and disappeared, and did not come back.

"She must 'a' thought I was tryin' to get acquainted," said Peter later to old Flaxley, "and didn't like it."

That same afternoon Mrs. Pentle looked into the shipping room. It was one of those warm days in winter and, of course, the steam was on. Peter was wearing only a sleeveless white jersey above his belt. Peter was wide shouldered and trim waisted, with the easy lines of the man who is quick as well as powerful in action.

Flaxley saw Mrs. Pentle in the doorway. Henston was with her and, because Henston was with her, Flaxley stepped quickly over to the door. If Mr. Henston had anything to say about Peter he wanted to be there to hear it.

Mrs. Pentle was watching Peter at work.

"He doesn't look like the same man," said Mrs. Pentle. "When I last saw him his jaws were set like steel, his eyes like hard lights back in his head, and his voice —— And his skin was like something worn raw by the beating of hammers on it. He looked like a middle-aged man then, and now—why, he doesn't look twenty-two now!"

"He ain't much more," said Flaxley.

Just then Peter upended a big dry-goods case, ripped off a boarded side, tore away a layer of thick paper, and tossed onto a table ten feet away a bolt of cloth that Mrs. Pentle knew weighed fifty pounds; and he did not even bend his knees to do it.

"A powerful brute," said Henston.

"Brute?" said Mrs. Pentle.

"I mean ——" said Henston, but Mrs. Pentle had stepped inside the shipping-room door.

Peter was whistling; but he had to upend another case. It took a little effort, this one, and he stopped his whistling.

"Up—up—upsie boy!" cooed Peter. It did not up. He set himself and tugged. He grew impatient. "Come here, you loafer!" he shouted and braced and heaved. The case came up.

"When Peter takes to heavin' in earnest, they generally come," said Flaxley.

While old Flaxley stood there looking from Peter to Mrs. Pentle, he couldn't help thinking—much as he respected her—he couldn't help wondering if she was comparing Peter to Pentle that was dead and gone.

"If she is," thought Flaxley, "Lord help the memory o' Pentle—who was never any Apollor for build and easy old enough to be her father, with about as much blood in him as a man'd find in four pounds of excelsior packin'."

Peter was whistling again, and caroling and heaving facetious comment at anybody and everybody, when he felt the silence. He looked round and saw Mrs. Pentle.

"How do you do, captain?"

Peter shifted his cotton hook from right hand to left and shook her extended hand.

"I'm cert'nly glad to see you again, Mrs. Pentle."

"How are you getting on, captain?"

"Fine, fine!"

"The work is not too hard?"

"Hard?" Peter smiled. Of course she was joking.

"Often enough I think of those fellows out on the Banks gettin' up—not on a sudden warm day like this, Mrs. Pentle, but a good cold blizzardy day in winter—gettin' up at four o'clock in the mornin' and goin' into a cold hold

"Ten Per Cent Off for Employees," Shouted Peter; "All the Girls Carry 'Em!"

with the ice and baitin' up, so's to be ready to go over the side in the dory by the first o' the daylight. And then all day long it's heave and haul trawls, with maybe a sea that they don't know what minute'll get 'em. An' dressin' down a deckload o' fish on top o' that afore they turn in of a night—an' maybe standin' watch in the night again, standin' to the wheel beatin' home in a nor'wester, when it's so cold you have to wear a woolen mask over your face with two holes to see through and another to breathe through, and your watch mate to relieve you—and you him—every six or eight minutes to keep from freezin' to death!

"Hard work, Mrs. Pentle!" It was too ridiculous—Peter laughed aloud this time.

"I live with my married sister, Mrs. Pentle, and goin' home these cold winter nights I sit down to supper, and after supper I slip into my slipshods, an' I get out my pipe, an' I spread my feet out before a nice hot fire, in a rockin' chair, an' the sister's six children they climb up all over me and we have one good time together. Some nights I take one or two of the oldest of 'em to the movies."

"You like children then, captain?"

"The man, Mrs. Pentle, that ain't got children is bein' cheated out o' something," said Peter. "An' sittin' there after the children are put to bed, I say to myself, 'Well, Peter Crudden, you're cert'nly one lucky dog. Here's you into your warm, dry bed every night, an' work that there's about enough of to exercise you, an' no matter how the weather is—no matter about sea and wind so rough you can't fish—there's your pay envelope every week with the same old reg'lar amount in it.'"

"I'm glad you like it here, captain, and—I'm partners with Mr. Duncan in a new vessel to be named after me."

"I hope," said Peter earnestly, "that she won't shame her name—that she'll be fast an' weatherly—and always find her way back home."

"I hope so, captain. And now—if there is anything about your work you do not like, let me know." There was a tramping of girls hurrying through the passageway. Two or three were gazing curiously in from the doorway. "Five o'clock! So it is! Good-by." She passed out with Henston.

"No airs to her, Peter; all men look alike to her," said old Flaxley.

"She's all right," said Peter. "But as for hard work—Lord!"

And he was chuckling over that all the while he was washing up, and still smiling at the thought of it when he overhauled a girl in the passageway. He said good evening politely and was hurrying by when the figure said, "Good evening, captain."

"Good Night. You're Not Mad With Me, Peter?" A. W. B.

It was something in the voice that held him. He had another look—it wasn't very light in the passageway. Well, if it wasn't the girl who had sold him the lunch box!

Peter walked to the corner with her; when her car came along, it happened to be his car. She lived not very far from Peter's sister. He walked to her door with her. Her name was Sarah Hern.

After work next day Peter waited at the door of the shipping room. When she came out of the girls' room he fell into step with her, and they rode home together. Sarah invited him in. Peter stepped in for a minute and met Sarah's mother.

He stayed to supper. There must have been eight or nine Hern boys and girls, some grown up, with a widowed mother. And they all but the mother sat down together; and the girls kept bouncing up and down, hopping back and forth between table and kitchen when things didn't come fast enough.

Peter felt as if he had known them for years; and after supper an older brother passed Peter a cigar, and upstairs in the living room talked in a casually friendly way on baseball, prize fighting, the big war, the latest movies. One of Sarah's sisters played the piano, and Sarah and another sister sang. Other young men called. Peter was a good listener until a little brother of Sarah's peeked in and finally came over by Peter and shyly said:

"Won't you tell something, captain, about the big ocean?"

Peter told them a little about the big ocean, as he knew it, and stopped. He himself wanted to hear more songs—Annie Laurie or the Robert E. Lee or something like them; but they asked him to keep on. He told more—he would have told them more in the first place, but he had no idea shore-going people, especially girls, cared much for rough fishing life. In a little while he was warmed up and going good. When he stopped this time they were all bent over and staring at him. The big brother straightened up first and pulled out his watch and said:

"What d'y'know—I'm chairman o' the house committee down to the club, and we had a meeting scheduled for an hour and a half ago!"

Sarah sang Asthore and Mother Machree, and there was more playing. And they all had ice cream and cake, and the older brother gave Peter a great grip of the hand going; and they all asked him to call again soon and waved him good night from the doorway. And Peter, walking up the street, began to think that maybe he had been sticking round his sister's too much nights.

Mrs. Pentle called into the shipping room on a tour of inspection the next day again, and regularly after that; and regularly Peter rode home with Sarah, and pretty regularly called round to her house evenings. One night he asked her if she would go to the theater with him. She looked so pleased that he was sorry he hadn't got his courage up sooner.

It was to a musical show that Peter took Sarah. All the time he was there he felt uncomfortable—some of the people on the stage cert'nly did carry some things pretty far.

However, it was over, and Peter suggested supper at a restaurant.

Peter knew nothing of the night restaurants of the city. He picked out one he saw advertised in the theater program and because it also happened to be on the way to their trolley line. He felt Sarah shrink a little going in; and after he was inside and seated he wished he had paid more attention to her shrinking. But he had been too excited to notice. He had been lashed to the wheel of his vessel steering her in a living gale and not half so much excited as he was now. It wasn't just the kind of place, maybe, to bring a young girl; but they were in there now and he guessed they would weather whatever happened. He asked Sarah if she would have a glass of beer or anything like that. He didn't want her to think him too slow. He was pleased when she said no.

What would she have to eat? Sarah picked up the card. "Suppose we try a tarble dote?" she said.

"All right. Where is it?"

Sarah pointed it out:

TABLE D'HÔTE $1.50

Peter had a notion she was trying to save his money and he liked her for it, but he wasn't looking to save money. He pointed out various things on the other side of the bill, picking out always the high-priced ones; but Sarah shook her head. She always preferred the "tarble dote" to ordering à la carte.

The waiter approached.

"What to drink?" he asked briskly.

"Nothing to drink," answered Peter and, pointing out the caption, TABLE D'HÔTE $1.50, said "Two."

"Two what?" asked the waiter.

"Why, two of what it says—two tarble dotes."

"And what drinks did you say?" The waiter bent a confidential ear and scratched his head with his pencil while he waited. Peter looked up at the ear; then he stretched up and whispered into it:

"Ever hear of the Boundin' Biller, Captain Hanks?"

"The Boundin' Biller?" And—well, all kinds of queer ones blow into restaurants—the waiter slewed his head round, looked at Peter, put his ear down and whispered back: "What about it?"

And Peter whispered up into the waiting ear:

"The Boundin' Biller, Captain Hanks,
She was hove flat down on th' Western Banks."

"Huh!" The waiter slewed his head round again to have another look, which pulled his ear out of position and forced Peter to raise his voice.

"He had the greatest ear, that Captain Hanks," explained Peter. "He could hear a sound when no other mortal ever sailed a vessel could. He heard a steamer's whistle in a gale o' wind and fog one time, and runnin' fair before the wind at the time he was—he jibed her over, and o' course you know what happens to a vessel that's runnin' with her main sheet to the knot an' somebody jibes her over all standin'?"

The waiter stared with increasing doubt at Peter.

"Captain Hanks had nothing on you for hearing," explained Peter. "I said no drinks."

"Oh, oh, excuse me! I begin to get yuh now. No drinks," and the waiter retreated and returned in silence, but with the food.

Two women on a platform, one very stout and one very thin, danced and sang; and then they half wiggled and half danced in and out among the tables. Here and there they chucked a chin or kissed a bald head, and one, on invitation, sat on a man's knee and had a sip of wine with him.

Sarah herself was knots prettier than either of the singing girls—Peter could see that—and she was dressed pretty too. He didn't know what kind of stuff it was she was wearing, except that it was a kind of slaty sea-gray color and fitted snug. And she had a hat that was shaped like a little capsized dory and listed to starboard, just about the same list a vessel takes when she puts her scuppers under to a light breeze.

Peter, by and by, began to have a notion that Sarah wasn't enjoying herself. There was a party in one of the booths—Peter could not see them without turning, but he had a feeling in the back of his head that they were paying more attention to Sarah than she liked. But perhaps he was wrong about it. What with the lights and the music and the dancing, he was beginning to feel like rolling out a little song himself—a little more maybe about the Boundin' Biller—but Sarah suddenly started to draw on her gloves. And she looked tired; and Peter hurried to pay the bill and tip the waiter—fifty cents. The waiter thanked him with more respect than Peter would have thought was in him.

Peter was jumping up to put Sarah's coat on her before his waiter could do it, when a strange waiter came over with a glass of champagne and set it on the table before Sarah.

"The gentleman wishes to know if the young lady will have a glass of wine with him."

Some joker of course. Peter smiled till he saw that Sarah was looking frightened.

"Who sent it?" asked Peter.

The waiter looked over to the booth which Peter had had in mind earlier. Peter looked over that way. A head darted out and back into the corner of the booth. Peter's eyebrows lowered and his eyes narrowed. It looked like a familiar sail.

"Did he say anything about a drink for me?" asked Peter.

The waiter started to smile and then said "No, sir," very quickly.

Peter picked up the glass delicately.

"Do you want to drink this wine, Sarah?"

"Oh, Peter!"

"It's all right—I knew you didn't," assured Peter.

He stepped over to the booth. He was right about the man in the corner—it was Henston.

More than the shipping of goods was discussed in the shipping room, and there was more than that glass of wine in Peter's mind when he looked in on Henston in the booth. There was a saleslgirl who had lost her job in Pentle's. It was Henston who had taken advantage of his position to start her on the wrong road.

"The young lady," said Peter to Henston, "don't want to drink your health."

"Too bad—she drank it before," said Henston.

Peter had hard work to keep the wine from spilling.

"If you don't believe me, ask her," said Henston.

"What's that?" Peter said that to gain time to get his balance.

"I said ask her."

"You—you squid, you!"

Peter whipped the glass of wine into Henston's face, and with that reached across for him. The two men nearest to Peter in the booth stood up to stop him. Peter reached a hand to the collar of each, stepped back and then brought his elbows to his side. The two faces crashed together.

"It's my fight and his—keep out, you!" said Peter and swept them back and down into their seats.

A waiter attacked Peter from behind. It took Peter a few seconds to wiggle round, get the heel of his hand under the waiter's chin and jolt him down to where, falling backward on his heels all the while, he hit solidly with the back of his head between the plump shoulders of the fat one of the singing ladies who was fervidly warbling:

Mem-moh-reez—mem-moh-reez!

to an elderly male with a proud smile on his face.

(Continued on Page 85)

American Business in France

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

Copies of the Treaty of Frankfort are Sold Everywhere in the Streets of Paris

TWO Americans met by chance one day last summer at a little table in front of the Café de la Paix in Paris. One had arrived only a month before; the other was an old resident in France. After the fashion of their kind, they became acquainted and began to talk. Before them passed a picturesque parade, brilliant with the uniforms of half a dozen nations and streaked with the symbols of mourning that attested to the ravages of war.

"There is something wrong with these Frenchmen," said the first American.

"How is that?" asked his companion.

"It's like this," was the reply: "I have sold goods from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and yet I can get nowhere over here. I give these fellows the swiftest line of selling talk in the world and it makes no impression."

"How well do you speak French?" queried his new-found acquaintance.

"Not at all."

"Have you studied the ways and needs of the Frenchman?"

"Of course not! I've got something they want and they ought to take it."

The man who had long lived in France was silent. Then he said: "The fault is not with the Frenchman, my friend. Think it over."

He did; and, with reflection, he changed his method. He put a curb on strenuosity; started to study the French temperament; he began to see why he had not succeeded.

This incident illumines one of the strangest and most inconsistent situations in our foreign trade. By a curious irony we have failed to realize our commercial destiny in the one Allied Nation where real respect and affection for us remain. France—a sister Republic—is bound to us by sentimental ties and the kinship of a common struggle for liberty. Her people are warm-hearted and generous, and want to do business with us.

Yet, as long and costly experience shows, we have almost gone out of our way to clash with their customs and misunderstand their motives. In short, we have neglected a great opportunity to develop a permanent and worthwhile export business with them. It was bad enough before 1914. Events since the outbreak of the war have emphasized it more keenly.

Why have Americans failed so signally in France? There are many reasons. First of all, their whole system of selling has been wrong.

A Chapter of Wrong Methods

FOR years many of our manufacturers were represented in Paris, and elsewhere in France, by German agents, who also represented producers in their own country. The energetic Teuton did not hesitate to install an American machine or a line of American goods. But what happened? When a machine part wore out, or the stock of goods was exhausted, there was seldom any American product on hand to meet the swift and sometimes impatient demand for replacement or renewal.

By a strange coincidence there was always an abundant supply of German material available. The German salesman always saw to that. Necessity knows no nationality. The result invariably was that German output supplanted the American. The Frenchman did not want to be caught the second time.

This prompt renewal created an immense goodwill for German goods. Right here is one of the first big lessons for the American exporter to learn, no matter in what country he expects to sell. It lies in keeping goods "on the shelf," and being able to meet emergency demand.

The Frenchman in trade is a sort of Missourian. He must be shown! He shies at samples; distrusts drawings. He likes to go into a warehouse and look over stocks; it gives him satisfaction to pick and choose. He is the most fastidious buyer in the world, and he likes to do things his own way. Any attempt to ram foreign methods—either in buying or selling—down his sensitive throat is bound to fail.

Here is a case in point: The general representative in France of a large American manufacturing concern decided to engage some French salesmen. He was a shark on business system; he fairly oozed scientific salesmanship; he decided to Americanize his Gallic emissaries. So he prepared an elaborate "What I Did" schedule for them. Into it was to be written every evening the complete record of the business day.

When he handed one of these blanks to his leading French salesman that gentleman shrugged his shoulders and said:

"It eez impossecble!"

When the American became insistent all the French salesmen resigned in a body. This objection was purely temperamental. If there is one thing above all others that puts a Frenchman into panic, it is publicity of his personal affairs. He believes that the greatest crime in the world is to be found out, whether in business or in love. There was nothing, perhaps, to hide in a record of his daily work, but it was the wrong tack to take.

In the same way militant and masterful salesmanship also fails. A man may be a crack seller in Kansas City, Denver, and all points West, but he finds to his sorrow that this dynamic process goes straight over the head of a Frenchman. He refuses to be driven; he wants time for mature reflection and an opportunity to talk the thing over with his wife.

This irritating attempt to force uncongenial methods on French buyers is duplicated in a corresponding lack of plain everyday intelligence in meeting the simplest French requirements.

Indeed, the omissions of Americans are well-nigh incredible. Take the matter of postage to France: The head of a great French concern made this statement to me in sober earnestness:

"Won't you be good enough to beg American manufacturers to put their office boys through a course of instruction in postal rates between Europe and the United States?"

When I asked him for the reason he said:

"We sometimes get twenty letters from America in one mail and each comes with insufficient postage. This has been going on for years, despite our repeated protest about it. Some months my firm was required to pay from ten to fifteen dollars in excess postage."

Now the amount of money involved in this transaction is the slightest feature; it is the chronic laxity and carelessness of the American business man that gets on the Frenchman's nerves.

Here is another case in point: A well-known French firm has been writing weekly letters for the past eighteen months to a New England factory trying to persuade the manager to mark his export cases with a stencil plate and in ink rather than with a heavy lead pencil, as the latter marking is almost obliterated by the time the shipment arrives at Havre; in fact, this French firm went to the extent of sending a stencil and brush to New England to be used in marking the firm's cases. But the old pencil habit is too strong, and a weekly hunt has to be instituted on the French docks for odd cases containing valuable consignments of machine tools. Vexatious delays result. It is just one more nail that the heedless American manufacturer drives into the coffin of his French business.

These incidents, and many more that I could cite, are merely the approach to a succession of mistakes that make you wonder if so-called Yankee enterprise gets stage fright or cold feet as soon as it comes in contact with French commercial possibilities. Let me now tell the prize story of neglected trade opportunity:

Last spring the American commercial attaché in Paris made a speech at a dinner in Philadelphia. He painted such a glowing picture of trade prospects in France that the head of one of the greatest hardware concerns in America, who happened to be present, came to him afterward with enthusiasm and said:

"We want to get some of that foreign business you talked about and we will do everything in our power to land it. Help us if you can."

Opportunities Thrust Aside

THE attaché promised that he would, and returned to his post in Paris. He studied the hardware situation and found a tremendous need for our goods. He was about to make a report to the hardware manufacturer when an alert, upstanding young American breezed into his office and said:

"I have been looking into the hardware situation here, and I find that there is a big chance for us; in fact, I have already booked some fat orders. Will you put me in touch with the right people in America to handle the business?"

"Certainly," replied the attaché. "I know just the firm you are looking for." He recalled the enthusiastic remarks of the man who came to him after the Philadelphia speech; so he said: "Write to the Blank Hardware Company, in , and I am sure you will get quick action."

"No," said the enterprising young American; "I will cable."

He immediately got off a long wire telling what orders he had and giving gilt-edge banking references.

Quite naturally he expected a cable reply; but he was too optimistic. Day after day passed amid a great silence from America. At the end of two weeks he received a letter from the export manager of the firm, who said, among other things:

"We are not prepared to quote any prices for the French trade now. We have decided to wait for any extension of our foreign business until after the war. Meantime you might call on our agent in Paris, who may be able to do something for you."

The young American dashed up to the agent's warehouse. The agent was an old man, becalmed in a sea of empty space. All his young men were off at

the front; a few graybeards, aided by some women, comprised his working staff.

"I have no American hardware in stock," he said; "but I may be able to get you some English or Swiss goods."

This did not appeal to the young American. He is now making a study of Russian finance.

Full brother to this episode is the experience of another American in Paris, who found out that there was a great need among Frenchwomen for curling irons. Despite war, sacrifice and sudden death, the Frenchwoman is determined to look her best. Besides, she is earning more money than ever before and buying more luxuries. Knowing these facts, the Yankee sent the following cable to a well-known concern in the Middle West:

"Rush fifty thousand dollars' worth of curling irons! Cable acceptance." He also cabled his financial references that would have started a bank.

He, too, was doomed to disappointment. After a fortnight came the usual letter from America, containing the now familiar phrase: "See Blank Blank, our Paris representative. He may be able to take care of you."

Manfully he went to see Monsieur Blank Blank, who not only had no curling irons but refused to display the slightest interest in them.

Still another American took an order for some kidskins, intended for the manufacture of fine shoe uppers. By the terms of the agreement they were to be three feet in width. The money for them, amounting to thirty thousand dollars, was deposited in a New York bank before shipment.

When the skins reached Paris they were found to be heavy, coarse leather, and measured five feet in width. They were absolutely useless for the desired purpose. The average French buyer, however, is not a welsher. He accepted the undesirable stuff, but with a comment in French that, translated, means "Never again!"

The Blunders of American Exporters

ALL this oversight is aided and abetted by a twin evil—a lack of knowledge of the French language. Here you touch one of the chief obstacles in the way of our foreign business expansion everywhere. It has put the American salesman at the mercy of the interpreter, and since so many interpreters are unreliable you can readily see the handicap under which the helpless commercial scout labors. A concrete episode will show what it costs:

A certain American firm desirous of establishing a more or less permanent connection in France sent over one of its principal officers. This man could not speak a word of French; so he secured the services of a so-called "interpreter guide." It was proposed to select a representative for the company from among a number of firms in a certain large French seaport. The firm chosen was to receive and pay for consignments through a local bank and act generally for the American company.

Friend Interpreter Guide said he knew all the big business houses in the city; so he selected a firm that the American accepted without making the slightest investigation. A bank agreed to take care of the shipments and the whole transaction was quickly concluded. The American grabbed the papers in the case—and, I might add, without the formality of having them examined by a third party—and left France immensely impressed with the ease and swiftness with which business could be transacted in that country.

But there was an unexpected and unfortunate sequel to this performance. A few months later another officer of this American company was sent posthaste to France to straighten out an ugly tangle. It developed that the French firm chosen by the interpreter guide was not of the highest standing; that the interpreter, for reasons and profits best known to himself, had entirely misrepresented the conversation; that, instead of paying four per cent for services, the American firm was really paying about ten. The whole transaction had to be called off and a new one instituted at considerable expense.

Another American went to Paris without knowing the language, used an interpreter every day for nine weeks, and was unable to place a single order. Yet in this time he spent enough money on his language intermediary to pay the rent of a suitable office in Paris for a whole year.

The dependence of Americans, with important interests or commissions, upon interpreters is well-nigh incredible. On the steamer that took me to France last summer was the new Continental manager of a large American manufacturing company. I assumed, of course, that he could speak French. A few days after I arrived in Paris I met him in the Boulevard des Italiens in the grip of a five-franc-a-day interpreter. He told me with great enthusiasm that an interpreter was "the greatest institution in the world!" In six months he will reverse his opinion.

The lesson of this lack of knowledge of French as applied to salesmanship is this: That, though the average Frenchman is greatly flattered when you tell him his English is good, he prefers to talk business in his own vernacular. He thinks and calculates better in French. Frequently when you engage him in conversation in English, and the question of business comes up, you find that he instinctively lapses into his mother tongue.

I was talking one day with Monsieur Ribot, the French Minister of Finance, whose English is almost above reproach, and who maintained the integrity of his English through a long general conversation. But the moment I asked him a question about a proposed bond issue he shifted into French, and talked French until every financial rock had been passed.

In short, you find that if you want to do business in France you must know the French language. It is one of the keys to an understanding of the French temperament.

Even when Americans do become energetic in France they sometimes fail to fortify themselves with important facts before entering into hard-and-fast transactions. As usual, they pay dearly for such omissions. This brings us to what might be called the Great American Deluge, which overwhelmed not a few Yankee pocketbooks and left their owners sadder and saner.

Fully to understand this series of events, you must know that, since the beginning of the war, the question of an adequate French coal supply has been acute. Indeed, for a while the country faced a real crisis. Many of her mines were in the hands of the Germans and she was forced to turn to England for help. Not only has the English price risen, but to it must be added the high cost of transportation, the heavy war risk, and all those other details that enter into such negotiations.

France had to have coal and various enterprising Americans got on the job. At least, they thought they were enterprising. Before they got through they wished they had not been so headlong, as the following tales, now to be unfolded, will indicate:

A group of New York men made a contract to deliver three shiploads of coal at Bordeaux at a certain price. After they had signed the contract, freight rates from Baltimore to the French port almost doubled! This was the first of their troubles. When their vessel finally reached Bordeaux the docks were so crowded with ships unloading war munitions that they could not get pier space. In France demurrage begins the moment a ship stops outside of port. The net result was that these vessels were held up for nearly two weeks; and the high price of transportation, coupled with the very large demurrage, wiped out practically all the profits.

Another group of Americans made a contract to deliver coal to a French railroad, "subject to call." Without taking the trouble to inquire just what subject to call meant in France, they signed and sealed the bargain. Then they discovered that the railroad wanted the coal delivered in irregular installments. Meantime the consignors had to store the coal in French yards, where space to-day is almost as valuable as a corner lot on Broadway. They were glad to pay a cash bonus and escape with their skins.

Still another group made a contract with the Paris Gas Company for a large quantity of coal. They discovered later that the company expected the coal to be delivered to their bins in Paris.

"But the American plan is to sell coal 'f. o. b. Norfolk,'" said the spokesman.

"We are sorry," replied the Frenchmen; "but the coal must be delivered to us in Paris. The English have been doing it for forty years, and if you expect to do business with us you must do likewise."

When the Americans demurred the company held them to their contract.

This last episode shows one of the great defects in the American system of doing business abroad. We insist upon the f. o. b. arrangement—that is, the price at the American point of shipment. The foreigner, especially the Frenchman, wants a "c. i. f." price, which includes cost, insurance and freight, and which puts the article down at his door. The German and English shippers, particularly the former, have made this kind of shipment a part of their export creed; and it is one reason why they have succeeded so wonderfully in the foreign field.

A Countess in the Coal Trade

THE Great American Coal Deluge also precipitated a flood of mythical titled ladies, all selling coal for "well-known American companies."

Most of them were clever American women, married to Italian, Spanish or French noblemen. Their chief effort was to get a cash advance payment to bind the contract. Such details as price, transportation, credit and other essentials were unimportant.

Here is a little story that shows how these women did business and undid American goodwill:

One day last August the telephone bell rang in the office of the general manager of a long-established American concern in Paris. A woman was at the other end.

"Is this Mr. Blank?"

"Yes."

"I am Countess A., and I have a letter of introduction to you."

"Yes."

"I represent several large American coal companies and have secured a large order for Italy."

"Yes."

"Can you tell me how I can get the coal to Italy?"

"Yes."

"Splendid! But how?"

"By boats."

"Oh, yes, I know; but have you got the boats and can I get them? I have the order, you see, and that is the main thing."

"But, madam," asked the man, "have you cabled your company in America about the contract?"

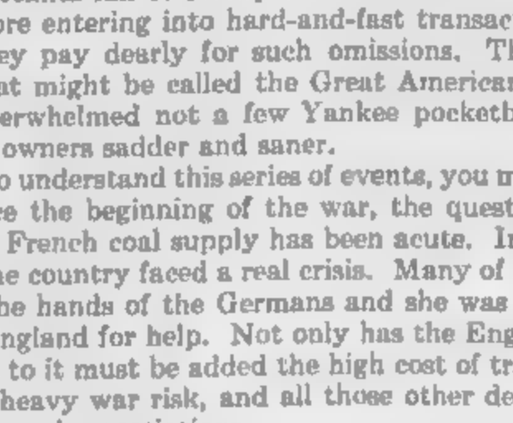
"No," answered the woman. "What's the use of doing that? I have no money to spend on cables. Besides, I have full power to act. The price is all right and the buyers are ready to sign; but they want to put into the agreement some silly business about delivery, and I am asking you to help me get the boats."

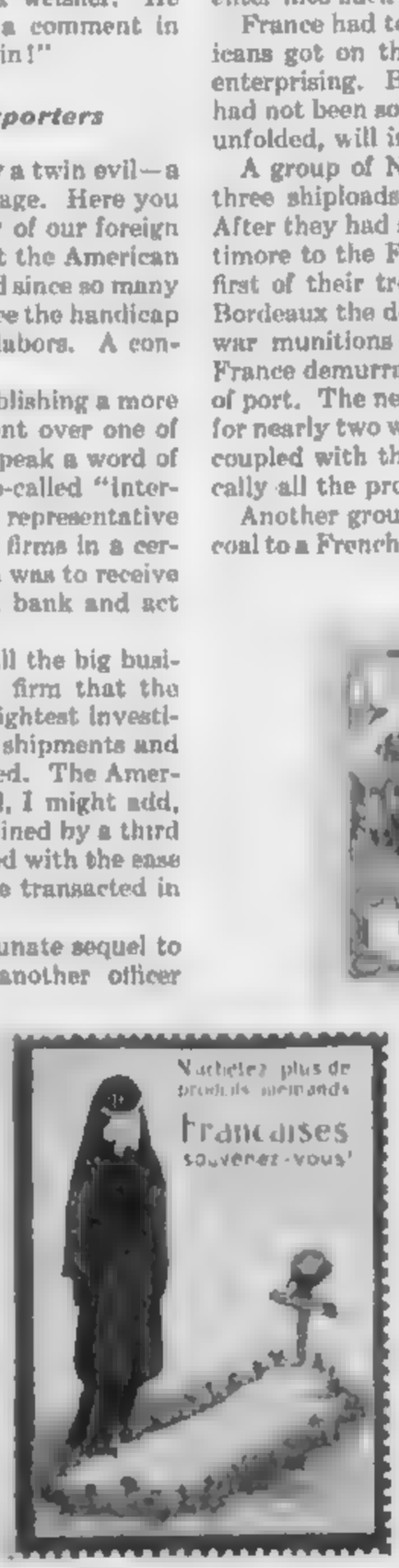
"Come and see me," said the manager.

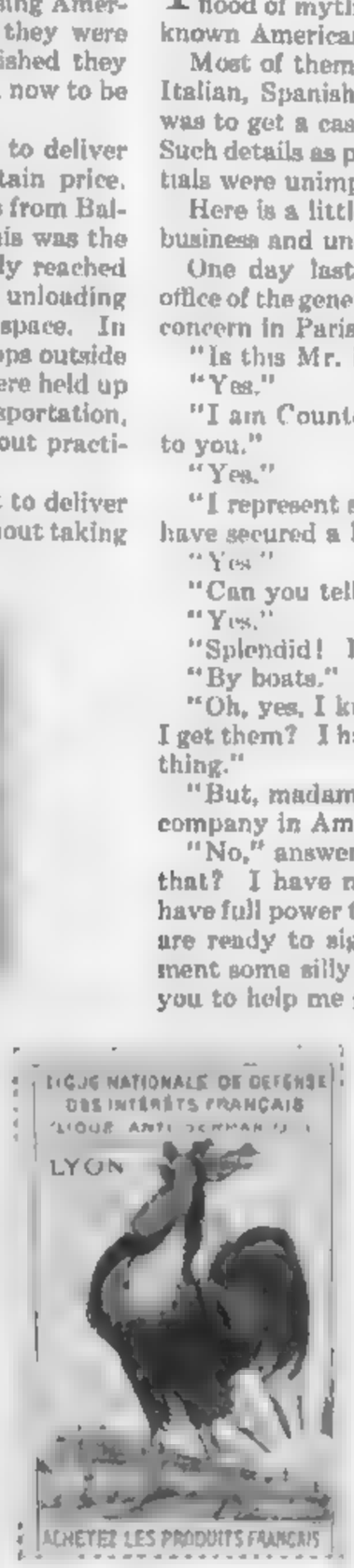
The woman promised to call the next morning, but she never came. Just what she had in mind the manager could never quite tell. But one thing was proved in this and similar activities: The "Countess" and most of her sisters who have been trying to put over coal and other contracts in Paris have little or no real authorization for their performances; and the principal result has been to prejudice French and Italian buyers against us.

In seeking to make French contracts some of these adventurers—and they include both sexes—make the most extravagant claims. One group circulated a really startling prospectus. At the top

(Continued on Page 41)







JEEVES TAKES CHARGE

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

The Next Moment Uncle Willoughby Had Opened the Drawer. I Shut My Eyes. It Was Coming!

I KNOW lots of people think I'm much too dependent on my man Jeeves. My Aunt Agatha, who can make herself more offensive on any given subject than any other woman of her weight and age in the country, has even gone so far as to call him my keeper. Well, it's quite true that I leave most of the thinking to him; but what I say is: Why not? I'm a fearful chump—ask anybody—whereas Jeeves, if he cared to take a whirl at it, could be Prime Minister or something tomorrow. The man's a genius. Absolutely! From the collar upward he stands alone. I gave up trying to run my own affairs within a week of his coming to me. That was about half a dozen years ago, directly after the rather rummy business with Lady Florence Craye, my Uncle Willoughby's book, and Edwin, the Boy Scout.

The thing really began when I got back to Easeby, my uncle's place in Shropshire. I was spending a week or so there, as I generally did in the summer, for the old boy liked to have me round and, being down in his will for a substantial chunk of the right stuff, I always obliged him; and I had had to break my visit to come back to London to get a new valet. I had found Meadowes, the fellow I had taken to Easeby with me, sneaking my silk socks, a thing no chappie of spirit could stick at any price. It transpiring, moreover, that he had looted a lot of other things here and there about the place, I was reluctantly compelled to hand the misguided blighter the mitten and go to London to ask the registry office, or whatever you call those places that deal in valets and things, to scare up another specimen for my approval. They sent me Jeeves.

I shall always remember the morning he came. It so happened that the night before I had been present at a rather cheery little supper with a few of the lads, and I was feeling pretty rocky. On top of this I was trying to read a book Florence Craye had given me. She had been one of the house party at Easeby, and two or three days before I left we had got engaged and all that sort of thing. I was due back at the end of the week, and I knew she would expect me to have finished the book by then; and, being in love, and so on, I didn't want to disappoint her. You see she was particularly keen on boosting me up a bit nearer her own plane of intellect. She was a girl with a wonderful profile, but steeped to the gills in serious purpose—one of those devilish brainy girls.

Well, I can't give you a better idea of the way things stood than by telling you that the book she'd given me to read was called Types of Ethical Theory, and that when I opened it at random I struck a page beginning:

> The postulate or common understanding involved in speech is certainly coextensive, in the obligation it carries, with the social organism of which language is the instrument, and the ends of which it is an effort to subserve.

All perfectly true, no doubt; but not the sort of thing to spring on a chappie with a morning head.

I was doing my best to skim through this bright little volume when the bell rang. I crawled off the sofa and opened the door. A thinnish kind of darkish sort of respectful Johnnie stood without.

"I was sent by the agency, sir," he said. "I was given to understand that you required a valet."

I'd have preferred an undertaker; but I told him to stagger in, and he floated noiselessly through the doorway like a healing zephyr. That impressed me from the start. Meadowes had had flat feet and used to clump. This fellow didn't seem to have any feet at all. He just streamed in. He had a grave, sympathetic face as if he, too, knew what it was to sup with the lads; and there was a look in his eyes, as we stood there giving each other the mutual north-to-south, that seemed to say: "Courage, Cuthbert! Chump though you be, have no fear; for I will look after you!"

"Excuse me, sir," he said gently.

Then he seemed to flicker and wasn't there any longer. I heard him moving about in the kitchen, and presently he came back with a glass in his hand.

"If you would drink this, sir," he said with a kind of bedside manner, rather like the royal doctor shooting the bracer into the sick prince. "It is a little preparation of my own invention. It is the dark meat-sauce that gives it its color. The raw egg makes it nutritious. The red pepper gives it its bite. Gentlemen have told me they have found it extremely invigorating after a late evening."

I would have clutched at anything that looked like a life line that morning. I swallowed the stuff. For a moment I felt as if somebody had touched off a bomb inside the old bean and was strolling down my throat with a lighted torch, and then everything seemed suddenly to get all right. The sun shone in through the window; birds twittered in the tree tops; and, generally speaking, hope dawned once more.

"You're engaged!" I said as soon as I could say anything.

I perceived clearly that this lad was one of the World's Workers, the sort of chappie no home should be without.

"Thank you, sir. My name is Jeeves."

"You can start in at once?"

"Immediately, sir."

"Because I'm due down at Easeby in Shropshire the day after to-morrow."

"Very good, sir."

"Are you good at evening ties, Jeeves?"

"My evening ties have generally given satisfaction."

"Because I'm rather particular about my evening ties just now."

"Very good, sir." He looked past me at the mantelpiece. "That is an excellent likeness of Lady Florence Craye, sir. It is two years since I saw her ladyship. I was at one time in Lord Worplesdon's employment. I tendered my resignation because I could not see eye to eye with his lordship in his desire to dine in dress trousers, a flannel shirt and a shooting coat."

He couldn't tell me anything I didn't know about the old boy's eccentricity. This Lord Worplesdon was Florence's father. He was the old buster who, a few years later, came down to breakfast one morning, lifted the first cover he saw, said "Eggs! Eggs! Eggs! Damn all eggs!" in an overwrought sort of voice, and instantly legged it for France, never to return to the bosom of the family. This, mind you, being a bit of luck for the bosom of the family, for old Worplesdon had the worst temper in the Midland Counties.

I had known the family ever since I was a kid and from boyhood up he had put the fear of death into me. Time, the great healer, could never remove from my memory the occasion when he found me—then a bright stripling of fifteen—smoking one of his big special cigars in the stables. He got after me with a hunting crop just at the moment when I was beginning to realize that what I wanted most on earth was solitude and repose, and chased me more than a mile across difficult country. If there was a flaw, so to speak, in the pure joy of being engaged to Florence, it was the fact that she rather took after her father, and one was never certain when she might erupt. She had a wonderful profile, though.

"Lady Florence and I are engaged, Jeeves," I said.

"Indeed, sir?"

You know, there was a kind of rummy something about his manner. Perfectly all right and all that, but not what you'd call chirpy. It somehow gave me the impression that he wasn't keen on Florence. Well, of course, it wasn't my business. I supposed that while he had been valeting Old Worplesdon she must have trodden on his toes in some way. Florence was a dear girl and, seen sideways, most awfully good-looking; but if she had a fault it was a tendency to be a bit imperious with the domestic staff. I've seen her reduce a butler to a spot of grease with about three words and a look. She was rather apt, I may mention, to work that look on me. It was one of those blasting gazes that make you feel as if you hadn't shaved that morning.

At this point in the proceedings there was another ring at the front door. Jeeves shimmered out and came back with a telegram. I opened it. It ran:

> Return immediately! Extremely urgent! Catch first train.
> FLORENCE.

"Rum!" I said.

"Sir?"

"Oh, nothing!"

It shows how little I knew Jeeves in those days that I didn't go a bit deeper into the matter with him. Nowadays I would never dream of reading a rummy communication without asking him what he thought of it. And this one was devilish odd. What I mean is, Florence knew I was going back to Easeby the day after to-morrow, anyway; so why the hurry call? Something must have happened, of course; but I couldn't see what on earth it could be.

"Jeeves," I said, "we shall be going down to Easeby this afternoon. Can you make it?"

"Certainly, sir."

"You can get your packing done, and all that?"

"Without any difficulty, sir. Which suit will you wear for the journey?"

"This one."

I had on a rather sprightly young check that morning, to which I was a good deal attached; I fancied it, in fact, more than a little. It was perhaps rather sudden till you got used to it, but, nevertheless, an extremely sound effort, which many chappies at the club and elsewhere had admired unrestrainedly.

"Very good, sir."

Again there was that kind of rummy something in his manner. It was the way he said it, don't you know. He didn't like the suit. I pulled myself together to assert myself. You see, somehow or other I had one of those—what do you call them?—presentiments. Something seemed to tell me that, unless I was jolly careful and nipped this lad in the bud, he would be starting to boss me. He had the aspect of a distinctly resolute blighter.

Well, I wasn't going to have any of that sort of thing, by Jove! I'd seen so many cases of chappies who had become perfect slaves to their valets. I remember poor old Aubrey Fothergill telling me—with absolute tears in his eyes, poor chap!—one night at the club, that he had been compelled to give up a pair of brown shoes which he was convinced were extraordinarily hot stuff, simply because Meekyn, his man, disapproved of them. You have to keep these fellows in their place, don't you know. You have to work the good old iron-hand-in-the-velvet-glove wheeze. If you give them a what's-its-name, they take a thingummy.

"Don't you like this suit, Jeeves?" I said coldly.

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"Well, what don't you like about it?"

"It is a very nice suit, sir."

"Well, what's wrong with it? Out with it, dash it!"

"If I might make the suggestion, sir, a simple brown or blue, with a hint of some quiet twill ——"

"What absolute rot!"

"Very good, sir."

"Perfectly blithering, my dear man!"

"As you say, sir."

I felt as if I had stepped on the place where the last stair ought to have been, but wasn't. I felt defiant, if you know what I mean, and there didn't seem anything to defy.

"All right, then," I said.

"Yes, sir."

And then he went away to collect his kit, while I started in again on Types of Ethical Theory and took a stab at a chapter headed Idiopsychological Ethics.

Most of the way down in the train that afternoon I was wondering what could be up at the other end. I simply couldn't see what could have happened. Easeby, you see, wasn't one of those country houses you read about in the society novels, where young girls are lured on to play baccarat and then skinned to the bone of their jewelry, and so on. The house party I had left had consisted entirely of law-abiding chappies like myself.

Besides, my uncle wouldn't have let anything of that kind go on in his house. He was a rather stiff, precise sort of old boy, who liked a quiet life. He was just finishing a history of the family or something, which he had been working on for the last year, and didn't stir much from the library. He was rather a good instance of what they say about its being a good scheme for a chappie to sow his wild oats. I'd been told that in his youth Uncle Willoughby had been a bit of a rounder. You would never have thought it to look at him now.

Well, as I say, I couldn't think what the trouble could be; so I opened Types of Ethical Theory and sank into the dreamless.

When I got to the house, Oakshott, the butler, told me that Florence was in her room, watching her maid pack. Apparently there was a dance on at a house about twenty miles away that night, and she was motoring over with some of the Easeby lot and would be away some nights. Oakshott said she had told him to tell her the moment I arrived; so I trickled into the smoking room and waited, and presently in she came. A glance showed me that she was perturbed, and even peeved. Her eyes had a goggly look and, altogether, she appeared considerably pipped.

"Darling!" I said, and attempted the good old embrace; but she side-stepped like a bantam weight.

"Don't!"

"What's the matter?"

"Everything's the matter! Bertie, you remember asking me, when you left, to make myself pleasant to your uncle?"

"Yes."

The idea being, of course, that as I was more or less dependent on Uncle Willoughby I couldn't very well marry without his approval. And, though I knew he wouldn't have any objection to Florence, having known her father since they were at Oxford together, I hadn't wanted to take any chances; so I had told her to make an effort to fascinate the old boy.

"You told me it would please him particularly if I asked him to read me some of his history of the family."

"Wasn't he pleased?"

"He was delighted. He finished writing the thing yesterday afternoon and read me nearly all of it last night. I have never had such a shock in my life! The book is an outrage. It is impossible. It is horrible!"

"But—dash it!—the family weren't so bad as all that."

"It is not a history of the family at all. Your uncle has written his reminiscences! He calls them Recollections of a Long Life."

I began to understand. As I say, Uncle Willoughby had been somewhat on the tabasco side as a young man, and it began to look as if he might have turned out something pretty fruity if he had started recollecting his long life.

"If half of what he has written is true," said Florence, "your uncle's youth must have been perfectly appalling! The moment he began to read he plunged straight into a most scandalous story of how he and my father were thrown out of a music hall in 1887!"

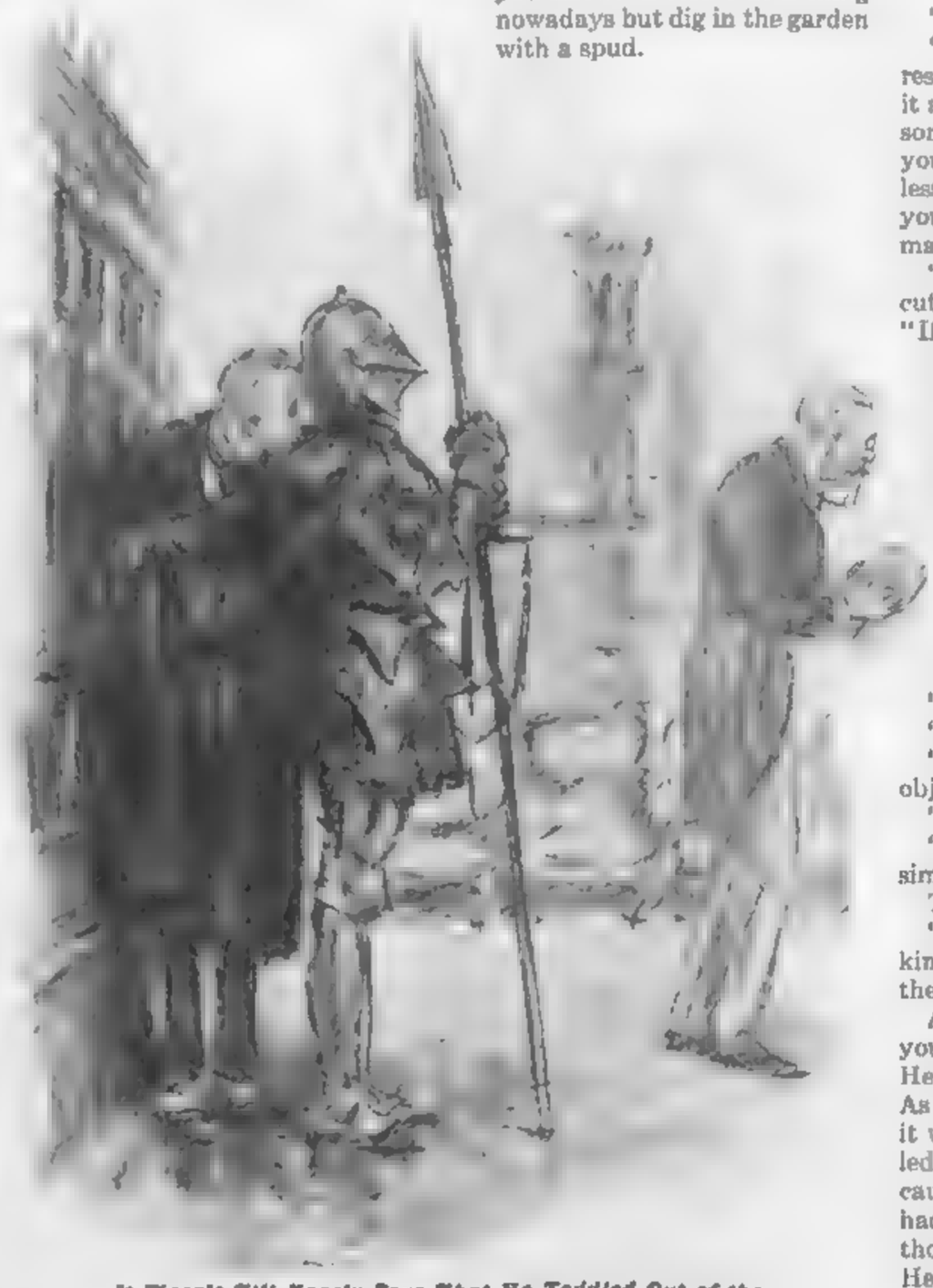
"Why?"

"I decline to tell you why!"

It must have been something pretty bad. It took a lot to make them chuck people out of music halls in 1887.

"Your uncle specifically states that father had drunk a quart and a half of champagne before beginning the evening," she went on. "The book is full of stories like that. There is a dreadful one about Lord Emsworth."

"Lord Emsworth! Not the one we know? Not the one at Blandings?" A most respectable old Johnnie, don't you know. Doesn't do a thing nowadays but dig in the garden with a spud.



It Wasn't Till Nearly Four That He Toddled Out of the Library With the Parcel Under His Arm

"The very same! That is what makes the book so unspeakable. It is full of stories about people one knows who are the essence of propriety to-day, but who seem to have behaved, when they were in London in the eighties, in a manner that would not have been tolerated in the fo'castle of a whaler! Your uncle seems to remember everything disgraceful that happened to anybody when he was in his early twenties. There is a story about Sir Stanley Gervase-Gervase, at Rosherville Gardens, which is ghastly in its perfection of detail. It seems that Sir Stanley—but I can't tell you!"

"Have a dash!"

"No!"

"Oh, well; I shouldn't worry. No publisher will print the book if it's so bad as all that."

"On the contrary, your uncle told me that all negotiations are settled with Rigg & Ballinger, and he's sending off the manuscript to-morrow for immediate publication. They make a special thing of that sort of book. They published Lady Carnaby's Memories of Eighty Interesting Years."

"I read 'em!"

"Well, then, when I tell you that Lady Carnaby's Memories are simply not to be compared with your uncle's Recollections, you will understand my state of mind. And father appears in nearly every story in the book! I am horrified at the things he did when he was a young man!"

"What's to be done?"

"The manuscript must be intercepted before it reaches Rigg & Ballinger, and destroyed!"

I sat up.

This sounded rather sporting.

"How are you going to do it?" I inquired.

"How can I do it? Didn't I tell you the parcel goes off to-morrow? I am going to the Murgatroyds' dance to-night and shall not be back till Monday. You must do it! That is why I telegraphed to you."

"What!"

She gave me the look.

"Do you mean to say you refuse to help me, Bertie?"

"No; but—I say!"

"It's quite simple."

"But even if I—— What I mean is—— Of course anything I can do—but—if you know what I mean ——"

"You say you want to marry me, Bertie?"

"Yes, of course; but still ——"

For a moment she looked exactly like her old father.

"I will never marry you if those Recollections are published."

"But, Florence, old thing!"

"I mean it!"

"Be reasonable, dear heart!"

"You may look on it as a test, Bertie. If you have the resource and courage to carry this thing through, I will take it as evidence that you are not the vapid and shiftless person most people think you. If you fail I shall know that your Aunt Agatha was right when she called you a spineless invertebrate and advised me strongly not to marry you. It will be perfectly simple for you to intercept the manuscript, Bertie. It only requires a little resolution."

"But suppose Uncle Willoughby catches me at it? He'd cut me off with a bob!"

"If you care more for your uncle's money than for me ——"

"No, no! Rather not!"

"Very well, then. The parcel containing the manuscript will, of course, be placed on the hall table to-morrow for Oakshott to take to the village with the letters. All you have to do is to take it away and destroy it. Then your uncle will think it has been lost in the post."

It sounded thin to me.

"Hasn't he got a copy of it?"

"No; it has not been typed. He is sending the manuscript just as he wrote it."

"But he could write it over again."

"As if he would have the energy!"

"But ——"

"If you are going to do nothing but make absurd objections, Bertie ——"

"I was only pointing things out, don't you know."

"Well, don't! Once and for all, will you do me this quite simple act of kindness?"

The way she put it gave me an idea.

"Why not get Edwin to do it? Keep it in the family, kind of, don't you know! Besides, it would be a boon to the kid."

A jolly bright idea it seemed to me. Edwin was her young brother, who was spending his holidays at Easeby. He was a ferret-faced kid, whom I had disliked since birth. As a matter of fact, talking of Recollections and Memories, it was young blighted Edwin who, nine years before, had led his father to where I was smoking his cigar and caused all the unpleasantness. He was fourteen now and had just joined the Boy Scouts. He was one of those thorough kids and took his responsibilities pretty seriously. He was always in a sort of fever because he was dropping behind schedule with his daily acts of kindness. However hard he tried, he'd fall behind; and then you would find him prowling about the house, setting such a clip to try to catch up with himself that Easeby was rapidly becoming a perfect hell for man and beast.

The idea didn't seem to strike Florence.

"I shall do nothing of the kind, Bertie! I wonder you can't appreciate the compliment I am paying you—trusting you like this."

"Oh, I see that all right; but what I mean is, Edwin would do it so much better than I would. These Boy Scouts are up to all sorts of dodges. They spoor, don't you know, and take cover and creep about, and what not."

"Bertie, will you or will you not do this perfectly trivial thing for me? If not, say so now and let us end this farce of pretending that you care a snap of the fingers for me."

"Dear old soul, I love you devotedly!"

"Then, will you or will you not ——"

"Oh, all right!" I said. "All right! All right! All right!"

And then I tottered forth to think it over. I met Jeeves in the passage just outside.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I was endeavoring to find you."

"What's the matter?"

"I felt that I should tell you, sir, that somebody has been putting black polish on our brown walking shoes."

"What! Who? Why?"

"I could not say, sir."

"Can anything be done with them?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Damn!"

"Very good, sir."

I've often wondered since then how these murderer fellows manage to keep in shape while they're contemplating their next effort. I had a much simpler sort of job on hand

and the thought of it rattled me to such an extent in the night watches that I was a perfect wreck next day. Dark circles under the eyes—I give you my word! I had to call on Jeeves to rally round with one of those life-savers of his.

From breakfast on I felt like a bag snatcher at a railroad station. I had to hang about, waiting for the parcel to be put on the hall table, and it wasn't put. Uncle Willoughby was a fixture in the library, adding the finishing touches to the great work, I supposed; and the more I thought the thing over, the less I liked it. The chances against my pulling it off seemed about three to two, and the thought of what would happen if I didn't gave me cold shivers down the spine. Uncle Willoughby was a pretty mild sort of old boy, as a rule, but I've known him to cut up rough; and, by Jove! he was scheduled to extend himself if he caught me trying to get away with his life work.

It wasn't till nearly four that he toddled out of the library with the parcel under his arm, put it on the table, and toddled off again. I was hiding a bit to the southeast at the moment, behind a suit of armor. I bounded out and legged it for the table. Then I nipped upstairs to hide the swag. I charged in like a mustang of the prairie and nearly stubbed my toe on young blighted Edwin, the Boy Scout. He was standing at the chest of drawers, confound him! messing about with my ties.

"Hello!" he said.

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm tidying your room. It's my last Saturday's act of kindness."

"Last Saturday's!"

"I'm five days behind. I was six till last night, but I polished your shoes!"

"Was it you ——"

"Yes. Did you see them? I just happened to think of it. I was in here, looking round. Mr. Berkeley had this room while you were away. He left this morning. I thought perhaps he might have left something in it that I could have sent on. I've often done acts of kindness that way."

"You must be a comfort to one and all!"

It became more and more apparent to me that this infernal kid must somehow be turned out eftsoons or right speedily. I had hidden the parcel behind my back and I didn't think he had seen it; but I wanted to get at that chest of drawers quick, before anyone else came along.

"I shouldn't bother about tidying the room," I said.

"I like tidying it. It's not a bit of trouble—really!"

"But it's quite tidy now."

"Not so tidy as I shall make it."

This was getting perfectly rotten! I didn't want to murder the kid, and yet there didn't seem any other way of shifting him. I pressed down the mental accelerator. The old bean throbbed fiercely. I got an idea.

"There's something much kinder than that which you could do," I said. "You see that box of cigars? Take it down to the smoking room and snip off the ends for me. That would save me no end of trouble. Stagger along, laddie!"

He seemed a bit doubtful; but he staggered. I shoved the parcel into a drawer, locked it, trousered the key, and felt better. I might be a chump, but—dash it!—I could outgeneral a mere kid with a face like a ferret! I went downstairs again. Just as I was passing the smoking-room door out curvetted Edwin. It seemed to me that if he wanted to do a real act of kindness he would commit suicide.

"I'm snipping them," he said.

"Snip on! Snip on!"

"Do you like them snipped much, or only a bit?"

"Medium."

"All right. I'll be getting on, then."

"I should."

And we parted.

Fellows who know all about that sort of thing—detectives, and so on—will tell you that the most difficult thing in the world is to get rid of the body. I remember, as a kid, having to learn by heart a poem about a chappie by the name of Eugene Aram, who had the deuce of a job in this respect. All I can recall of the actual poetry is the bit that goes:

Tum-tum, tum-tum, tum-tumty-tum!
I slew him, tum-tum-tum!

But I recollect that the poor blighter spent much of his valuable time dumping the corpse into ponds and burying it, and what not, only to have it pop out at him again. It was about an hour after I had shoved the parcel into the drawer when I realized that I had let myself in for just the same sort of thing.

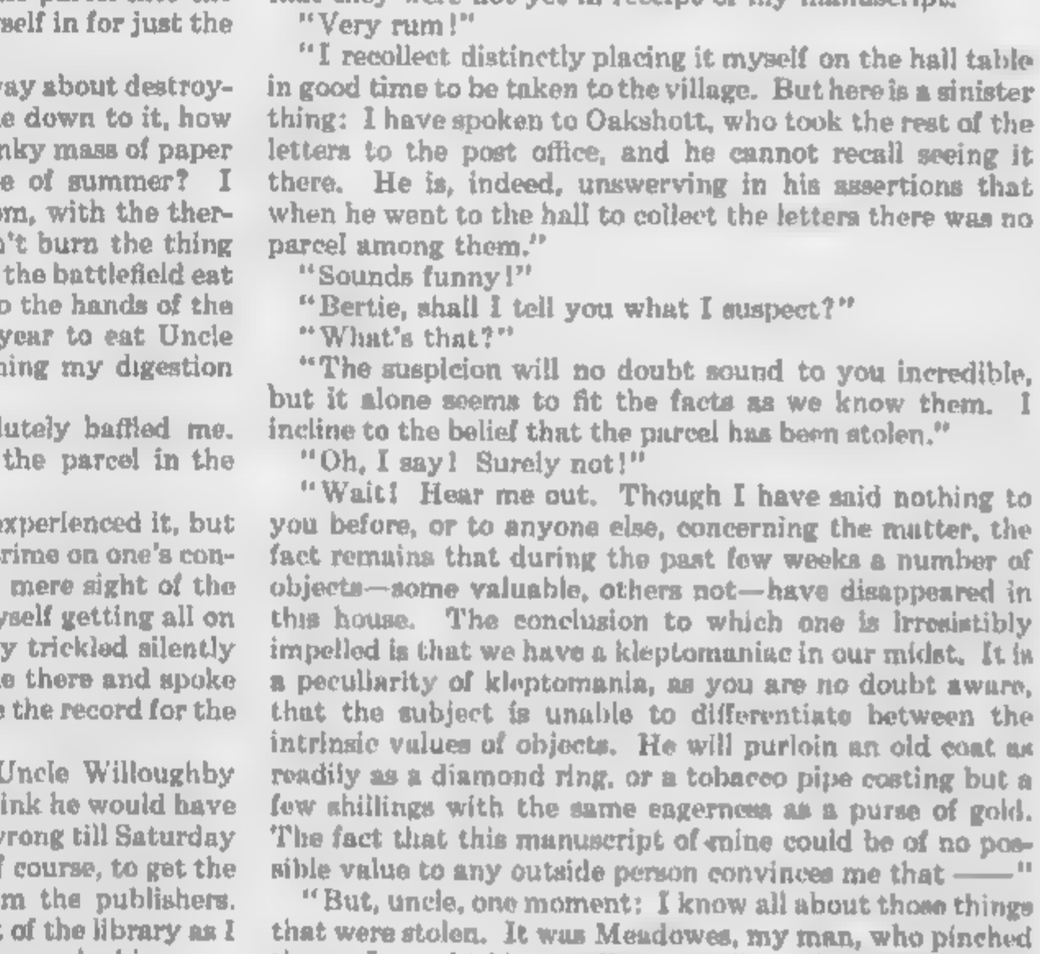
Florence had talked in an airy sort of way about destroying the manuscript; but, when one came down to it, how the deuce can a chap destroy a great chunky mass of paper in somebody else's house in the middle of summer? I couldn't ask to have a fire in my bedroom, with the thermometer in the eighties. And if I didn't burn the thing how else could I get rid of it? Fellows on the battlefield eat dispatches to keep them from falling into the hands of the enemy, but it would have taken me a year to eat Uncle Willoughby's Recollections, besides ruining my digestion completely.

I'm bound to say the problem absolutely baffled me. The only thing seemed to be to leave the parcel in the drawer and hope for the best.

I don't know whether you have ever experienced it, but it's a dashed unpleasant thing having a crime on one's conscience. Toward the end of the day the mere sight of the drawer began to depress me. I found myself getting all on edge; and once, when Uncle Willoughby trickled silently into the smoking room when I was alone there and spoke to me before I knew he was there, I broke the record for the sitting high jump.

I was wondering all the time when Uncle Willoughby would sit up and take notice. I didn't think he would have time to suspect that anything had gone wrong till Saturday morning, when he would be expecting, of course, to get the acknowledgment of the manuscript from the publishers. But early on Friday evening he came out of the library as I was passing and asked me to step in. He was looking considerably narked.

"Bertie," he said—he always spoke in a precise sort of pompous kind of way—"an exceedingly disturbing thing has happened. As you know, I dispatched the manuscript of my book to Messrs. Riggs & Ballinger, the publishers, yesterday afternoon. It should have reached them by the first post this morning. Why I should have been uneasy I cannot say, but my mind was not altogether at rest respecting the safety of the parcel. I therefore telephoned to Messrs. Riggs & Ballinger a few moments back to make inquiries. To my consternation they informed me that they were not yet in receipt of my manuscript."



I Had Hidden the Parcel Behind My Back and I Didn't Think He Had Seen It

"The Manuscript Must be Intercepted Before it Reaches Riggs & Ballinger, and Destroyed!"

"Very rum!"

"I recollect distinctly placing it myself on the hall table in good time to be taken to the village. But here is a sinister thing: I have spoken to Oakshott, who took the rest of the letters to the post office, and he cannot recall seeing it there. He is, indeed, unswerving in his assertions that when he went to the hall to collect the letters there was no parcel among them."

"Sounds funny!"

"Bertie, shall I tell you what I suspect?"

"What's that?"

"The suspicion will no doubt sound to you incredible, but it alone seems to fit the facts as we know them. I incline to the belief that the parcel has been stolen."

"Oh, I say! Surely not!"

"Wait! Hear me out. Though I have said nothing to you before, or to anyone else, concerning the matter, the fact remains that during the past few weeks a number of objects—some valuable, others not—have disappeared in this house. The conclusion to which one is irresistibly impelled is that we have a kleptomaniac in our midst. It is a peculiarity of kleptomania, as you are no doubt aware, that the subject is unable to differentiate between the intrinsic values of objects. He will purloin an old coat as readily as a diamond ring, or a tobacco pipe costing but a few shillings with the same eagerness as a purse of gold. The fact that this manuscript of mine could be of no possible value to any outside person convinces me that ——"

"But, uncle, one moment: I know all about those things that were stolen. It was Meadowes, my man, who pinched them. I caught him snaffling my silk socks. Right in the act, by Jove!"

He was tremendously impressed.

"You amaze me, Bertie! Send for the man at once and question him."

"But he isn't here, don't you know. You see, directly I found that he was a sock-sneaker I gave him the boot. That's why I went to London—to get a new man."

"Then, if the man Meadowes is no longer in the house it could not be he who purloined my manuscript. The whole thing is inexplicable."

After which we brooded for a bit. Uncle Willoughby pottered about the room, registering baffledness, while I sat sucking at a cigarette, feeling rather like a chappie I'd once read about in a book, who murdered another cove and tied the body under the dining-room table, and then had to be the life and soul of a dinner party, with it there all the time! My guilty secret oppressed me to such an extent that after a while I couldn't stick it any longer. I lit another cigarette and started for a stroll in the grounds, by way of cooling off the old bean.

It was one of those still evenings you get in England in the summer, when you can hear a snail clear its throat a mile away. The sun was sinking over the hills and the gnats were fooling about all over the place, and everything smelled rather topping—what with the falling dew, and so on—and I was just beginning to feel a little soothed by the peace of it all when suddenly I heard my name spoken.

"It's about Bertie!"

It was the loathsome voice of young blighted Edwin! For a moment I couldn't locate it. Then I realized that it came from the library. My stroll had taken me within a few yards of the open window.

(Continued on Page 61)

THE VAMPIRE

By Mary Brecht Pulver

BREAKFAST is a thing of diverse meanings. I know a man who takes a Graham cracker and a glass of water for his morning pabulum. I know others who take nothing at all; and still others you have met this kind, they are forever proselyting—who think the stomach needs only a cup of hot water to break the night's fast. The Continentals, I am told, favor a crusty roll and hot chocolate, taken in a reclining position. Simple Septimus, if I am not mistaken, fancied ice cream with his; the dietetic and cooking-school institutes have a simple meal of calories, varied by a few carbohydrates and a handful of proteids. And the breakfast orthodox runs something like this:

Chilled Melon
Blueberry Muffins Cereal With Cream
Bacon Curls Coffee

But down in our part of Pennsylvania none of these would constitute a self-respecting breakfast, and in the opinion of young Noah Kauffman, a lifelong connoisseur in matters of this sort, would be a flagrant insult to the digestion.

If we lay too much stress on this matter of breakfasts it is only because that was the last unsullied and perfect meal enjoyed by Noah on that fatal morning in September when, alike, he overslept and the mills of the gods began their slow-grinding pressure upon him.

Thrice, since the bright eye of day had climbed above the ridgepole, had Aunt Katy Gochenauer opened the stair door and rapped smartly with her rolling pin.

"No-ah!" she had called in the poignant treble of her kind. "It gets late. You shall get up once—right away quick!"

Each time there had come from overhead something akin to a cry of agony, with a muffler hastily put on.

With each summons Aunt Katy's serene, fat old face had clouded as she restationed herself, a stout old lady stuffed like a pincushion inside her neat "plain" dress, at the cookstove. The efforts of Noah, her sister's orphan, as a hewer of wood and carrier of water, would scarce have supported an anæmic sparrow. In a punctilious and busy Dutch household, his labors would have been dispensed with long before but for the fact of kinship.

Presently, catching a laggard step on the stair, Aunt Katy snatched up her mush paddle and stood at attention. Noah entered, with a temperate degree of haste. He was a fat, ruddy-faced youth of twenty, and wore a simple field uniform of brown gingham shirt, overalls, and rough field shoes. His hair, disordered in its nocturnal abandon, was shortly reduced to neater trim by the simple expedient of dipping the owner's head in a tin basin filled with water in the trough of the corner cistern, and dragging a small promiscuous bone comb, found on a shelf above, heavily through it. A brisk wipe of the County Fair apples that were Noah's cheeks and he was seated at the waiting table, his legs curled under his chair, and Aunt Katy plying to and from the stove.

She did not stint him. She liked her plate herself—and it would have been quite futile, anyhow. But she sighed once or twice, looking at the clock, set, according to custom, an hour ahead of railroad time.

"It gets so late, Noah—and I had to call so—when you get all ate round, you must hurry or you don't get done."

But Noah was not quickly "ate round." Crisp casing sausage in goodly lengths, a great dishful of fried onions and potatoes, pancakes, fried mush, cup cheese, doughnuts, blackberry pie, gingercake—it was no cookbook breakfast, this—disappeared slowly into Noah's anatomy. As though his subconscious self realized the impending crisis, he ate even more slowly, more unctuously than usual—and in rich silence. Noah had never heard the classic lines:

Show me the Scotchman who doesn't love the thistle;
Show me the Englishman who doesn't love the rose;
And show me the true-hearted Pennsylvania Dutchman
Who doesn't love the spot where the sauerkraut goes.

But it was not a libel as it concerned him. When naught of visible food remained save the purple kiss of the blackberry pie upon his lips Noah rose and, taking his hat, turned toward the barn. You got to it over a strip of snowy boardwalk, bordered with neat portulacas, which was scrubbed every Saturday with boiling soda water by Emmy Imholtz. And if, as to-day, you were late, you met Emmy coming out from her milking, with the kittens at her heels. If, also, you were a shade too fleshy and inclined to overeat, you generally got a bit of scathing repartee or sarcastic comment regarding your foibles.

Emmy's other name was Efficiency. The little Orphant Annie of her community, and given a home gladly by Aunt Katy Gochenauer, she had never, to Noah's knowledge, presented the smallest flaw in the perfect adjustment of her pie-baking, butter-making days. She was always there—an exasperating little eighteen-year-old Johnny-on-the-spot ready to pounce unerringly on a fellow's saddest weaknesses.

For the rest, Emmy had big dark eyes, and was little and slim and wiry—a miserably unformidable morsel beside a bouncing young Dutchman who longed at times to shake her. And when, as to-day, she wore her queer flapping milking gear, she was a grotesque—even ridiculous—figure.

But she was not always thus. On Sunday, after the fashion of girls, Emmy did things to herself that made a great difference. When she appeared, with her hair curled, wearing her white dress with the blue belt, her little shut-face watch, and the hat with the pink and red posies, Noah felt strange misgivings.

On these occasions he removed himself as far as possible from her presence.

This morning Emmy passed him rather abstractedly. Expecting a fusillade of sarcastic reproach, Noah felt a mild relief at the single, scornful "Lazybones!" with which she greeted him. He wondered as he drove out of the yard whether her powers were not failing; then his mind recalled him to the task awaiting him and he forgot Emmy.

He was to go this morning, "after creamery," to the Manheim Station and get Teacher, the latest and as yet unknown incumbent of Maple Hollow—the local rural school—who was to board with Aunt Katy during the winter.

It was an errand that awakened scant interest. There had been many lady pedagogues in the past for Maple Hollow; and, though they varied as to type, height, weight and age, they had all smacked unalterably of their profession. They savored of "tuttems-oner-two," and the palm-stinging ruler; and as Noah glimpsed the schoolhouse roof in passing the sumacs in the hollow he almost thanked his Maker aloud that two years ago he had seen the last of his bondage.

The train had departed when Noah rattled up to the station with his milk cans, and there was no visible sign of anyone resembling a teacher—just the woman who sold yeast in the county; Henry Hingst, the road supervisor; and a couple of drummers, with orange-peel bags.

Then he perceived a little figure in the waiting-room doorway—a very blonde young lady, in the fashionable attire of the city girls he saw on his infrequent trips to town. He watched her with furtive interest. After a minute, to his perturbation, she crossed over and bore down on him directly. Noah watched her, hypnotized.

"I think you must be the young man Mrs. Gochenauer promised to send for me. . . . I'm Merle Wilson—Miss Wilson, the teacher," she said.

The blood had surged into Noah's neck and ears, and he lost all control over his vocal cords. Like the lady in the ballad, he "neither spake nor moved." He only looked—volumes. This a teacher! This little creature, only half "growed out," with her golden hair, her blue eyes, her flower-petal skin, her tiny hands and feet—the last in doll-sized buckled slippers and shimmering silk stockings!

The pretty blue eyes clouded at his silence.

"I—I don't see anyone else. . . . They promised to send someone ——"

"Oi!" It was a veritable cry of pain from Noah. He clambered embarrassedly down.

"I guess they dit send someone, but I'm so dumm I don't know right what to look for," he said hoarsely.

A moment later he had stowed her bags among the milk cans, had helped her awkwardly to a seat in front, and was rolling out of town beside her.

It was not the same road. At once oddly familiar, it was utterly foreign, the scenery slipping away under a filmy mist. There was a pounding at Noah's heart; a drumming in his ears.

"This is pretty country," Miss Wilson said politely once.

Noah mastered his emotion. He swallowed three times.

"Yes; it iss," he answered heavily—"except when it ain't."

Miss Wilson clasped her morsels of hands.

"I hope I'll like it here. I've never been in the country and I don't want to get homesick. It—it seems so lonely. I wonder who the people in these farmhouses are. Shall I meet young people? . . . Anyone like me, I mean. Are there any fellows—young men," she corrected herself primly—"living round here?"

She cocked her pretty head and stared direct into Noah's eyes. He could not bear the impact. He spat into the road instead. Plainly there was no "tuttems-oner-two" about this teacher.

"It hass many fellas here. But they ain't nussing worth. It hass Fred Gibble; but it don't do a body any good to want him! He hass too many girls already."

"Oh, dear! Is that so?"

Miss Wilson threw back her head and laughed deliciously, while a chill chased itself down Noah's spine. He did not know any girls who said "Oh, dear!" like that. It was so startling—almost personal in its intimacy.

Noah went on, more boldly:

"I live here, you know—in the same place as you—at Katy Gochenauer's. She iss my auntie."

"Oh—you!" Miss Wilson's sapphire eyes shot sudden amusement at Noah's fat, earnest face; then she checked her mirth. "Are you a student of the school here?"

Noah sighed.

"I wish I wass! But I had to stop two years ago. I can't learn any more. I'm t' old."

"Oh, dear!" Again a little thrill. "I was afraid you were one of those clever advanced students one hears about—'way back in the book in everything. I don't like the back of the book," pouted Miss Wilson, with a shake of her golden head.

"I had been real far in ever'thing and twice through the arismetic," said Noah modestly.

"Oh, dear! How clever of you!"

Noah felt that it was.

"That there," he said pointing, "iss the schoolhouse where you shall teach the little fellas still."

"Oh, I'm not afraid of little fellows," the pretty teacher laughed archly; then she sobered. "I am afraid of the horrid old stove, though. I don't know a thing about a fire; so I'll have to get a boy—a big one—to help me there. I don't suppose you know anybody?"

"It's chenerally always a scholar; but I can do that for you—easy! I can get up an hour early still and walk over. It ain't only half a mile."

"O-o-oh! Would you—really?"

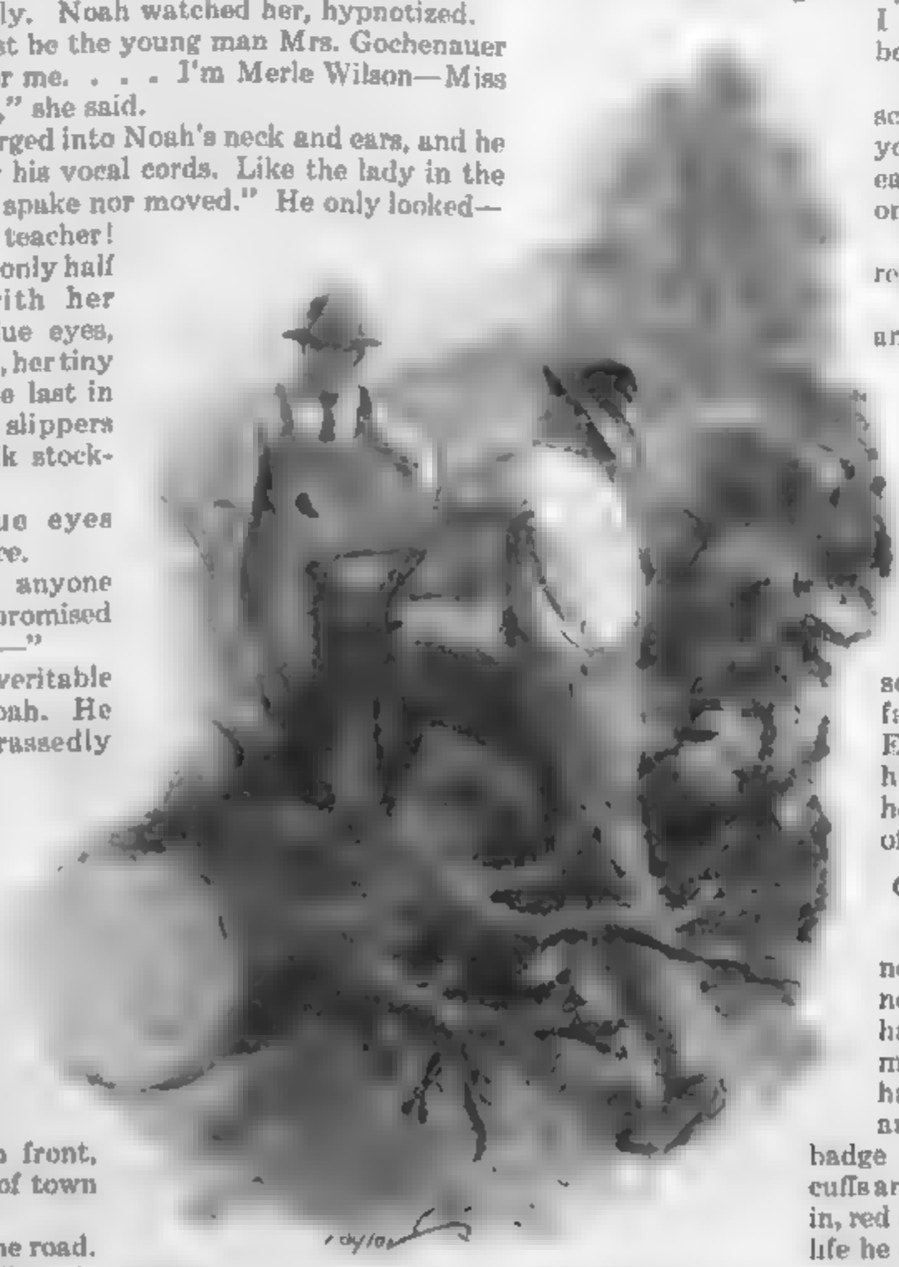
Noah almost lost the words in amazement at Teacher's small pink bud of a mouth, pursed so deliciously in gratitude. The fluttering in his breast threatened to choke him. It did not do to look too long at that little provocative mouth!

At the farmhouse presently he put up horse and wagon in a happy maze. A sort of ecstatic stupefaction had fallen on him. And he invoked Erato, Muse of love poetry, to aid him. All morning at his chores he sang a refrain that eased some of his tension:

Oh, you great big beautiful doll!

Noah was never late for dinner. But his reason for promptness to-day was different. He had even snatched a few moments to alter his costume. He had put on a stiff rubber collar and a magenta bow tie; a small badge button; had turned down his cuffs and rebrushed his hair. He came in, red and shining, and for once in his life he could not eat!

The functions of prehension and deglutition arrested, his knife poised



"You're Doing Good, Noah!" Uncle Henry Told Him. "You are, for Sure, Another Person"

in mid-air above his forgotten potpie, he could only stare at the miracle of womanhood in sky-blue linen and silver bangles across from him.

The womenfolk were not so pleased.

"She hass no right look off a teacher," Aunt Katy opined. "It gives too much laughing and talking all the time; and her hair iss now wonderful strubbly!"

And Emmy Imholtz, coming out to crochet in Noah's favorite after-supper loafing spot, was cruelly analytical. Emmy wore her usual blue work-calico, and her head was combed as smooth as a little peeled onion; and Noah, comparing her to the fairy girl in blue, felt almost pity for her.

"What were you doing when I came out?" asked Emmy.

"*Ach!*—nussing!" lied Noah; but he wished Emmy would go away.

He was not comfortable. He had rolled over rather quickly at her approach and was lying on his arithmetic, which bore in its bosom a sheet of paper and a bit of pencil. He had been working problem Number 894:

A merchant bought 40 pieces of cloth, each piece containing 25 yds., at $4\frac{3}{8}$ a yard, on 9 mos. credit; and sold the same at $4\frac{5}{8}$ a yard, on 4 mos. credit. Find his net cash gain, money being worth 6%.

And he meant, when he had finished it and several other arithmetical teasers, to slip the ciphered page under Teacher's door—just a touch of homage and proof of his powers. But not for worlds would he have had Emmy guess! She had a frightful pouncing way—Emmy—of picking out the motive behind one's actions. But now she did not nag him further.

"It wonders me," she said slowly, "what for dumm people she takes us to be? Such giggles and such a dress! A right teacher she will be! She iss only for flirting, I can tell you. Why, she made even big eyes at Uncle Henry!"

Noah nearly rolled off the arithmetic in amusement. Emmy, the shrewd-tongued and needle-witted, was jealous!

"Well," he said, "she iss a new kind of girl for round here. A right pretty one, I say."

"*Ach!* You! Yes; a body could easy see how mashed you are. All the time nussing you can do but look!"

"Yes; well?" He was amused.

"'Yes; well!' And you think it does you any good? You wait once and see! Now it gives fellas coming here. Rube Steiner fell almost off the spring wagon staring in to-day and Fred Gibble drove by twice this afternoon. That's the kind she iss. She'll get 'em coming here; but not such ones like you, Noah!" Her voice softened, grew suddenly compassionate. "You are t' fat! And it's your own fault—wiss so much eating. I've told you often, such a wonderful fatty a girl wouldn't want. Why, I wouldn't myself!"

"You!" Noah turned pale. "A body would think you'd wait once till you're asked. Why, no fellas at all ever come for you."

"Yes—I know that," Emmy was unexpectedly meek. She was silent a moment before she added: "It ain't that I'm not sorry for you, Noah. I've often thought, still, you'd look as good as any if you didn't all the time eat so much and went on your legs more. You don't have t' be so fat. It wass a piece in the Sentinel only last week where a man lost forty pounds in two months. You could easy spare it—and not such hard work, either. He washed himself round every day wiss cold water and ate only nuts ——"

"Nuts!" Noah snorted. "Did he think he wass a squirrel yet?"

"Yes, well; it has other things you could eat, mebbe, and still not so much fat in your food. And you could run round more and exercise. *Ach!* I've told you all this before. It's wondered me often how you'd look if you got yourself thin."

"Who wants to be thin! Nobody but you says I'm too stout."

"Don't they, Noah? Don't they?" Emmy raised her head and sighed over him. "Only this evening, when you went out, do you know what she said? She put her finger to her mouth—so; that silly way she hass—and says: 'There does go a right fat Chorgie-Porgie, Puddin'-an'-Pie! . . . He iss a pudding for sure, Mrs. Gochenauer!' That's what she thinks about you, Noah."

It took Noah square in the chest. He uttered a strangled gulp. "So!" he said bitterly. "So!" He got heavily to his feet. "Yes, well; a body don't have to stay here to be blackguarded, I guess. If I am t' fat I can go somewheres else."

"You don't have to be, Noah—remember that. In that piece in the paper ——"

"Oh, cheese!" said Noah savagely.

He went upstairs to his little attic room and peered into his misty, seldom-used glass. He had never pondered his physical beauty before; now he looked at himself anxiously. The glass was so bad he could not see whether he was pale; but he felt pale all over.

"'Chorgie-Porgie, Puddin'-an'-Pie—a pudding!'"

So that was the impression he had made. Noah had never cared for the girls; he feared the barb in their tongues, their shrewd needle-wits that joked about such matters as bulk, that could be so unkind to the easy of

To Cull This White-and-Gold Flower

habit; but this white-skinned, gentle, golden-haired girl, with her pretty laugh and speech! Was it possible that even she could call him too fat?

Lying sleepless for a space Noah pondered the thing. He wanted to be pleasing—gracious to the eye for the first time in his life. Now he racked his brain to achieve it. He thought of the scheme Emmy Imholtz had suggested. Cold water and nuts! He shuddered. Cold water was for drink—not bathing; and nuts! Even with all the varieties—butternuts, peanuts, chestnuts, walnuts—what a regimen for a scrapple-and-sausage-fed Dutchman! A cold agony seized Noah at the thought. Not even for love ——

Involuntarily he thought of Rube Steiner dressed in his Sunday clothes, and Fred Gibble in his new red tie; and for the first time a passion for competition seized him. If he had a chance he, too —— But how? How? Uncle Henry would advance him money; he would go to Lancaster and buy clothes. But it took—alas!—more than clothes. There was the matter of figure—and how to get it. He was still cogitating bitterly when he fell asleep. And sleep was comforting. He had an exquisite dream.

He saw himself come driving down the pike in a new horse-and-buggy. He was himself; yet not himself, but someone newer, slimmer of outline. He wore his best clothes and the light-blue tie, with the diamond and ruby scarfpin he had bought at the Fair. At the very foot of the hill stood a flower garden, right across the road. And Teacher stood in it. The sun shone in her bright hair and Noah saw that she was crying. Then he understood. There was a bee on her cheek. A great, grisly, cruel bee clung there to the lily-fairness of her face. When he saw it Noah climbed out of his buggy and went to her. He plucked the bee boldly from her cheek and crushed it carelessly between his thumb and forefinger. And Teacher lifted her lovely eyes to him.

"Noah," she whispered, "kiss me!"

The things man does for love of woman!

With the first note of Aunt Katy's reveille, Noah leaped from his bed. The glamour of his dream was still on him. Not for him the pump-trough ceremony of yesterday! When he left his room he was complete. He had laved and polished himself at the washstand in his room.

Aunt Katy was alone in the kitchen, frying potatoes for breakfast. There was a dish of pork pudding on the table, richly greasy, and mush, fried an inch thick, as he loved it best.

Absently he took a piece, spread it with molasses and heaped the top with pork pudding. Then his face went white! Not thus—not thus could he ever attain to the exquisite happiness of his dream. Resolutely he cut the heavenly morsel into two parts and ate but one. He ate slowly, savoring the last greasy-sweet, crusty titbit, as a condemned man's press agent bids us believe the before-execution breakfast is savored. When he had finished he left the table without a glance for cruller, doughnut or fried potato.

He steeled himself instead with a glance at Teacher's waiting plate. There was a pitcher of milk there, and a spray of goldenrod in a glass of water. Goldenrod and milk! That's what she resembled. She was the loveliest thing he had ever seen—well worth any suffering.

"Why, you ain't good, Noah!" cried Aunt Katy. "Always I fill three times the dish wiss mush and puddin's, and now you only taste! Are you sick?"

Noah, with a muttered excuse, fled from temptation. In the doorway he passed Emmy Imholtz. Her big brown eyes grew wide and significant, noting his plate and himself.

"So! You begin it once," she said wisely. "Yes, well; you can show her. I tell you, Noah, you can do it easy! You don't have to be so fat ——"

"Oh, be still!" he cried furiously.

He ran ravening to the barn and set about his chores. Passing the feed bins, he thrust a hand into the wheat and filled his pockets.

"So I must eat now," he thought bitterly, "along wiss the horses and cattle!"

That was a hard morning for Noah. His collar irked and choked him; the lean emptiness beneath his belt cried out like a banshee. Dinner found his will almost fainting; but at the sight of Miss Wilson it raised a resolute head and he was fired afresh. He cut his ration neatly in half.

He was beginning none too soon. There were rivals already.

"The first day of school only," reported Emmy the next evening, "and see once what happens! Even the little fellas she catches. Little Normie Peters—and he iss only ten—he fetched home the books for her and goes out of his way a quarter of a mile. You see once how it goes, Noah."

Noah was seeing already. Out in the barnyard Fred Gibble, the neighborhood Lothario, was communing this minute on fictitious business with Uncle Henry. Fred had on his best necktie and rolled the eyes of a calf toward the house. It was a matter of time only, and Noah knew they would be there—the youths of the countryside. They would be mashed on Teacher. And who could blame them! . . . There would be buggies by the legion, tied up at the barn gate, and suitors by the score to cull this white-and-gold flower when she went to meeting.

But let them come! Presently they would be conscious of another presence—of a rival with the inestimable advantage of daily contact. Letting his mind wander dreamily, Noah planned a new stage entrance for himself. He saw himself, his form shrunken to neater lines; he saw the blue serge suit he would wear, the blithe tan shoes, the hat, the haberdashery—a neat but quiet shirt, pink with lavender stripes perhaps; the blue tie of his dream; his ruby pin.

He was aware of Emmy's voice again, counseling.

"I know it goes hard, Noah—it ain't easy to go hungry; but chust think once how surprised she will be—and how

(Continued on Page 54)

Miss Long Lands Three Jobs

By JOHN CROWFOOT

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREPÉ

THE character of an establishment, a city, a building, of any locality, or even of an individual, is measured by its capacity for forming and accumulating traditions. From its very inception as a going concern Simon Simon's began to garner traditions. It was founded on a tradition, the tradition that Simon had become great by suggestion. From such an original taproot traditions petty and traditions lusty continued and still continue to sprout.

It became a tradition that on each first of May Simon Simon's should take up a new floor of the building already popularly known by no name but Simon's—for "Simon Simon" in heavy gold script adorned a dozen windows on the Avenue and eighteen on Nth Street, to say nothing of Simon Simon's smart doorman and delivery electric, each emblazoned with the cryptic alliteration.

For each new floor taken up Simon Simon's had an opening day whereupon the new quarters were displayed, and that day generally marked the closing to public view of the previous haunt of the dress hats, frocks or tailoreds, or whatever had just been opened. In other words, where once the whole of Simon Simon's had been embraced by a single floor, it now occupied two floors publicly and three more strictly private and entirely devoted to what might be termed the chores of artistic creation.

On the afternoon of Simon Simon's third May Day opening Miss Isobel Long arrived at his door on foot. There was nothing unusual in that. She had come on foot before, but never because she had to. The doorman knew her as a good customer, so did the girls, so did Simon Simon himself. But on this afternoon Miss Long was not her usual vivacious self. It is true that she fluttered rapidly from model to model, as was her invariable habit, only this time she did not appear to be ecstatically sipping the honey of each lovely production.

She was nervous and critical.

The salesladies and their assistants were very patient with her. They all liked Miss Long, and to-day they could see that she was pale and acted as though she were worried; only of course that could not be, as it was absurd to think of worry in the same breath with a customer of Simon Simon's. Miss Long was very particular; she even went so far as to ask to see importations from two houses that were not represented by models that afternoon.

Simon Simon seldom interfered in any way on these show days, but he always hung round within semi-earshot, so that no suggestion of worth should get a start on him. Among many other things, he had learned that when saleslades begin to put on conciliatory and deprecatory looks there is something in the wind beyond their capacity to handle. The girls waiting on Miss Long were putting on those looks now, abhorrent to a genius of Simon's caliber.

He swooped down on them.

"How many times have I told you never to smooth down a customer? Don't you know that a complaining customer is getting so rare in this establishment that it's worth money just to talk to one? Miss Long, won't you tell me what you were saying to these silly girls? What don't you like about the models?"

The head saleslady flushed. "It isn't the models that are here that Miss Long objects to; she misses the ones that aren't."

"What?" said Simon, puzzled by the laconic summing up of the situation.

"Please," interposed Miss Long, who wasn't long at all and had to look up even at Simon Simon, "I'd like to see you for a few moments, if I may. I'd like to explain."

"Why, of course," said Simon, still bewildered, but leading the way toward the tiny screened corner that contented his ambitions for a private office.

As Miss Long followed she looked dainty from tip to toe, and assured though very pale; but in reality she was not assured. She was self-conscious and quaking with actual physical exhaustion, as well as with her first attack of the trembles of the unemployed. Miss Long's income had done an exit, laughing. She was dead broke; but, unlike most of the pampered feminine plutocracy of which she had recently been a member, she was no fool. Before coming to Simon Simon's she had visited every rival establishment in town. Fortunately they were not many. At each she had kept her eyes open and her mouth shut.

"You N-needn't be So Polite," She Stuttered. "I'm Looking for a Job"

Simon Simon waved her politely to his own chair. Miss Long took it; her feet tried to touch the floor, but couldn't quite. She turned up her pale face and looked at Simon from under her big hat.

"You n-needn't be so polite," she stuttered. "I'm looking for a job."

"What?" gasped Simon Simon. That one of his own customers, a customer that had often paid fifty dollars for a trifle in the way of a dress hat or a hundred and forty for a modest tailored suit, should ever have to look for a job opened a new and astounding view for him on the cosmos in general. He flushed, and his eyes dropped to Miss Long's little feet that couldn't quite reach the floor. She became to him a child and human.

"Look here," he said, "I can understand a temporary embarrassment. You've probably been buying more pretty things than you can afford, and I've probably been making more out of you than anybody else. Now, Miss Long, don't be offended. You let me make you a loan to tide you over. Nobody'll know anything about it, and you can pay it back when things straighten out."

Miss Long looked at him steadily.

"You're a nice little man," she said quite calmly, and then flushed at remembering she was no longer a customer talking to her tailor. "But you're making a mistake. My affairs won't straighten out in a twilight sleep; I've got to straighten them out myself. I want a job."

Simon clasped his hands nervously.

"What do you think you could do?"

Miss Long's eyes flashed.

"I'll tell you one thing I could do. It's what was rattling the salesgirls out there when you came along. I could round off your selection of models. It's good as far as it goes.

"You're strong on Bernards and Jennys, but what's the use of French tailoreds and trotteurs at this time of year? The Prenets are good, so are the Davids, but you've fallen down badly on Louvain and Chernit."

Simon's eyes began to stick out and his cuff and pencil followed.

"Yes," he said, on the verge of seizing a suggestion. "Yes, go on."

"Well, I dropped in at Lowman's this morning and at Lickson's. They're strong just where you are weak, and nowhere else."

"Go On, Now. Dream Something on Me"

"I know," said Simon, frowning; "but what am I going to do about it? You know they won't sell to me."

"Of course they wouldn't," said Miss Long; "but they would to me. They have—often."

"I've got you," shouted Simon. Miss Long smiled. "I see it all now," he went on excitedly. "With a buyer like you I can skim the cream off their importations. I'll pay through the nose on single models, but I'll save all I don't spend on the stuff that wouldn't go anyway, the fillers. You're—you're engaged."

"At how much?" said Miss Long.

"Shall we say thirty a week?" suggested Simon.

"Beginning from this morning," said Miss Long, and sighed contentedly. "Of course I'll make myself useful in other ways."

"All right," said Simon. "That's the spirit. Now, Miss Long, you've had a bad day and you're all tired out. You go home and rest up. I'll expect you in the morning."

Miss Long sat up straight and shook her head.

"I'll rest up to-morrow," she said. "To-day I'm going to land a Louvain and a Chernit that'll make your overflow exhibition to-morrow the completest thing New York ever saw, and the sweetest." Her eyes grew dreamy. "Oh, Mr. Simon, wait till you see them!"

Simon counted a roll of bills and handed it to her.

"I trust you, my dear," he said, and actually patted her on the back.

Five minutes later Miss Long was taxi-ing down the Avenue. She was no longer pale. There were two spots of high color in her cheeks and her eyes were big and bright. She was going shopping. She was going to buy lovely things. What did it matter whom she bought them for? Less than an hour later she taxied back, bearing her spoils with her, reported to Simon, turned over the balance of the roll and turned to go.

"I'll show you the receipts at the end of the month," she remarked over her shoulder.

Simon frowned, puzzled.

"Didn't you pay cash?" he asked.

Miss Long turned and stood in the door, a trim figure, four-feet-eight including her three-inch heels.

"No," she said. "I'm not an idiot. I had them charged, and credited my bank account with the price. Think it out."

"Of course! Of course!" cried Simon to her receding back, and then murmured to himself: "Some little head!"

When Miss Long reached the street she was so done up that she looked three times at a taxi before she decided that she really couldn't afford such extravagance except while on business for the firm, and started to cross the Avenue to take the uptown bus. She was so busy looking ahead that she cannot be blamed for not looking behind at the same time; consequently she was quite unconscious of thrusting herself directly in the path of a motor truck swinging in from a side street.

Fortunately the truck was not the only thing that was swinging along at a good pace that afternoon. Mr. Reginald Ashley Pellam, formerly of Yale, late of the Central Park Studios at five thousand per annum the flat, and now

proprietor of a room and bath halfway between Fifth and Sixth, and lucky to have that, was hastening up the Avenue in order to hasten back again and thus raise an appetite for his nightly plate of pork and beans for ten cents.

Mr. Pellam wore the clothes of a gentleman, and he had not borrowed them. They were his own, and you knew it the moment you laid eyes on him; only they had been his for a very long time indeed. They were not threadbare, because an eighty-dollar sack suit from Larkin's does not grow threadbare in the memory of any one man; it grows old and keeps on growing old.

Mr. Pellam still carried a stick, which seemed rather snobbish under the circumstances, but only until you looked into his frank and open face and also noticed that the stick was not a fancy article, but strong, companionable and stocky, like a bulldog or a friend.

When Miss Long stepped in front of the motor truck everybody in sight except Pellam made a noise. The truckman sounded his hooter, clapped on the brakes and tried to throw in his reverse gear all at the same time. The policeman on point duty blew a blast that almost superinduced apoplexy, and held up his hand at the slithering truck like Canute waving back the sea. Boys shouted, ladies screamed, men yelled, but Pellam dropped his stick, took three steps and a takeoff from the edge of the curb, shot headlong through the air like a torpedo from its tube, tackled Miss Long round the waist, and fell, shoulder down, for a roll that carried the two of them half across the Avenue.

"Hi, Reggie! Yay, Reggie," shrieked a top-hatted youth in an open taxi. "Eye on the ball forever! Yah-ah-ooo, Reggie! Ricky-co-ax, Reggie!"

The policeman bore down on the tangled, tumbled pair, loosening his belt so that he could stoop his bulk to pick them up, but Mr. Pellam was not waiting for first aid. He rose, picked up Miss Long himself, lifted her into the taxi of the top-hatted youth, and told the driver to drive on if he knew the difference between a dollar bill and a punch over the ear. The driver drove.

As they took the turn into Fifty-seventh Street Miss Long's eyes began to lose their glassy stare, she let go a breath that she thought she had been holding for seven minutes, opened her lips, and murmured something that sounded like "Geehosophat!" Then she blushed, stood up, started to brush off her clothes with two smoothly gloved little hands, stopped, and began to sob.

Pellam reached up and drew her gently back into the corner of the seat away from the youth.

"Tell me where you live, little girl," he said, "and then go ahead and have a good old cry."

Miss Long stiffened, swallowed three sobs at once, almost splitting her throat, and gulped:

"I live at the Alangor, on Riverside Drive—and I'm not a little girl."

"All right," said Pellam, patting one of her hands. "My mistake. You looked kind-a little and I thought you were, but I take it back until you're feeling better."

"Oh!" gasped Miss Long, her eyes filling with tears of exasperation. "Please stop patting my hand. I think you're horrid! Oh, no, I don't; I know I'm the one that's ho-ho-horrid. I ought to be tha-tha-thanking you ——"

"There, there!" said Pellam calmly. "That's right. Have a good old cry."

"Oh, I say!" said he of the top hat.

Pellam turned on him and saw him for the first time.

"Why, if it isn't little Smythe-Allen! Same old fusser, you tailor's delight! Eh, Smythy?"

The cab drew up at the Alangor. Pellam alighted, helped out Miss Long, and promptly closed the door of the cab.

"Thanks awfully for the lift, old man," he said; and added: "Say, Smythy, if my name gets in the papers in connection with to-day's field practice I'll beat you up. So long. Don't forget the cabby gets a dollar tip."

"Of course, Reggie, just as you say," murmured Mr. Smythe-Allen, his eyes following Miss Long's disappearing figure wistfully. Mr. Pellam did not follow Miss Long with his eyes alone; he walked after her.

"Are you coming up?" she asked a little tremulously, peering at him from under her big hat.

"Sure," said Mr. Pellam. "You need a caretaker. I'm going to see you handed over to your ma."

Miss Long said nothing.

She did not even open her lips to relieve the mouth-open curiosity of the elevator boy at seeing two otherwise respectably clothed people looking like the inside of a vacuum cleaner for dust. She led the way from the lift to her door, opened it with a latchkey, piloted Mr. Pellam into a large but somewhat bare sitting room, and disappeared.

Pellam stood in the middle of the room and looked round. The place was empty in spots. You could see where pictures were gone from the walls and rugs from the floor. Somewhere beyond he could hear the echoing of Miss Long's tapping heels.

"This apartment died last night," he murmured to himself. "You can't fool me. I've been there!"

Miss Long Had to Push Pellam Twice, So Potent Was the Cross Fire of Admiring Eyes

Miss Long returned with a silver-backed clothesbrush which matched her perfectly in size.

"Turn round, please."

"Say," said Pellam, grinning, "hadn't you better bring the broom?"

"Now don't be horrid, please. Turn round."

Pellam turned. He heard a tiny snort of rage as the brush jabbed him lightly below the shoulder blades, then Miss Long's voice came from comparative distance:

"Back up, please."

He looked over his shoulder and saw that she had climbed a chair. He backed up, stood patiently and turned on his heels slowly and at the word of command only, until after five minutes he came face to face with Miss Long as he had not yet been face to face with her. How satinlike was the texture of her skin, cheeks and throat; how luminous her eyes; how kissable her full red lips; how dainty, in spite of dust marks, was her whole trim person!

Without saying a word Pellam took the clothesbrush from her hands and began to make strange passes with it. He thought he was brushing her off. He couldn't possibly look to see just where and how he was brushing because his eyes were in mesh and their engines stalled.

"Great big baby!" said a voice.

Startled out of stalemate, Mr. Pellam's eyes dropped to the source of sound. Miss Long's full lips were quirked up at the corners; they were suddenly more than kissable—they were adorable, irresistible. Really, no one could have blamed Mr. Pellam.

"Baby, eh!" he grunted.

The clothesbrush fell to the floor. His arms went forward and closed. Miss Long perceived the encircling movement in the nick of time, and sat down cross-legged on the chair. Her hat brim scratched Mr. Pellam's nose.

"Oh, you little Von Kluck!" rasped Mr. Pellam's voice.

Miss Long drew out a hatpin and pricked him on the knee.

"Stand back a bit, please; I want to look at you."

Mr. Pellam cried "Ouch!" scratched his knee, withdrew and sat down. Miss Long took off the big hat and sent it sailing lightly across the room to a couch devoid of cushions. She revealed a crown of tawny hair, soft spun copper, the kind that makes a man's fingers itch to be playing there. She thoughtfully tapped her even teeth with the business end of the hatpin. Her face grew set, her eyes narrowed and looked Mr. Pellam up and down, up and down. He felt himself curling up inside under the treatment. His eyes shot back an appealing look.

"That's better," said Miss Long. "Now you can go home."

"I'm not going home," protested Mr. Pellam. Miss Long's eyes flashed. "Er—that is—oh, darn it all," he continued, "what I mean is I'm on the way to dinner. You don't mind my going to dinner before I go home, do you?"

"Not at all," said Miss Long, changing her look completely at the thought of food.

Mr. Pellam felt through all his pockets and flushed.

"I'm going to have a dish of pork and beans." He raised his frank eyes to Miss Long's face and continued steadily: "I would invite you to come along except for the fact that they won't let two people eat off the same plate."

Miss Long's body stiffened with a jerk. She looked him over with shrewd calculation.

"Do you mean you're hard up?"

"Hard up!" laughed Pellam. "Why, I'm so hard up I'm sitting on the top of the pole. But don't worry. Lots of air all round. Never felt finer in my life. It's great, being alive, isn't it?"

Miss Long's eyes grew tender, her lips trembled softly.

"You had money once," she said. "What did you do with it?"

"Well," said Pellam, "I didn't do anything with it exactly; only sort of neglected it, you know. Turned my back on it, and while I wasn't looking I guess it just decided to mosey along. When I thought of it again it wasn't there. Now you know all about it."

He leaned back in his chair and pretended he was blowing rings from an imaginary cigarette. He felt very happy just to be chatting, after several weeks of thinking to himself. It made him feel warm inside to remember the look he had just caught in Miss Long's eyes.

"But what did you do when you had money?" asked Miss Long. "How did you spend your time?"

"Same way I spent the money," replied Mr. Pellam. "Used to sit in the club window by the hour and try to think what I would do if I did anything, but I never got far on account of a bad habit."

Miss Long's face hardened.

"What was the bad habit?" she asked.

"Oh, just silliness," said Pellam. "Every time a pretty girl came up the Avenue I used to dream a frock on her. It made them look so different. You can't imagine."

"What?" cried Miss Long, sitting straighter than ever on her crossed legs. "Say that again."

Mr. Pellam looked at her, mildly surprised.

"Why, you see, it's this way," he explained: "Women spread the illusion that they dress for the men, but they don't; they dress for each other. I have a theory that a girl shouldn't dress either for men or for other women but just for herself, and if she'd do that, believe me, she'd get the men going and coming into the bargain. So I dream a frock on each girl as she comes along, the one frock for that one particular girl. Get me? It's great fun."

Miss Long hastily disentangled her legs and, still on the chair, got to her feet.

"Go ahead," she commanded. "Do it to me and do it out loud."

Mr. Pellam smiled and shook his head.

"I can't," he said; "I might hurt your feelings."

Miss Long stamped her foot and clicked her teeth.

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Laboratories That Turn Losses to Profits—By Forrest Crissey

AMONG American business men the notion has long persisted that, though chemists and laboratories are all right for the great industrial giants, they are doubtful luxuries for smaller concerns. This conviction that the benefits of expert chemical advice are logically beyond the reach of the small and struggling factory has been a costly error for the industries of this country as a whole. Many a promising manufacturing enterprise has either led a starved and stunted existence or has gone down in defeat for lack of the assistance to be had from a good industrial chemist.

The prevailing opinion that the little fellow in the manufacturing field cannot afford to secure this kind of scientific help is fast changing to the contrary conviction that it is likely to prove about the cheapest and most profitable service he can buy. Almost every day sees a larger percentage of comparatively small manufacturing concerns spending good money for laboratory assistance. Often, if not generally, the pressure of some acute emergency is required to bring the courage of the small manufacturer up to the point where he is willing to invest in a little laboratory research.

Here is a case typical of hundreds of others illustrating the common course by which industrial chemistry gets its recruits from the ranks of the small manufacturers in this country:

Two young Italians, who had worked in a small but successful macaroni factory in the East, started an enterprise of this kind in a Western city. Their drier was an exact reproduction of the one in the plant where they had worked. The product of their little factory was entirely acceptable to their market; and, as both these young Neapolitans were hustlers and were well located, their business grew in the course of a few years to a point where they faced the necessity of providing a much larger output.

Consequently they built an addition to their factory and installed a drier of large capacity, calculated to take care of all the expansion they could reasonably expect in the next few years. The new drier was modeled after the one that had given them such satisfactory service from the very beginning of their business.

Probably one of the greatest strains to which the true Neapolitan temperament was ever subjected was exerted when the two partners made the discovery that the product of their new drier was so far inferior to that of the old one as to spell failure for them unless the trouble could be corrected. Instead of being hard and brittle, and breaking with a long fracture, the tubes of macaroni from the new drier were green and semi-elastic, with the result that they were both unacceptable for immediate use and were prone to mold and spoil.

An Italian Climate to Order

ONE alteration after another was made in the equipment of the new drier, but without producing any marked improvement in the product. This period of hit-or-miss experiment extended over several months, the proprietors growing more desperate with every passing week.

Finally they took one of their most intelligent customers into their confidence and he advised them to consult a leading chemical engineer, whose laboratories were located in Chicago. He warned them that probably the fee would not be small and that satisfactory results could not be guaranteed. As it was clear to them that they were facing financial ruin, they decided to accept the alternative, take the chances, and see what laboratory science could do for a macaroni drier and its product.

The chemical engineer first satisfied himself that the failure of the product was not due to any defect in the materials used—which were found to be of the highest quality—but that the fault must lie in the curing alone. He then defined his problem by saying that it was up to him to create, inside of that drier, an ideal Italian climate which could be relied upon to remain the same day after day. This he finally succeeded in doing, securing a combination of heat, humidity and air velocity that was practically "foolproof," and that cured the macaroni as perfectly as if it was dried in the sunshine and breezes of Italy.

Naturally any attempt to convince these two Neapolitans that industrial chemistry is either impractical or too expensive an aid for the small manufacturer would be so much wasted breath. They look upon the laboratory of the consulting chemist to whom they appealed for help very much as a rescued seaman might look upon the life-saving station whose crew had saved him when he seemed ready to sink.

The failure of a manufacturing process is not the only whip that drives the small manufacturer to what he is inclined to consider the doubtful expedient of employing a chemist to solve his most pressing problems of production. The lash of strong competition is often an equally powerful stimulant of interest, on the part of the small and struggling manufacturer, in the possibilities of the chemist as a thrower of business life lines.

One morning, in the spring preceding the outbreak of the European war, a certain young man, not long out of college, made the interesting discovery that an ice-cream business had been wished on him by way of a mortgage foreclosure. It was in dire need of first aid in the form of a bit of energetic business management. He decided to step into the breach himself and see what he could do by way of pulling the business out of the hole.

In a few weeks he discovered that the most careful management was required to turn out a high-grade product and sell and distribute it at a profit. In spite of the high cost of cream, he managed to make a reasonable profit until the pastures began to give out in the fall and cream made a corresponding advance.

A little exercise with a lead pencil showed the young adventurer in the ice-cream business that the winter trade must be supplied at a loss, and that he had the choice of three courses: He must borrow the money to finance the winter's loss on the basis that he could get it back again when the price of cream again dropped to the summer level; or he must sell out to a competitor on decidedly disadvantageous terms; or he must discover some new way by which he could manufacture winter ice cream at a cost not materially greater than that which his product had stood him through the summer.

Each of these roads seemed to be blocked by an almost insurmountable obstacle. It would be hard for him to induce a bank to lend him enough money to carry his business over a losing season; his banker had already made that quite clear. The obstacles in the way of the second course, that of selling out and retreating from the field, were the facts that he was not an easy quitter and that his pride prodded him on to make a success of this enterprise in which a relative had scored a failure. As to the third expedient, that of discovering some means of bringing the manufacturing cost of winter ice cream down to the summer level, that path seemed to end in a rainbow lettered large with the word Impossible!

He was morally certain that his competitors, operating on a much larger scale, would be well satisfied if their winter's business paid its own way. However, they were in a much stronger position financially and could tide the business over the winter without feeling any particular strain. Though he knew that the way of discretion was to sell out and acknowledge his defeat with such grace as he could command, it was impossible for him to bring himself to choose a course so humiliating.

Being young, a college man, and a firm believer in modern forces and methods, he determined to see whether science could not show him a way out. Therefore he went to a prominent consulting chemist and put his troubles on the table. To his surprise, the chemist remarked that unless he was greatly mistaken he had cracked many a harder nut.

The laboratory man worked by process of elimination and soon reduced the problem to this plan:

The price of powdered milk remained the same in winter as in summer; in other words, it rests upon the cost of production in the cheapest season of the year. Sweet or unsalted butter, held in cold storage, can usually be bought in winter at a price quite low when compared with the winter price of fresh cream.

Problems in Ice Cream and Bone Dust

"IT LOOKS to me," announced the laboratory man, "as if the job before us is simply that of finding a way of mixing powdered milk, distilled water and sweet butter together into a first-class article of cream. If this can be done by a process that is not in itself expensive you ought to be able to make winter ice cream as cheap as your summer product made from fresh cream, or perhaps a little cheaper."

The riddle was solved by the development of a simple machine that combined these elements under high speed, making them into a permanent emulsion that when frozen a connoisseur could not tell from the finest ice cream made from natural cream. There was nothing cheap about the product except its cost of manufacture. The powdered milk furnished the solids, while the sweet butter brought the fat content up to any desired standard. In order to give his product an extra selling point this young manufacturer saw that it was made just a little richer than the ice cream marketed by his competitors.

As a result of his adventure into the field of industrial chemistry, this young manufacturer turned the winter of his discontent into a season of larger profits than he had secured in the summer, and made almost sensational strides in the way of getting new business. For some time his competitors were at a loss to understand how he was able to undersell them in the winter; but when his biggest competitor sent samples of the young man's winter cream to a consulting chemist the secret was soon out.

To take a common nuisance—a clear legal liability—and turn it into a steady cash income is certainly an achievement that is bound to command the respect of the most sordid and practical mind. Industrial chemistry has done this not once but scores and hundreds of times. It might almost be said that this is the favorite parlor trick of the modern chemical engineer.

An example of this peculiar form of laboratory service is furnished by the experience of a manufacturer of bone buttons. The town in which he located his enterprise was eager to secure the factory. After the plant was built and had been in operation a short time, the ardor of the inhabitants cooled and the authorities began to threaten the button manufacturer with damage suits and with prosecution for maintaining a common nuisance.

The cause of this reversal of public sentiment was apparent to the eye of the most casual visitor in the town. The entire landscape within a radius of several blocks from the factory was covered with a coating of fine white dust. This, of course, came from the factory blowers, into which the dust from the polishing rooms was collected by suction.

As a consequence of steadily discharging this volume of minute dust particles into the air the town took on a ghastly gray color, and the trees and shrubs began to die.

When the coating of bone dust thickened upon the entire town the situation of the manufacturer became more acute. He reminded the real-estate men that he had urged them to give him a location on the opposite side of the town, where the prevailing winds would have carried the dust off into the country, instead of drifting it upon the town.

The members of the committee with whom he had dealt retorted that if he had explained why he wished to locate on the other side of town they would have broken off the negotiations and refused to have the factory at all.

Every day of delay increased the depth of the pestiferous dust coat on the local landscape and increased the animosity of business men and housekeepers, who resented the despoiling of their goods and chattels and the peril to public health.

In sheer desperation, however, he wrote to one of the firms from which he had bought certain features of his equipment and was, in turn, advised to employ a chemical engineer. It was suggested that possibly a certain technical school would send a young man who could work out the problem. As his situation was daily becoming more desperate, he made haste to try the first chemist suggested by the school, though the head of that institution took pains to emphasize the fact that the young man in question was without much industrial experience, and that satisfactory results could not be guaranteed.

The Young Chemist's Thrilling Results

AFTER the chemist had been at work for a fortnight the owner of the factory called him into the office and asked for a report on results. He was both astonished and discouraged on being told that it might take months of patient digging and experimenting before anything practical would result. However, the manufacturer knew that his case was one of extreme necessity and so he told the young man to go ahead with his investigations and push them as rapidly as possible. As a stimulus to haste he named a substantial bonus that would go to the chemist in case he worked out a practical solution of the dust problem.

Fortunately this young man possessed an almost ideal temperamental equipment for his profession, in that he had almost as good a gift for mechanics as for chemistry. This was his first big opportunity and he worked night and day to make good at it. Besides, he needed that bonus in his business. At times it seemed to the button manufacturer that the young scientist was perversely slow and that his experiments amounted to little more than childish pottering.

But one day, when the owner of the factory returned from a trip to New York, the air in the vicinity of the plant seemed to be a little peculiar. He quickly noted that the wind was blowing from the usual direction; if things were normal he ought to inhale enough bone dust with every breath to send a stranger, unaccustomed to the local atmosphere, into a fit of coughing. But there was no dust. The hope raised by this condition was fully verified by what he found on entering the factory.

The device for capturing the fugitive dust particles, which had been installed on the day he had left for New York, had worked almost perfectly. It was plain to the harassed button manufacturer that he had nothing further to fear from the town authorities, as the cause of their complaint was now completely removed.

"You get the bonus; and you're mighty welcome to it!" he told the chemist as he reached for his check book.

"But," remarked the young man, "I have told you only part of the results. Here is a written report covering the quantity of dust accumulated each day, and I think you will be surprised to see how much it will total for a month at the present rate of deposit. This dust is just the thing for the manufacture of the finest kind of plant food known to the fertilizing industry. Attached to my report you will find an offer for this dust that looks decidedly good to me."

The cash income from this peculiar by-product was not only sufficient to pay all the costs of the investigation and development work, but also to continue the chemist upon other problems—particularly those intended to make the factory a healthier place in which to work.

This has been the experience, on a larger scale, of almost every cement factory in the country. Until a process for capturing the great outpouring stream of minute dust particles from works of this nature was devised, the surrounding landscape was desolated, and the health of all who came into contact with this sinister deposit from the atmosphere was injured or imperiled.

A method of securing large quantities of potash from this captured dust has been perfected and standardized by the chemists, who have wrestled with this problem and turned a public peril and a legal liability into a substantial source of income.

Few features of industrial laboratory work are more fascinating than its service in improving the sanitary quality of products for household or personal use.

The feather pillow of commerce affords an excellent case in point. A certain pillow manufacturer, with a decidedly progressive streak in his make-up, became disgusted with conditions that seemed to obtain in the very best product, and which had long been accepted by the whole trade as inevitable. This manufacturer, however, could not bring himself to accept these conditions as incurable. He reasoned that, because of the intimate contact of a pillow with the human face for several hours of every day, it ought to be sanitary in the strictest sense of the term. On the other hand, he knew that this was far from being the case. First-hand observation showed him that a process of disintegration was industriously at work breaking down the structure of feathers in a pillow.

The result of this process was a minutely fine dust, capable of working its way through the fabric of the pillow and its case. Naturally this means that more or less of it must be inhaled by the person using the pillow. The fact that large quantities of pillow feathers are imported from China and from other foreign countries did not tend to make this consideration any more tolerable to the manufacturer, who abhorred the idea of dealing in an article he did not consider as really sanitary.

If he had to breathe the dust of disintegrating feathers, he preferred those from American poultry yards to the Oriental article, grown under conditions of filth and unwholesomeness repellent to the people of this country.

This ambition to produce a strictly sanitary feather pillow led the aggressive young manufacturer to appeal to a consulting chemist of high standing. The laboratory work resulted in an inexpensive chemical treatment of the feathers at the time of their renovation, which practically put a stop to the subtle process of disintegration. In other words, feathers subjected to this treatment became almost dustless. In a commercial way this meant not only a pillow of immensely improved sanitary standard but also a decided extension of the life of the feathers.

Industrial chemistry seldom gives what may be called single results. The fruits of this science seem to come in clusters or in pairs. The solution of the pillow-dust problem was no exception to this rule. The chemist who succeeded in solving the problem of pillow dust called the attention of the manufacturer who employed him to the fact that this dust could be used as the chief element in a highly concentrated plant food much in demand for greenhouse use—a fertilizer at once odorless and powerful. While this manufacturer is immensely proud of the fact that the pillows he places on the market are practically dustless, his monthly income from the sale of feather dust amounts to a material sum. The explanation of this is that the dust is removed from the supply of feathers bought in the open market and from those in used pillows sent to him for renovation.

Of course the greatest benefit this manufacturer received from his investment in a little laboratory science was the improvement in the standard of his product. It gave him a selling argument that was supported by fact and experience.

In this connection it should be remembered that anything which will infuse this kind of blood into the veins of a selling organization is cheap at almost any price to a manufacturer operating upon a large scale.

To be able to furnish an article to the trade that is indisputably superior to competing products, and that can be furnished at the same price, is a rare privilege in manufacturing experience. This progressive pillow manufacturer can speak in large figures from the right side of the ledger as to what it means in the matter of increasing the volume of business without sacrificing the fraction of a per cent in profit margin. His business has gone ahead by leaps and bounds ever since he convinced the trade that he is supplying a sanitary, dustless pillow.

"I'm in Search of a Beauty Doctor for My Cakes of Paint"

The Chemist Called the Attention of the Manufacturer to the Fact That This Dust Could be Used as the Chief Element in a Highly Concentrated Plant Food

The Troubles of a Paint Maker

ONE of the most persistent problems with which the manufacturing industry has to deal is that of making its product stand up under the varying conditions encountered in a wide geographical distribution. This endurance test applies not only to intrinsic merit and life of service but to appearance as well. Many times the success of a product turns upon this point of appearance alone. In many instances the industrial chemist, the laboratory expert, is the one who decides this commercial contest and tips the scales on the right side by supplying the missing element that prevents the appearance of the product from breaking down under unfavorable climatic conditions, or other adverse influences that could hardly be taken into consideration at the outset of manufacture.

The experience of a maker of water colors of the sort commonly used in the public schools illustrates this type of emergency most clearly. This manufacturer had no training in chemistry, but he considered that several years of experience in the mixing room of a large color house was the only preparation needed for a successful career in the manufacture of school water colors. He held that he was thoroughly practical, and was perhaps a little inclined to look upon chemists as scientific theorists.

When he sent out his little boxes of water colors the cakes "looked good enough to eat," and had all the finish and brilliance of the best colors with which they came into competition—those put out by much larger concerns, which had long been in this special field.

His selling organization was good and almost immediately his product secured a wide distribution. With the coming of the hot season in the South, however, his troubles began. The retail dealers began to return his boxes of colors, with highly critical comments. Only the most casual glance at the little cakes was necessary to disclose why the storekeepers were sending them back with such unfriendly remarks—the surface of each cake was covered with minute crackles, which in many instances had developed into surface cracks.

So long as the cakes remained intact they were just as usable as when they first left the factory; but their peculiar appearance rendered them quite as unsalable as if they had granulated into the fine powder from which they were made. Despite his pride in the practicalness of his training, this manufacturer knew that it was up to him to work a radical change in the ability of his product to stand up under diverse climatic conditions, and to do this with all possible speed. As he put it to the head of the laboratory to which he was sent by his head salesman:

"I'm in search," he declared, "of a beauty doctor for my product. I've got to have something that will ward off wrinkles and preserve the satiny cheek of youth in my cakes of paint. If you can't accomplish it for me I guess I'll have to go out of the business. Beauty may be only skin deep; but I've had a mighty costly lesson on the text that if my product can't keep its good looks it has about as little chance in the market as a woman with a ruined complexion and a million wrinkles has to capture a husband where satin-skinned débutantes are as thick as automobiles in Los Angeles."

In a shorter time than he himself had hoped, the chemist was able to offer the manufacturer a clear solution of his problem. He had developed a process of combining the necessary materials under pressure instead of mixing them with water. Laboratory tests demonstrated that these cakes would stand a high degree of heat without showing the slightest tendency to crackle. Sample cakes were submitted to experienced artists, who reported that the colors worked freely and were satisfactory in every way.

The business disaster this manufacturer faced was averted at almost the eleventh hour, and he gives the industrial chemist full credit for his rescue.

A Baking-Powder Mystery

THE manufacturer who has not had the product upon which his commercial reputation is based suddenly go back on him, through some mysterious and wholly unaccountable cause, is fortunate. Common experience is decidedly of an opposite character. The selection of raw materials may be carefully covered by specifications, and these supplies may be drawn from the same source, and still they will suddenly seem to have undergone an almost complete transformation in their nature. The consternation caused in a manufacturing business by an occurrence of this kind is only to be appreciated by those who have fought through such an experience. It is guaranteed to give symptoms of heart failure to the most successful and self-confident manufacturer.

The very mystery that surrounds the eccentric behavior of materials in a situation of this sort enhances the fear that is felt by all who are vitally concerned in maintaining the standard of the product. Perhaps this type of experience has served to send more small manufacturers to the laboratories of consulting chemists than has anything else. One reason for this is the fact that the manufacturer who prides himself upon being practical is inclined to feel that almost the whole problem in buying raw materials is that of finding concerns of the most scrupulous honesty and sticking to them through thick and thin. Raw materials of almost every sort, however, are subject to the most subtle changes, which creep in without publishing their presence.

Believers in "the depravity of inanimate things" will find this field strewn with examples to support their theory. If raw materials were capable of intelligent conspiracy, to the end of breaking down the honorable reputation of the most upright men using and dealing in them, they could scarcely do more effective work in that direction than they have done in thousands of cases that have sent factory owners in consternation to the laboratories of industrial chemists.

One of the most celebrated consulting chemists in the city of New York illustrates this line of experience with the following incident:

One day a highly excited man was admitted to his office and opened the conversation with the statement that, unless the laboratory could give him quick and certain aid, his business would be ruined.

Then he explained that he had for years been in the business of making a brand of baking powder, which had built up a splendid reputation among its users on its merits alone. Before starting in this business he had been a workman in another baking-powder plant, where he had learned the trade.

From the start, his chief concern had been to get the very best of raw materials, and to secure them from a source having the highest reputation for honesty and dependability. He had continued to buy all the ingredients of his baking powder from the same firm with which he had started at the beginning of his business.

Suddenly, out of clear skies, his goods began to come back to him from every direction—caked solid in the cans and containers! In his consternation he confessed that he had never employed a chemist and that he was a little inclined to be suspicious of them. But now he was "in the last ditch"; and he appealed to this science to pull him out. So far as he knew, his materials and his processes were identical with those he had used for years, which had given his baking powder a really enviable reputation in the trade. Yet express wagons and drays were bringing back to him hundreds of cans of the stuff, caked solid.

The chemist made an immediate survey of the plant and satisfied himself that the owner had stated his case without reservation. In a surprisingly short time the trouble was located. The starch, which formed the body of the powder, contained a too high percentage of moisture, and this was what started the stuff upon its normal course of chemical action.

Just how this disastrous surplus of moisture had crept into the starch the manufacturer of that article was unable to explain; however, the havoc that had been wrought by this surplus humidity had the effect of making a new and steadfast convert to the ranks of students of applied chemistry.

"When He Went to the Dealer, That Crestfallen Merchant Made the Amazing Confession That He Had Substituted the More Expensive New Orleans Molasses"

Often the integrity of employees is put under laboratory test. In such cases, however, the chemist doing the work is generally unconscious of the moral problem involved in his investigation. Here is an occurrence that gives a graphic illustration of how this question of personal loyalty can be sent to a test tube for determination:

The principal reagent used in galvanizing iron is sulphuric acid. This powerful acid bites rust and every other impurity from the surface of the iron and leaves it chemically clean. Without this treatment, the thin coating of secondary metal—usually tin or zinc—will not stick to the iron. A purchasing agent, representing a large galvanizing concern in the East, bought three carloads of sulphuric acid at what he believed to be a bargain price. He sent it to the works and was greatly astonished, a little later, to be summoned to headquarters because the acid would not act properly on the iron. The coating would not stick to the iron—and that was all there was to it!

The atmosphere of the conference was decidedly electric, and the superintendent told the purchasing agent to take the three carloads of worthless stuff and send them back to the firm from which they had been bought. Also, the superintendent intimated it would be difficult for anybody to put over so raw a deal as that on him.

Instantly the purchasing agent retorted that not a carboy of the acid should be touched until the stuff had been subjected to chemical analysis in a laboratory entirely independent of the plant. He took no pains to conceal his conviction that the superintendent had been bribed by the makers of the acid which they had been using before. Apparently the superintendent held an equally unflattering conviction concerning the purchasing agent.

The general manager recognized that the best interests of the concern demanded that the suggestion of the purchasing agent should be followed, and the whole problem was submitted to an independent chemist for a careful test, which would vindicate one or both of his immediate subordinates.

Almost immediately the consulting chemist found that the sulphuric acid contained a high percentage of arsenic, which had settled in a thin film upon the iron and had prevented the secondary or "coat" metal from sticking. The presence of the arsenic had not been discovered because it was almost the same color as the iron. The findings of the laboratory were highly satisfactory in the respect that they cleared the skirts of both the purchasing agent and the superintendent of any suspicion of having been "reached" by firms selling sulphuric acid. On the other hand, this delay had held up production and put the factory in an uncomfortable position as to its deliveries. The outcome of the experience was that the purchasing agent added a new term to his specifications regarding sulphuric acid, this amendment reading: "Free from arsenic."

Why the Batteries Came Back

ONE of the most startling of all experiences due to the presence of an unsuspected element in a raw material fell to the lot of a large manufacturer of battery cells of the small type used in flashlights. This American manufacturer secured a single European order for more than a million of these cells. In the manufacture of dry batteries manganese peroxide ore is a standard material. Practically the entire supply of this ore, so far as American manufacturers were concerned, came from the mines of the Caucasus Mountains, in Russia, up to the time when the great European war began. This calamity, of course, instantly stopped the influx of this ore and compelled the United States to look elsewhere for its supply of this material.

Beyond the fact that this Russian ore contained eighty per cent or more of manganese and only one per cent or less of iron, the battery makers in America knew little of its characteristics or of why it suited the purpose of use in battery cells so perfectly. So long as it gave them no trouble whatever and they could get an unlimited supply of it, they were content to let their knowledge of manganese ore remain at a minimum.

When the Russian supply of manganese ore was shut off this particular manufacturer of battery cells began to look about in the market; and finally he found an ore from South America that seemed to fill his requirement of a content of eighty per cent or more of manganese and one per cent or less of iron.

Of course no manufacturer would be foolish enough to ship a million units of his product across the ocean without first subjecting them to a thorough test—especially when drawing his main raw materials from a new source. The batteries made of this new South American manganese worked perfectly in the factory test, and were sent to the other side without a question as to the satisfaction they would give.

When the manufacturer received a cable from his big European customer saying that the battery cells would not work, that they were all rejected and were being sent back at the shipper's expense, the entire factory organization felt the worst jolt it had ever received.

There was nothing to do but await the arrival of the returned goods.

Meantime samples of the ore were sent to a metallurgical chemist of the highest standing and were subjected to analysis. He told the manufacturer that, though he believed he had discovered the secret of the trouble, he would suspend judgment until the arrival of the batteries themselves.

"I have found," he explained, "a very small percentage of copper in the ore analyzed; but it is so minute—ten to fifteen one-hundredths of one per cent—it seems almost incredible that this should have caused the mischief."

An examination of the battery cells, however, showed conclusively that this chemist had hit upon the reason why the batteries would not work. Though present in an almost infinitesimal amount, there had been just enough copper to form a delicate film over the zinc, causing increased resistance, so that the full volume of electricity was not properly delivered.

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TO THE LAST PENNY

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XII

TOMMY used his ears to good advantage, and before long began to think that he was on the verge of understanding the general policy of the Tecumseh selling organization, and why Mr. Grosvenor did not try to sell a Tecumseh car to every man in the United States. The only thing that stood in the way of complete understanding was his own appalling ignorance of the A B C of business. One morning he told Mr. Grosvenor he thought it would be wise if he could learn step by step. For an answer Mr. Grosvenor told him:

"You are not here to learn details, but to absorb general principles. Some day Mr. Thompson may tell you what to specialize on. In the meantime just breathe, Tommy. Most people have a habit of telling themselves that a certain thing is very difficult. From that to saying it is impossible to understand is a short step, and that keeps them from trying to understand. Details can be so complex and intricate as to hide first principles."

Tommy nodded gratefully, but in his heart of hearts he yearned for details, because he remembered that he had not seen any pleasure in selling cars until he had begun to sell, in his mind, his own kerosene car. But he persevered, because he realized that the ability to "see big" was the most valuable of all. If it could be acquired by hard work he would get it.

He had his more juvenile emotions pretty well under control by now, and would have told himself so had he been introspective enough to ask the question. And yet from time to time there came to him something like a suspicion that he was having too easy a time, too pleasing a task. Did anybody ever have such a job as his? The car gave him so much unearned pleasure that he sometimes feared he was not doing his duty in full. Whenever that thought, prompted by the lingering instinct of expiation, came to him, Tommy took out of his weekly pay all but what was strictly necessary to carry him over till next pay day. And when he craved to smoke, which was very often, and he conquered the craving, he thought of the many blank pages on the *Cr.* side of the little black book at home in New York, and he was glad that he had wished to smoke and still gladder that he had not smoked. From some remote ancestor Tommy had his share, fortunately not overbulky, of the New England conscience.

Bill was having all sorts of troubles, trying and untrying. At times success seemed within reach, but an unscalable wall suddenly reared itself before his very nose. And then Bill's anger expressed itself both verbally and muscularly—a perfectly insane fury that made Tommy despair, for he thought an inventor should above all things have patience. But Bill's outbursts did not last over five minutes, after which he would return to the attack smiling and so full of amiability that it was a pleasure to watch him work and later to listen to him explaining.

To Tommy the most thrilling speeches in the world were Bill's, on the subject of what the automobile industry would become when the Byrnes carburetor was finished. Bill contented himself with seeing it on every automobile in the world; but Tommy saw the seventeen thousand dollars paid off. It would make him master of himself, czar of his destiny; so that the remoter future ceased to be a problem worth considering.

Tommy had so little to do with Mr. Thompson now that he did not even wonder if Mr. Grosvenor ever spoke to the chief about him. One morning the message came by telephone to Mr. Grosvenor's office that Mr. Thompson wished to see Tommy at the works. Tommy instantly went.

"Tommy," said Mr. Thompson abruptly, "do you now want to be a cog?"

Tommy was not sure he understood. He realized that he was to be put to work definitely as a small part of the Tecumseh machine, and wondered what Mr. Thompson thought him best fitted for. He himself was not quite sure what he'd like to be; indeed, the fear suddenly came to him that he took an interest in too many things. But whatever Thompson said, he would do.

"I'm willing to be, sir."

"Have you picked it out yourself?"

"You are the cog picker, Mr. Thompson. You know more about it than I do."

"I make mistakes," said Thompson, frowning slightly.

"If you make one in my case," said Tommy very seriously, "I'll tell you—the moment I myself am absolutely sure of it."

"Now please answer my first question," said Thompson.

The Truth! Thompson Was Paying for It; Thompson Would Get It From Thomas F. Leigh

"I am sorry to say I have not found out what cog I want to be." It cost Tommy a sharp pang to acknowledge his failure. That is why he looked unflinchingly into Mr. Thompson's eyes as he spoke.

"Is that all you can say?" Thompson's voice was so incurious that it sounded cold.

"Well, Mr. Thompson," Tommy said desperately, "the last cog always seems to be my cog."

"Why didn't you say so at once?"

"It didn't seem like an answer."

"It was more; it was a clue." Mr. Thompson looked at Tommy a full minute before he asked:

"Are you still a college boy?"

"I—I'm afraid I am, sir."

"Keep on being it. Listen to me. You will spend next month in the shop."

"Yes, sir."

"Looking!"

"Yes, sir."

"At the machinists and the engineers and the electricians and the mechanics and the foundrymen and the laborers and the painters—at everybody. You will look at them. But what I want you to see is men."

"Human beings?"

Thompson nodded. Then he said: "Four weeks. Do you know Milton?"

Tommy tried to recall.

Thompson added: "John—poet."

"We read him ——"

"You don't know him. I have found him of great value in automobile manufacturing." Thompson said this so seriously that Tommy, instead of smiling, was filled with admiration for Thompson, who went on gravely: "He even had in mind the particular job of Mr. Thomas Leigh—Paradise Lost, Eighth Book. For your special benefit he wrote:

To know
That which before us lies in daily life
Is the prime wisdom.

"Report to me in one month"; and Mr. Thompson turned to his mail.

Tommy left the room full of admiration for Mr. Thompson and of misgivings about Mr. Thomas Leigh. He couldn't see very far ahead, so he went to his old desk in the information bureau, sat down and made up his mind to get back to first principles, as Mr. Grosvenor always preached.

Mr. Thompson had said that Tommy must continue to be a college boy; therefore, it was plain that for some reason, not quite so plain, Mr. Thompson wished to get reports from a college boy. Then that he must look at the workmen and see the human beings. By having no theories about Thompson's motives, and by not trying to make himself into any kind of expert, he would be able to obey orders. The truth! Thompson was paying for it; Thompson would get it from Thomas F. Leigh.

For days Tommy wandered about from place to place, unable to speak to most of his fellow employees, who were too busy to indulge in heart-to-heart talks with the official college boy who was studying them. At lunchtime it was easier to mix with them as he wished, and he ate out of his lunch pail as if he were one of them. But there seemed to be a barrier between them and himself, chiefly, he again decided, because his job did not classify—and, therefore, they couldn't take him into full membership.

Moreover, his interest was in listening rather than in talking, and that was almost fatal to perfect frankness, for they didn't know why he was so interested in everything they did and said. They did not quite regard him as a spy, but he was not a blood brother. It was only when they began to tease him and to make clear his abysmal ignorance of their business, and to poke fun at him in all sorts of ways, that the ice was broken.

He accepted it all so good-naturedly and was so sincerely anxious to be friends that in the end they took him in. Some of them even told him their troubles.

Bill kept on working away at his experiments at home after shop hours, with the usual violent changes in his moods. One evening after a particularly explosive outburst, which ended by his shaking a clenched fist at the carburetor, Bill shouted: "I'll make you do it yet, dodgast ye!"

"Bill," said Tommy seriously, "tell your partner what the trouble is. Begin at the beginning and use words of one syllable."

"What good will that do, you poor college dude?"

"Well, it will enable me to give you a d——d good licking with a free conscience," said Tommy. "Did you never hear how often inventors' wives have suggested the way out by means of the little door labeled Common Sense? It is in The Romances of Great Inventors!"

"Well, if you can find the way out of this you are a wonder."

"I am. Go on." Bill looked at Tommy, who went on cheerfully: "Be a sport; loosen up."

After a moment Bill spoke calmly:

"You know, heat is not enough to effect the perfect vaporization of the kerosene."

"What would be the effect of passing a whopper of an electric current direct through the kerosene before you do anything else?"

Tommy as he said this looked as wise as a woman does when she offers advice, because having no knowledge she can give no commands.

"I don't know," said Bill indifferently. Then he repeated: "I don't know," less indifferently. Then he shouted: "I don't know, but, by heck, I'm going to find out! Now get out of here!"

"Will it explode?" asked Tommy.

"No. But I can't work with anybody round me."

"Why can't you? Honestly now."

"Well," said Bill, "I feel like a fool when I fail, and I have a rotten temper, and—and——" Bill hesitated; then his face flushed.

"Then what?" asked Tommy curiously.

"Well, I'm fond of you and I don't want to have a fight when I'm out of my head. Now will you go or will you stay?"

"I'll go. If I ever landed on the point of the chin ——"

It Was Only When They Began to Tease Him That the Ice Was Broken

And, shaking his head dolefully, Tommy shook hands with Bill and left.

There was always his automobile. He took Mrs. Clayton out for a joy-ride.

A few days later Bill said to Tommy, in the midst of a breakfast table discussion:

"Your new high-tension generator is a wonder. I can get a very high-frequency current ——"

"You can?" interrupted Tommy with a frown. He did this merely to encourage Bill, who thereupon explained:

"Of course I'm using a step-up transformer with it, and something has happened!"

"Certainly"; and Tommy nodded wisely. Then he added: "I expected it to. But you can't use that kind of generator on cars, can you?"

"Oh, we'll have no trouble about the generator once I get what I'm after."

"Sure of that?"

"Oh, yes," said Bill gloomily.

"Then what's the trouble?" asked Tommy, alarmed by Bill's look.

"I certainly do get the vaporization all right, all right!"

"Great Scott, isn't that what you wanted?"

"Yes."

"Then we've got it!"

"Yes; but I don't know what does it," said Bill in despair.

"No smoke?" persisted Tommy.

"Not a darned bit. The inside of the engine was clean as a whistle." Bill shook his head and frowned as at very unpleasant news.

"Well," observed Tommy thoughtfully, "something has happened!"

"Indeed?" Bill looked very polite.

"You don't know what, and I don't either. Therefore ——" Tommy paused for effect.

Bill's elaborate sarcasm failed him. "Go on, you idiot!" he shouted.

"Therefore, I will find out!" announced Tommy.

"Ask La Grange and have him cop the whole cheese!"

"No, William. You admit we've got to know what happens, don't you?"

"Certainly. Otherwise what will I get a patent on?"

Tommy realized in a flash that Bill might have stumbled upon something that would have far-reaching results on everybody concerned as well as on the industry. What was now needed was plain to him.

"William," he said slowly, "I will go to an altruist."

"A what?"

"A college professor. We must prepare a lot of questions to ask and we will get his answers. And then we must check up the answers by actual experiment. See?"

"No, I don't. But I see very clearly that if you give away ——"

"You make me tired," said Tommy pleasantly. "It's the suspicious farmer who always buys the gold brick. What we need now is knowledge. We'll go to one of those despised beings who have nothing to live for but to know."

"But I tell you that if you go blabbing ——"

"We won't blab; he will. He loves to. He will make us rich by his speech, and then he will thank us for having so patiently listened to his lecture and for doing him the honor of transmitting his thousands of hours of study into thousands of dollars of cash for ourselves. That is his reward, and we shall grant it to him unhesitatingly as befits captains of industry. Bill, about all I got out of college was to know where to go for information. Now don't talk. Look at the clock. Eat!"

At dinnertime they again talked about it. That night Bill ran his engine for Tommy's benefit. He took a power test and showed Tommy a number of pieces of paper which Bill said were "cards." They meant nothing to Tommy, but Bill asserted they were great; and this confirmed Tommy's judgment that the wise thing to do was to consult one of those experts whose delight it is to clear those mysteries that have nothing to do with the greatest mystery of all—money-making. On the next day he asked guarded questions of La Grange and others, and gathered from their answers that W. D. Jenkins, of the Case School at Cleveland, was the great authority on the subject. So Tommy wrote to Professor Jenkins asking for an interview, and while he waited for the answer asked Williams, one of the Tecumseh lawyers, all about patents and patent lawyers and the troubles of inventors and, above all, the mistakes of inventors. From him he learned about the vast amount of patent litigation that might have been averted if the inventors and their lawyers had only gone about their business intelligently. Tommy realized that he must get the best lawyer available. Williams spoke very highly of exactly three of his patent colleagues in the United States. The nearest was Mr. Hudson Greene Kemble, at Cleveland, where Professor Jenkins lived.

"What Good Will That Do, You Poor College Dude?"

When he spoke to Bill about it Bill asked:

"How do you know he is straight? If he is so smart, won't he see what a big thing ——"

"You still talk like the wise rube before he acquires three and a half pounds of brass for two hundred and eighty dollars. A first-class professional man doesn't have to be a crook to make money. Suppose we've got to get what they call a basic patent? Don't you see it takes a first-class man to fence it in so that we can keep all that is coming to us, not only to-day but years from now when it comes to be used in ways and places we don't even suspect at this moment? And inventors don't always know the real reason why their invention works"

Tommy was really quoting from Williams, the company's lawyer, but he looked so wisely businesslike that Bill grudgingly admitted: "I guess you're right. But where is the money coming from? That's where most inventors give up the lion's share—at the beginning."

"I don't know," said Tommy thoughtfully; "but I do know I'm going to get it without money."

"If you can do that ——"

"What else can we do, you bonehead? We have no money and we must have some light."

When Professor Jenkins' answer came Tommy and Bill, with their list of questions all ready and the carburetor carefully packed, asked for a day off and traveled by night to Cleveland. In Professor Jenkins' office Tommy introduced himself and Bill with an ease and fluency that Bill envied. Professor Jenkins appeared interested.

"What is it you have, young man?"

"I—we have a kerosene carburetor that works like a charm," answered Bill.

"Is that so?"

The professor did not speak skeptically, but Bill said defiantly: "It gives perfect combustion, and we can start the engine cold even better than with gasoline. Peach!"

"Lots of people are working on that."

"Yes, sir; but you never saw one that did what ours does."

"What's the difference between yours and the others?"

Bill hesitated. "Tell him," said Tommy, frowning.

"I don't know anything about the others except that they don't work."

"Show it to him," commanded Tommy.

Bill aimed a look at his partner, making clear who would be to blame if somebody else got a patent on the self-same carburetor, and then slowly unwrapped the package. With his child before him Bill became loquacious, and he began to explain it to the professor, who listened and asked questions, most of which Bill answered. Occasionally he said: "I don't know," and then Tommy would interject: "But it works, Professor Jenkins."

Bill could not tell how high a voltage he was using nor the kind of transformer.

"The man I bought it from said it was a six-to-one transformer. There is no marking on it."

The professor smiled, asked more questions, and finally Bill confessed that it didn't work above nine hundred revolutions.

"When we speed her up she begins to smoke like ——"

"She does smoke pretty badly," interjected Tommy.

"Why?" asked Jenkins.

"Damfino!" said Bill crossly. It had been a source of exasperation to him.

"That is what we are here to find out, sir," put in Tommy deferentially.

"I've tried every blamed thing I could think of," said Bill. "If I only knew why she works below nine hundred I might make it work when I speed her up."

"H'm!" The professor was thinking over what Bill had told him. Then he said: "Well, you evidently are using a very high current. I suspect there must be some ionization there." He paused. Then more positively: "I think you undoubtedly are ionizing the vapor. That would account for what results you say you are getting."

"What is it that happens?" asked Bill eagerly.

Professor Jenkins delivered a short lecture on the ionization of gases, a subject so dear to his heart that when he saw how absorbingly they listened he took quite a personal liking to them. He suggested a long series of tests and experiments, which Tommy jotted down in his own private system of Freshman shorthand. At one of them Bill shook his head so despairingly that Professor Jenkins told him kindly:

"If you care to have us make any of the tests for which you may lack the proper appliances, we shall be glad to undertake them for you here."

"We can't tell you how grateful we are," said Tommy, perceiving that the end of the talk had come. "And please believe me when I tell you that although we are not millionaires now, we hope you will let us consult you professionally from time to time, and I promise you, sir, that I—we—I ——"

"Mr. Leigh, I shall be glad to help you. And"—Jenkins paused and laughed—"my fee can wait. Let me hear from you how you make out with the heavier oils. Mr. Byrnes' device is very ingenious. I think you are in a very interesting field."

"Do you happen to know Mr. Hudson G. Kemble, the patent lawyer?"

"Very well. Is he interested in your work?"

"Not yet," said Tommy; "but we expect him to be our legal adviser."

"Couldn't go to a better man. By the way, he is an alumnus of your college, Class of '91, I think."

"Then he must be what you say he is," smiled Tommy happily, while Bill looked on more amazed than suspicious at the friendliness of the conversation.

Outside Bill and Tommy talked about it until Bill said: "That's what happens, all right, all right—ionization!"

"Sure thing!" agreed Tommy. "But we must make some more tests ——"

"Naw! I want to cinch this thing. Let's hike to the lawyer. Come on; we haven't got time to waste." They looked up Mr. Kemble's address in the telephone book. Luck was with them. Mr. Kemble was not very busy and could see them at once. They were ushered into his private office.

"Mr. Kemble," said Tommy, so pleasantly that for a moment Bill thought they were old friends, "your name was suggested to us by Mr. Homer Williams, of Dayton. Professor Jenkins, of the Case School, also told us we could not go to a better man. I have no letters of introduction, but can you listen to us two minutes?"

Kemble looked into Tommy's eyes steadily, appraisingly. Then he looked at Bill, his glance resting on the package Bill carried under his arm—the precious carburetor.

"I'll listen," said Kemble not over-encouragingly.

Tommy looked at him full in the face—and liked it. Kemble reminded him of Thompson. The lawyer also was plump and round-faced and steady-eyed. He impressed Tommy as being less interested in all phases of human nature than Thompson, slightly colder, more methodical, less imaginative, more concerned with exact figures.

The mental machinery was undoubtedly efficient, but worked at a leisurely rate and very safely—a well-lubricated engine.

"First, we have no money—now."

Tommy looked at Mr. Kemble. Mr. Kemble nodded.

"Second, we think we have a big thing."

Tommy again looked at Mr. Kemble. This time Mr. Kemble looked at Tommy and did not nod. Bill frowned, but Tommy went on pleasantly:

"Everybody that comes here doubtless thinks the same thing."

"Every inventor," corrected Mr. Kemble.

"But we have just left Professor Jenkins, of the Case School of Applied Science."

"What did he say?" asked Mr. Kemble.

"He was very much interested. He has a theory, which we must prove by a long series of experiments he wants us to make." Tommy paused.

"Go on!" said Kemble, frowning slightly as if he did not relish a story in installments. Bill bit his lip, but Tommy smiled pleasantly and went on:

"Mr. Kemble, we have no money, but kindly consider this: We went to Professor Jenkins for science. We have come to you for legal advice. Therefore, we have not done what ordinary fool inventors would do. Whatever your fee may be we'll pay—in time. You will have to risk it. But now is the time for you to say whether you want to hear any more or not."

"And if I don't?"

"Then we'll go back and save up money until we can return to this same office with the cash. That means that someone else may beat us to the patent office. We think we have a big thing—so big that it needs the best patent lawyer we can get. Do you still want to take our case?"

Kemble looked at Tommy's eager face a moment. Then he smiled and said: "I'll listen, and then I'll tell you what I'll do. I may or I may not take your case, for you may or you may not have a patent."

"This"— and Tommy pointed to Bill—"is the inventor, William S. Byrnes. I am merely a friend ——"

"And partner!" interjected Bill. "Share and share alike!"

"That's for later consideration," said Tommy.

"No, it's for now—fifty-fifty," said Bill pugnaciously.

"I shouldn't quarrel about the division of the spoils if I were you," suggested Mr. Kemble. "Fool inventors always do. Suppose we first find out whether it's worth quarreling about."

"Go on, Bill; you tell him," said Tommy, and he began to study the notes he had taken about the points Professor Jenkins had emphasized.

"Well," said Bill confidently, "we've got a kerosene carburetor that works all right."

"All the time? Under all conditions?" asked Kemble, leaning back in his chair with a suggestion of resignation.

Bill did not like to admit at the very outset that his own child misbehaved above nine hundred revolutions.

"Well, you see, I'll tell you what we've got."

And Bill proceeded to do so. From time to time Tommy interrupted to read aloud from his notes. Then Mr. Kemble began, and Bill was more impressed by the lawyer's questions than he had been by the scientist's, for they were the questions Bill felt he himself would have asked a brother inventor. In the end he admitted almost cheerfully that it didn't do so well when the engine ran above nine hundred revolutions. He was sure the high current ionized the gas, but he somehow had not got it to ionizing fast enough.

"Lots of engines," he finished defensively, "don't run any faster than that."

"How much have you actually used this thing?" asked Kemble, coming back to Bill's own.

"On the bench. But we've tried it out pretty well," answered Bill. He produced his cards. Kemble studied them.

"And it starts cold!" said Bill.

"Is that so?" Kemble looked up quickly at Bill, for the first time appearing to be really interested.

"Yep!" he said triumphantly.

Since they thought this a very important point, Tommy asked the lawyer:

"Could we get a patent on that?"

"Yes, if it's new," answered Kemble.

"Sure it's new. There isn't any other in the market," said Bill.

"That's a fact," chimed in Tommy.

"I'll have to look into that," said the patent lawyer calmly.

"If there was any patent, people would be using it, wouldn't they?" challenged Bill, unaware that all inventors make the same point at their first interview with their patent lawyers.

"That may be true," was all that Kemble would admit.

"What do you need besides this," asked Bill, pointing to his carburetor, "to file an application for a patent?"

"Well, you'd better leave that here and find out what your dynamo and transformer are. In fact, I think you'd better send them on to me. That would be the easiest way. When did you first run this?"

After some guessing Bill told him.

"You ought to keep a careful date record."

"What's that for?"

"As a record of your priority in case somebody else has the same thing."

"We've got the priority all right," Bill assured him. All inventors always are sure of it.

Tommy, who had begun to fidget uneasily, now asked Kemble: "About how much is this going to cost us?"

Kemble shook his head and smiled.

"I can't tell you now. It depends upon the experiments you make and the results you get."

"Can't we file an application now to protect ourselves?" persisted Tommy, who knew how uneasy Bill felt.

"Yes, I could do that. But I'd like to see Jenkins first. You'd better plan to spend about two hundred and fifty dollars ——" Kemble stopped talking when he saw the consternation on both boys' faces. He had been rather favorably impressed with them. He added: "Well, you send me the generator and the transformer, and when I know more about it I'll let you know more definitely."

"If I am going to make the experiments, how can I send them to you?"

"I'll return them to you and you can make your experiments after that."

"Mr. Kemble," asked Tommy, "when shall we be safe in talking to an outsider about this?"

"You'd better wait until the application is filed," answered the lawyer.

"Thank heaven we came to you," said Tommy fervently. "We are fellow alumni. Professor Jenkins told me you were '91. I am '14. I've met Mr. Stuyvesant Willetts. He was '91, I think?"

"Yes, I remember him," said Mr. Kemble with a new interest. Tommy was on the verge of saying that Stuyvesant Willetts' nephew Riyngton was his chum; but all he said was: "His nephew was in my class. I am with the Tecumseh Motor Company in Dayton. And so is Byrnes here. Do you know Mr. Thompson?" asked Tommy.

"Yes," said Mr. Kemble.

"Then," said Tommy determinedly, "I am about to pay you the biggest compliment you'll ever get from a human being. Mr. Kemble, you remind me of Mr. Thompson!"

"Yes," said Kemble, "we are so different."

"Not so different as you think," contradicted Tommy. "Do you take our case?"

"Yes."

"You see, I was right," laughed Tommy, and held out his hand. After a barely perceptible hesitation Mr. Kemble took it.

"Thank you, sir. Come on, Bill, Mr. Kemble has all we've got."

They returned to Dayton excited rather than elated. Bill contended there was no need of additional proof, and that there was no sense in making the experiments that Professor Jenkins had suggested. Six months with an equipment they did not have put it out of the question. But Tommy, not knowing exactly what to say, told Bill that the experiments would fix exactly what happened and how and why, and that they must be made. But Bill in his mind was equipping a car with his kerosene carburetor, planning certain modifications in the position of the tank, and trying to install a generator that would do for the self-starter as well as for the ionization of the kerosene. He thought he saw how he could do all these things; therefore, his amiability returned.

And Tommy began to think that the seventeen thousand dollars might be paid off much sooner than he had expected. But in the next breath he decided that a wise man has no right to look for miracles. Therefore, he would not build castles in the air. Certainly not! But he couldn't help

(Continued on Page 81)

Professor Jenkins Delivered a Short Lecture on the Ionization of Gases—a Subject Dear to His Heart

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 18, 1916

Vox Populi

THE people of the United States are not in a truculent temper. They are not ashamed of the rôle this nation has played in respect of the European war. They do not believe the Allies have been "fighting our battles" while we sat snugly by and coined blood money out of the operation. They are patient under the injuries that both parties to the war have visited upon this country, because they take into account the abnormal state of the belligerents—very much as a wise man makes allowance for a neighbor who acts in the stress of an overmastering emotion.

They are, in their international relations, by far the most idealistic people in the world—a result, no doubt, of their fortunate geographical position. They actively wish their neighbors good. That this nation, on a broad view, has consistently stood for the highest interests of civilization in the face of embroiled Europe satisfies their idealism. They know that our participation in the war, from however strong compulsion, would be a world calamity.

That much is clearly deducible from the presidential campaign, and we look upon this expression of public opinion as one of the finest incidents in American history. Man is naturally a fighting animal. Getting him to fight has always been the easiest trick in the statesman's box. Moreover, war is contagious, and the contagion has been in the air for many months. That the American people in 1916 refused to be hurrahed, heckled and taunted into belligerency will stand as one of the high justifications of democracy.

One singular phase of the campaign consisted in persistently insulting a public that saw its own interests and the highest human interests. That phase was conducted by a rather extensive and clamorous set; but the public's answer was merely a good-natured shrug.

National Treasury Leaks

AN EXTENSIVE and presumably expensive investigation of the relations between railroads and Government, including the subject of Government ownership, is getting under way. We hope it will pay particular attention to one point.

Obviously the subject of Government ownership of railroads cannot be studied intelligently without studying the general fitness of Government to manage railroads. The railroads spend regularly five or six hundred million dollars a year for extensions and permanent betterments of plant. The Government spends regularly somewhere from one-tenth to one-fifth of that sum for extensions and permanent betterments of plant—that is, for river and harbor improvements and public buildings. Experienced and conservative Senator Burton declared some time ago in this weekly: "It would hardly be exaggeration to say that one-third of our total appropriations for rivers and harbors has been wasted." Other experienced persons put the proportion of waste still higher.

The investigating committee should try to find out, as nearly as possible, what the proportion of waste is, and then apply it to the annual railroad appropriation for extensions and permanent betterments. Senator Aldrich thought the Government wasted about a third of all the money it handled. In addition to five or six hundred million dollars of extensions and betterments, paid for out of new capital, the railroads handle yearly over three billion dollars of operating revenue.

The committee might allow that, in handling railroad money, the Government would be only half as wasteful as in handling other money, and so get a probable waste of only five hundred and eighty million dollars, or thereabouts. But it ought to take the record of the Government as an economist in the fields where it already operates and apply that to the railroad field.

We hope it will not overlook the point.

Making Money Out of It

IN EXPLAINING certain fiscal arrangements to the House of Commons the other day the Chancellor of the Exchequer said they were made with a view to supporting Allied credit in the United States, which was "absolutely essential to the purposes of the Allies." He knows how important our rôle is.

Within a short time, recently, one Wall Street banking house floated a loan of fifty million dollars to the city of Paris; and a syndicate of Wall Street banks arranged a loan of one hundred million dollars to French merchants, while two other Wall Street banks were taking subscriptions to the new French war bonds. All told, to this writing, we have loaned France seven hundred million dollars, which has done France a hundredfold more good than all our sentimental contributions to her cause. When a man is very hungry sympathetic tears are no doubt acceptable; but the person who fetches him a platter of bacon is finally more helpful.

True, we have made money out of it, in exactly the same way that citizens of the Allied governments who were in a position to supply wheat, guns, shipping or what else, have made money out of it—profit being the universal basis of commercial dealings between man and man.

In being so fortunately situated that we made war profits without war losses, we are like a farmer on the southern slope of a hilltop when an unusually early frost kills all the fruit in other exposures. That enhances the price of fruit, and the farmer may be said to profit by his neighbors' misfortune; but he did not order the misfortune and does not go round weeping over the profit, unless he is a fool.

The Time to Save Money

PRESUMABLY every young man knows, as a physical fact, that he can do nothing next year which he cannot, in some degree, do to-day. He will not grow wings, or overcome the law of gravitation, or subsist without food. But he is always prefiguring a future in which his mind will operate differently. The time will certainly come when he realizes that there is no future, but only an indefinite extension of to-day. The important question is whether that time will come early enough in life to do him any particular good.

A lazy man cannot possibly make himself industrious in the future; or a tippling man, sober; or an extravagant man, economical. If it is done at all he must do it at an immediate present moment—at some "right now!" No man ever saved a penny in the future, or ever will. He has got to save the penny in his hand at the moment or he will be broke to the day of his death. That is clear enough to anybody who will think about it. To save the penny in hand he must resist the temptation to spend it. Imagining himself next year as resisting the temptation to spend a handful of pennies will do him the same good that the drunkard gets out of imagining himself reformed next year. Every year that he does not resist weakens his ability to resist.

This spending business is as much a matter of habit as tippling. It is within the knowledge of everybody who has the ordinary circle of personal acquaintances that, after a certain time, the man who lives up to the limit of his income—which, about nine times out of ten, means a little beyond—accepts that as a normal condition and just automatically spends whatever he gets.

At twenty a man lives largely in an imaginary future. At thirty he seems still to have fairly incalculable powers and opportunities to draw upon. At forty he begins to realize what he fully knows, probably, at forty-five—namely, that he has already spent his future, in the sense that he has largely shaped and fixed it; so that it will contain nothing essentially different from what he himself has already put into it.

If he can realize by thirty that he is spending his future every day it will be a good thing for him.

The American Vandal

THE other day we walked by a particularly attractive suburban residence. The house was good and the broad lawn showed both taste and care. Like a pretty little girl in a becoming Sunday-school dress, with her hair curled, the premises made you think pleasantly that somebody's affection was centered upon it. It was so attractive that we turned into the cross street in order to walk along that side of the grounds. A garage stood at the corner of the grounds abutting on an alley; and fairly in the mouth of the alley, unavoidably catching the eye of whoever passed down the cross street, lay a heap of junk and offal, evidently thrown out from the garage and the house. The alley itself looked as though it might lead to a pigsty.

That is strictly typical. The alley, of course, did not belong to the householder, and he did not care a rap how it looked; so, with one hand he offered the passer-by a rose, while with the other he hit him in the eye with an old tin can.

Perhaps such negligence is due to the pioneer spirit, to which Nature was just something to be subdued, as quickly and untidily as possible, to human uses. But we have the habit of blaming everything disagreeable on the pioneer spirit, and the justification for it seems pretty well played out.

We do litter up the landscape abominably. It is a national habit that ought to be broken. Cities and towns should not only have ordinances forbidding unnecessary litter, but enforce them. Anywhere you will find a city spending a hundred thousand dollars or a million to make a beautiful park, and then tolerating all sorts of needless ugliness.

Any woman will tell you there is no use in wearing a fine dress along with a hat that has been fished out of a garbage can; for the dress simply emphasizes the hat. The more we spend on parks and front yards the less tolerable junkheaps and refuse-piled alleys become. What cities and towns are insisting upon reasonable sightliness?

The Price of Wheat

WHEAT sold on the Chicago market recently at the highest price since the spring of 1898, and a judicious bull says it will reach two dollars a bushel, which is not particularly improbable, as it went nearly to that figure eighteen years ago.

Usually the price of wheat is limited here, because at a certain point Europe will stop buying. In 1897 Europe had the lightest wheat crop in recent times. Countries other than the United States that export wheat suffered extensive crop damage. In the following spring Europe, with bare granaries, bought our wheat regardless of price, especially as we were at war with Spain; and there was some nervousness over possible interruption of shipments—France remitting her import duty, thereby removing a barrier equivalent to more than thirty cents a bushel.

The situation is much the same now. The world's wheat crop was light this year, and Europe buys fairly regardless of price. This may happen twice in a generation, when it should be accepted philosophically. We notice that farmers are accepting it philosophically now. Let us emulate their wise example.

A Parable

ONCE upon a time a man of excitable temperament witnessed a factory fire. Women operatives, cut off from escape, appeared at the windows of an upper story; and as the flames mounted it seemed that they must perish before the spectators' eyes. Firemen fought heroically to raise their ladders, risking their own lives time and again. It looked as though they could not succeed; but at length, with great toil and daring, they did, and the women were rescued.

It sent the blood racing through every spectator's veins, and every spectator's heart was uplifted with pride in the firemen.

But the excitable witness turned to the crowd, quivering with emotion, and cried:

"That's grand! Now let's set this other factory afire, so we can perform some more heroic deeds!"

Distributing the Boom

THE portion of labor in New York State—and presumably everywhere else in the country—is better at present than at any time since the Statistical Bureau of the State Department of Labor began keeping records in the present form.

In September the number at work was fifteen per cent greater than in the corresponding month last year; twenty-one per cent greater than two years ago. The amount paid in wages was thirty-three per cent larger than one year ago and forty-five per cent larger than two years ago.

That is fine, and suggests that a conscientious man can enjoy his Thanksgiving turkey with an untroubled heart. But the Bureau adds that the average weekly earnings of factory employees in the state were fourteen dollars and eighty-six cents in September, 1916, against twelve dollars and eighty-five cents a year ago. There is nothing especially splendiferous about a boom that brings one two dollars and one cent a week—or, all told, thirty-seven cents a day.

That is labor's everstanding trouble. When you come to divide the boom by millions it mostly melts away.

The Boys' Revolt in Fairview

By HERBERT QUICK

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

WHY the town people should worry about the rush of the country people to the cities puzzles me. They certainly welcome us to their midst enthusiastically—until our money runs out. I know several thriving suburbs that are built up mainly by retired farmers, and several firms of real-estaters who have made fortunes out of them. We people in the Fairview neighborhood are the ones to feel anxious. Such neighborhoods suffer from the nomadic character of the life that begins when the old neighbors sell out, or rent, and move to town, to be succeeded by families of strangers, who are renters and probably won't stay with us long enough to get acquainted. Our schools, our churches, our roads, our fences and our soils suffer. The houses and barns suffer. The atmosphere of rural life suffers. We suffer. Take Abel Bohn, for instance, and his experience, and that of his son and his son's wife, with Clyde Bohn, Abel's grandson—that's a story in itself.

"Of Course We Ain't Any of Us in the Varsity Class, But Bill Is Good"

If Clyde had been Abel's son he would have had a Bible name like that of his father, Isaiah Bohn. Clyde is a worldly name from Abel's point of view. Abel, the reader will perhaps remember, is one of the old Winebrennerians who came to the prairies before the war and built the church at the other end of my father's farm—now mine—the old brick church that Frank and Daisy Wiggins have made over into the Fairview Meeting House.

At the other end of the old Bohn Farm is a good piece of land—six forties—which was taken up originally by Jake Millslagle, another Pennsylvania Dutchman; and when the Millslagles moved to Oregon, a good many years ago, Abel helped Isaiah to buy it; and there Clyde was born and given his worldly name by a mother who was a Harris and who knew not Winebrenner.

She has always been a little different from the rest of us and won Isaiah by the poetry she wrote, under such titles as Spring Reveries, Love's Sacrifice, Affection's Tribute, and such things.

She never got any of these verses printed, because, I suppose, editors print the poetry of their friends before they let anyone else in, and a farmer girl in Fairview wouldn't have much chance to break into the poetry ring; but, though lots of folks think the poems of Isaiah's Harriet pretty mushy, I don't see that they are any mushier than any other poetry. They do seem to be built wrong mechanically, though, compared with regular verses like Sheridan's Ride and Curfew Shall Not Ring To-Night; but they are a lot better than this new anthology kind they talk so much about. So, I suppose, they're nothing to be ashamed of.

The Davids and Jonathans of Thirteen

HAVING a mother like that, Clyde was always a little different from the other boys—that's why I mention it. It really has nothing to do with keeping the boys on the farm, except that ambitious boys are the hardest to keep contented—and Clyde was ambitious before he got sporty. Maybe his sportiness was just a phase of his ambition.

He was a terribly smart boy when he first went to school—our old school that we had before Tom Whelpley came to the New Consolidated. Clyde used to help the older scholars with their history and geography before he could touch his feet to the floor, while sitting on those old seats. He was a leader in games too. We never had much fighting in our neighborhood; in fact, we have more now than ever before—at least I call it pretty near fighting when two boys put on gloves in our new gymnasium and slam each other round until their noses are bloody. But, in view of the fact that this new sport was introduced by the Reverend Frank Wiggins, who taught boxing and other physical exercises while he was working his way through college, and that it's all good-natured and according to rules, what can we say about it? It pleases some of the boys greatly, but it looks a little rowdyish to me.

It would have pleased little Clyde Bohn, though, if we had had this gymnasium at the time of which I am writing. As it was, what fighting he did was done in a mean sort of way, as the result of boyish quarrels; and, as he pretty nearly always licked the other boy, it gave him a sort of hard name, especially among the women whose sons came home with black eyes, as affection's tribute from the son of the poet. Having a hard name is a bad thing for a boy. I can understand that the Spartan lad who let the fox eat his vitals out, rather than allow it to be seen that he had stolen the animal, was a hero. But if he had lived in a time and place in which stealing is just plain petty larceny, punishable by a jail sentence, he would have been merely a petty thief and no hero at all—and, having no self-respect, he would probably have yelled bloody murder at the first nip of the fox's teeth. Though what the Spartans did with the foxes they stole is a mystery to me.

By the time Clyde was twelve or thirteen he had about finished with our little one-room school. He could cipher right through his arithmetic, could bound Senegambia, tell the course of the Xingú River, explain cube root with the blocks; and, before dislocating his antagonist's bones, could tell him the name of every one in his body. The little high-school girls who were hired to teach this school knew a few things, I suppose, that Clyde didn't, but they could really teach him nothing. He had been filled with a sort of craze for books and learning; but when he had reached this point and found nobody in the neighborhood to go farther with him, as is the case with many of our brightest country children, he began to get sick of school, much to the sorrow of his mother, Harriet, who had already begun to see in him a future college president or poet laureate. But Clyde found no more pleasure in partial payments, alligation alternate, and bounding the district of Saskatchewan. Purely because of our inferior and traditional school, he was disillusioned.

There was more fun in fighting; and there was a lot more fun in Johnnie Whipple—son of Eph Whipple, of Indian Ridge—a boy about his own age, who never had been able to get through common fractions. Johnnie was full of jokes and hated books. He was a fellow of such infinite jest that a Sunday with him, in town or country, was one of continuous joy. And why go on with reading and ciphering, why tackle algebra and elementary Latin, when Johnnie Whipple was so much more interesting, was alive, was ready for anything from a fight to a foot race, and would follow Clyde through fire and water?

You know how it is with these young Davids and Jonathans. It just seemed to thirteen-year-old Clyde Bohn as if the whole field of learning into which he had made such extensive explorations as to have exhausted them, so far as he could see, was a barren waste. The thing for the future was adventure—and adventure, which has made Funston a general, perverted Clyde into a tough boy, who hated books and family worship.

Do I seem to know more about Clyde's mental processes and spiritual yearnings than could be expected of an old duffer of a farmer who never talked with the boy for five minutes? Well, I have the best of facilities for finding out all about these things. I am Marion Dunham's grandpa—and Marion, not knowing just what's the matter with her, thinks she has a purely altruistic—and perhaps a literary or philosophical—interest in the subject of anatomy of character. She is the little girl who made thirteen or fourteen dollars on her school garden, you remember.

She confides to me that it seems as if she has a gift for seeing into the inmost souls of people. She doesn't know how she does it; but it seems sort of to come over her when she looks into a person's eyes. They tell her their secrets, aspirations, faults and fears—people do. It's wonderful! But I have never received from this pretty little analyst, in all her eighteen years of research, a report—even a progress bulletin—on the character of any human being but Clyde Bohn—or Clydie, as she sometimes familiarly calls him.

But isn't this an age of specialization? It was such, as long ago as the time of Doctor Holmes, who gives us a character who dared not claim to be a biologist, or a naturalist, or even an entomologist, but, having spent his life on beetles, did hope to deserve the title of scarabæist. Sweet little Marion, standing where the brook and river meet, but possibly a little downstream from the junction, is certainly a Clydeist. Consulting her from time to time, I can go on confidently in my examination of the problem of why Clyde and John Whipple wanted to leave the farm, and why they don't want to go now.

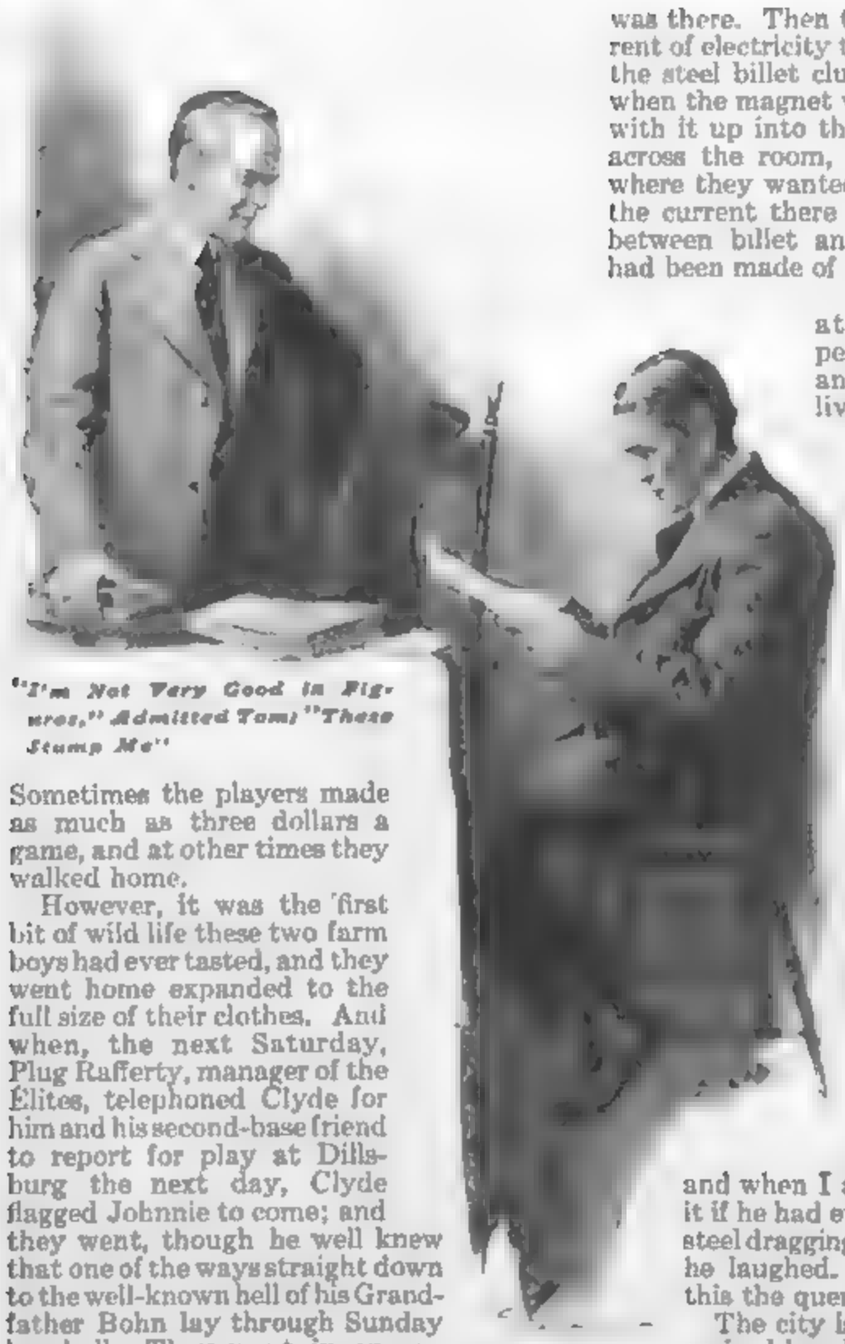
Clyde Bohn's Dark Past

IT WAS because there was no adventure on the farm. It was because nobody at the boys' homes appreciated them, but, on the contrary, they were driven to such loathsome tasks that the iron entered into their souls. It was because it seemed so humdrum to get up in the morning at six and milk; to carry in coal for the stoves; to curry sweaty horses, which would not stand like statues when their riders vaulted lightly to the ground from their backs, and did not understand the slightest pressure of the knee, or the horseman's softest word, as do the horses of adventurers. To be the garçon of the pigpen; never to see anything or be anybody or do anything but plow, harrow, sow, reap, mow, cultivate and feed! To be a rube all your life; to meet boys who have been to Chicago, and even to the ocean; and to know nothing except the Fairview neighborhood! To have fathers and mothers who wear country-looking clothes and have rough hands, when every story you read tells about people who are so different! To meet no girls except the ones you have always known, and who don't seem to have any of that subtle mystery, that lissom grace, that high-bred air, that thoroughbred carriage, that ability to swim up Niagara, to rope broncos, to sing in opera, to act in the movies, and to do everything—as the girls do in the novels of our popular authors!

Why, the very tramps bumming their way along the railroad had a better life than this, for they at any time might rescue someone from a burning house from which they had just been hounded by the honest watchdog! And how could a boy ever be a great inventor, or author, or actor, or athlete, in the Fairview neighborhood? The Fairview neighborhood was so unutterably punk!

Let me tell you, good American reader, that the country boys are feeling like that by the million; and as I fill up from my own experience the gaps in Marion's innocent narrative, which tells so much more than she imagines, I am strongly inclined to conclude that the greatest need for the country boy is adventure.

Marion says that Clyde never was a bad boy. Sometimes I suspect that she says this reluctantly, as if half hoping it isn't true. But he has a very dark past. It began with the drafting of Clyde and John in a ball game between the Élites of our county seat and the Alco Club, composed of the employees of the Affleck Lumber Company. Clyde played shortstop and John Whipple second base, and they pulled off a lightning double play, besides making some other hits, and established themselves in the esteem of the Élites, a club that played for what little could be collected at the gate, wherever it could get a game.



"I'm Not Very Good in Figures," Admitted Tom; "These Stump Me"

Sometimes the players made as much as three dollars a game, and at other times they walked home.

However, it was the first bit of wild life these two farm boys had ever tasted, and they went home expanded to the full size of their clothes. And when, the next Saturday, Plug Rafferty, manager of the Elites, telephoned Clyde for him and his second-base friend to report for play at Dillsburg the next day, Clyde flagged Johnnie to come; and they went, though he well knew that one of the ways straight down to the well-known hell of his Grandfather Bohn lay through Sunday baseball. They went in an automobile filled with hard-looking baseball players, which ran ten miles out of its way for them. Thus the telephone and the motorcar, those two agencies which are supposed to make country life one grand sweet song, literally grabbed these boys away—and that almost permanently.

The newspapers carry the idea to city people that the telephone, the automobile, rural free delivery, the parcel post and good roads have revolutionized country life and will stop the drift of farm people to the cities. There is a chance for a good deal of error in this; in fact, mighty erroneous ideas are already abroad. Many writers seem to think that it cures the isolation of rural life when we get our daily paper, our letters and our packages delivered by the carrier right at the front gate; when we can call up our neighbors over the wire and talk at will, or jump into the car and run almost any number of miles—to see them.

The Magnet and the Billet

They fail to see that unless our Clydes and Johnnies have something to talk about they won't get much company out of telephone connections with the neighbors' houses. The daily papers and other mail brought to our doors are a great convenience, but they don't build up community life much. They just put us in closer touch with the outside world. As for good roads and the automobile, it must be borne in mind that there is a mighty small mileage of good automobile roads in the country as compared with the farm frontage on public highways, and that the average farmer has, as yet, no car. Besides these facts, those of us who do own cars find the motoring better toward town than out into the way-back districts. That's one of the troubles with these new farm privileges. Though they do bring us farmers closer together, they bring us into more intimate contact with town life as well. It's as broad as it is long—or broader. The effect upon our staying on the farm or moving to town will depend on which of the new contacts is most agreeable.

I went to look over a great machine shop at Madison once and was shown an electric crane, which was a wonder. Instead of a hook or chains, it carried a great magnet which would swing all over the big room for the purpose of moving things made of iron and steel. The operator would drop this magnet on a billet of steel that twenty men couldn't have moved, and, so long as the magnet was not energized, as they called it, the billet of steel never knew the magnet was there. Then they would switch a current of electricity through the magnet, and the steel billet clung to it so fiercely that when the magnet was lifted the billet went with it up into the air, over men's heads, across the room, and down to the place where they wanted it. When they cut off the current there was no more attraction between billet and magnet than if both had been made of putty.

It made me think of the attraction of farming people to the lives they live and toward other ways of living. If the billet had been lying on a stronger magnet, and one equally energized, the crane magnet couldn't have moved it. It moved the billet because it was loose. The pull of the billet on the magnet was just as strong as the pull of the magnet on the billet, they tell me; but the magnet was hitched up to the machinery of the factory. If the billet had been attached to machinery stronger than that of the crane it would have moved the magnet and walked off with it.

It is all a question of power and attraction. I never heard that the billet ever controlled the magnet; and when I asked the fellow running it if he had ever heard of the piece of steel dragging the magnet off to its den, he laughed. He doubtless thought this the query of a typical hick.

The city is the magnet. It is energized by all the mighty currents of modern life. The rural people, especially the boys and girls, are pieces of good hard steel and iron, which feel the pull of the magnet and are carried off by it to its den because the base on which they stand has no attraction for them—or not enough. The telephone; the automobile; the parcel post; the daily paper; the city man's magazine; the macadam highway; rural free delivery; the movies reached from ten miles in half an hour instead of half a day; schools run by city girls and by country girls who are city-minded—schools conducted in slavish imitation of city schools, and not well conducted even as imitations; churches either not occupied or provided with young city preachers listening all the time for city calls; the more and more numerous acquaintances made by country people in the city—all these either deenergize the farm as a magnet or energize the big magnet and give it increased pull; though the attraction of the human billets to their jobs and to one another can be only slightly increased unless something bigger, better and more powerful is built up in rural life that will have more of a drag with us than the city has.

The increasing value of land cuts farmers loose from their base in the soil by giving them the capital with which to move to town; and, at the same time, by making the struggle of the landless farmer to buy land a pretty hopeless one, it cuts him loose from his base, too, by destroying his optimism. At least, that's the way it looks to me from my viewpoint as the official mossback of the Fairview neighborhood.

It was an open secret that Clyde Bohn was on the point of breaking with his father and grandfather when our new era began with the arrival of Frank and Daisy Wiggins. Clyde was asking his father for his time. Isaiah was in despair. He had reached the stage at which he was ready to do anything to keep his boy with him, but he didn't know what to do. We are an old-fashioned people and a patriarchal in some respects, and a father is his son's boss. When Clyde wanted his time it meant that he wished to cut this family bond; go out into the world and work for himself; buy his own clothes; board himself, and be industrially a stranger to the Bohn Farm. This seemed to Isaiah a good deal like burying him, and he refused; but he was not able to refuse in such a way as to avoid making the breach wider.

"You're a minor," said he to Clyde, "and I'm entitled to your wages, wherever you work. And I'll collect them too! Now you go out and plow corn and drop this. When you're twenty-one I don't expect you to think of your mother and me any more but till then you'll keep on just as you are. Do you hear me?"

"Then," said Clyde, "I'm nothing more than a slave!"

"You're no more a slave than I was at your age," cried Isaiah. "Slave! The idea! As good a home as you've got! Don't let me hear any more of this, young man."

"You let me have my way," demanded Clyde. "You let me have my way or I'll have it anyway!" And he went to the cornfield; for the habit of obedience sometimes persists after obedience itself has vanished.

Now Isaiah had come to feel that if Clyde would do only things that were not wicked he might amuse himself as he pleased and not do a lick of work—if he would only just stay at home and be good; but he was afraid to let Clyde go for fear he would go to Sunday baseball, pool playing, picnics with the town girls, and maybe poker playing and drinking. He was afraid to let him go; but the way he took of refusing convinced Clyde that all the Old Man wanted of him was the work he could do.

His whole short life convinced him of this sordid selfishness on his father's part. He had had given to him calves, colts, pigs and lambs; but when they grew up they were always his father's. He had no money and no regular way of getting any. Why didn't his father pay him something for his work and let him buy his own things? He asked himself this and could find no answer—except his father's greed. He never admitted to himself that his father couldn't mentally separate Clyde, his little boy, from the farm and that future when Clyde would have it all.

The few dollars that Plug Rafferty had paid him for playing baseball was a wonderful thing to him. He had walked home with John Whipple after the first game, and in many a hollow they had stopped and tossed back and forth those three silver dollars each which Plug had given them. It was wonderful! They had actually earned that money—and, still more wonderful, they had earned it by doing something that was play for them—not work.

The older I get, the more firmly I am convinced that this national efficiency of which we hear so much talk is to be achieved not by such tricks as doing things with the fewest possible motions, but by developing our industrial system to the point where everybody will work, as Clyde and Johnnie played ball, for the joy of it and not for the wage. Then it won't make so much difference about the false motions we make.

And the best that Isaiah had been able to do was to make Clyde believe that he was a slave! Not that Isaiah was peculiar in this; Clyde wasn't the only farm boy who felt the same way. Millions of the lads take a good deal the same view of their lives—that's what ails us. I guess my boys felt at times a good deal as Clyde did; but none of them had what Harriet Bohn, Clyde's mother, calls the lyric temperament, which, as I understand it, is the temperament that enables a boy of sixteen or eighteen to see in three silver dollars a symbol of freedom and joy and pleasure and wealth, achieved in perfectly corking ways, similar to those employed by Frank Merriwell. Any boy who doesn't know the gentleman to whom I refer I wish to congratulate—and pity.

Well, here was Clyde's crisis. According to my fair informant, the young hero, oppressed, misunderstood and worrying just terribly, spent many sleepless nights over it. Remembering my own youth, I am convinced that if he did it was in executive session with Johnnie Whipple. To all intents and purposes, the boys had already run away—all they awaited was the maturity of plans.

I shall fail—I am convinced of that—to make any of my readers understand what it still means, in such communities as ours, for a boy, the son of God-fearing parents and the scion of the family of an old settler, to run away. I sometimes read stories of boys disappearing, and then casually returning to their city homes, as if the thing were only a trifle instead of a tragedy as it is with us. I suspect that our city boys have really lost the ancient conception of the act of running away. We inherit our terror of it, I think, from the old days, not very long ago, when the boy who ran away from the farm went to sea or to the forest.

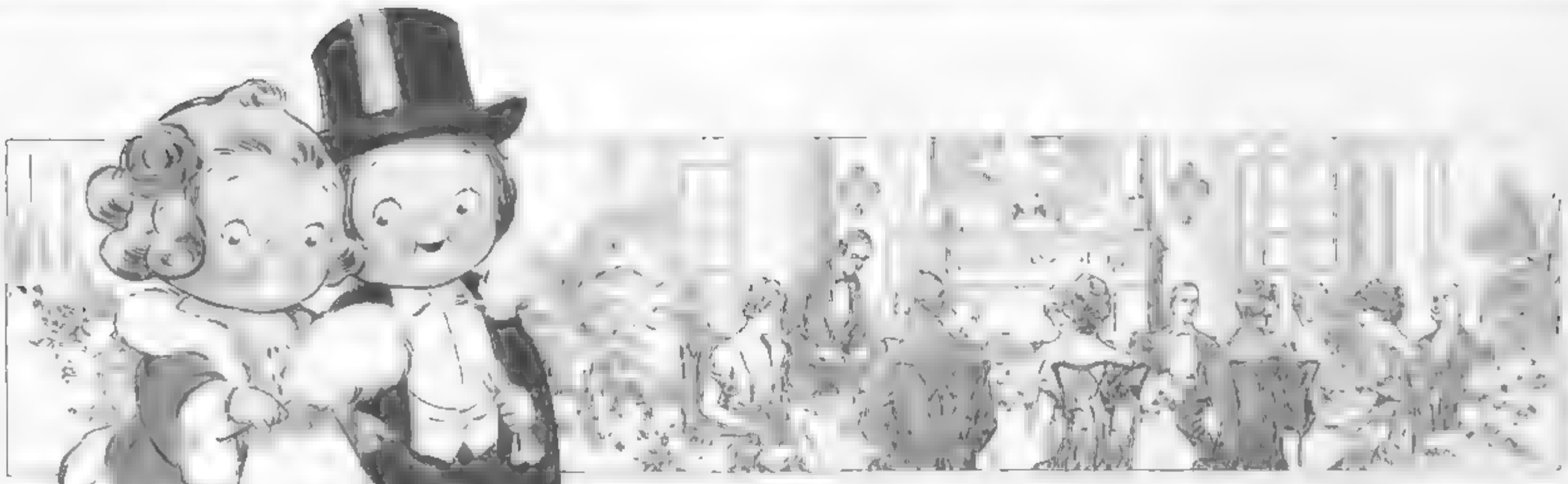
Old-Fashioned Runaways

His mother lay through the sleepless nights, shuddering at the thought of reeling masts dipping their yards in climbing surges, as the ship dropped between the swells, with a speck clinging to the yard—which was her boy. Then the cry of an owl in the grove would cause to flash on the screen of her imagination the prowling Indian or the howling wolf. That was running away when I was a boy, and still more so in my father's time, down in Maine. And even now the farm boy does not leave home, but runs away. The expression carries the notion of a slave, or at least of an indentured servant, breaking his bonds and losing his master the money invested in him, with this difference—the breach is wider when the son goes, because in going he also breaks the Commandments.

There is an unspoken feeling on the part of the runaway son, especially if he has the lyric temperament—which, I notice, manifests itself in Fairview in licking other boys and playing a good game as shortstop—that, even if he runs away as a bluff, he becomes a recreant and a nincompoop unless he makes his bluff good. The runaway must not return. That is giving in and crawling back and failing in the essence of the test. He may and usually does look forward to the time, not so many years off, when he will sweep up to the door he is never supposed to darken again and, alighting from his huge car with red wheels, convince his parents of his identity—with some difficulty, their eyes being dazzled by the sparkle of his diamonds—and then lead from the car a beautiful lady in rustling silks, saying magnanimously: "Father and mother, all is forgiven! Meet my wife!"

(Continued on Page 30)

The Few Dollars That Plug Rafferty Had Paid Him for Playing Baseball Was a Wonderful Thing to Him



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(Continued from Page 28)

Unless he can do something like this, he must not come back. He must show them! After years have passed, and the car and diamonds and silks and velvets fail to materialize, he may properly return, because then he is old himself and sees things differently. But usually he doesn't return. It is a long way from the end of the rainbow to the farm, and the old ties weaken and the new ties strengthen—or maybe the new ties are the sort that just stretch out ahead between the rails, and you blunder on, using them to walk upon whenever it isn't possible to get the brakeman to overlook your presence in some empty going back to the mines.

Clyde and Johnnie were just ready to make the break when something happened that, I believe, will put such things out of the minds of the boys of the Fairview neighborhood forever.

They were to leave home on Saturday. Clyde was promised by Plug Rafferty a job in a livery stable so long as he played shortstop for the Elites. Plug agreed to protect Clyde's wages against any suit his father might bring by slipping him a piece of money after every game and arranging that the livery-stable management should pay Plug ten dollars a month for Clyde's account and give the boy a place to sleep among the horse blankets and lap robes back of the office, from which smelly lair he was to emerge when called by the bell for night duty.

Johnnie was given a situation in Rafferty's pool hall as a—I was about to say—billiard marker; but it would have been a concession to English literature if I had. Every cast-off worthless son of a gentleman in the British books I have read ekes out—the words "ekes out" always appear—"ekes out," I repeat, "a precarious existence as a billiard marker." I do not know, however, what a billiard marker is. If there is one in the world I am sure he is not in the Mississippi Valley.

Johnnie, however, was to rack up the balls, keep the tables clean, and play pool for the house when business was slack, getting his board and bed from Plug and his money from baseball—which comes about as near to the duties of a billiard marker as is possible in the Corn Belt. Need I dwell on the gulf that opened before the feet of these two young rustics? No.

The Reverend Frank Wiggins had just pitched his tent in the churchyard of the old Winebrennerian temple and was beginning his career as a really rural preacher. Daisy was rejoicing in the prospect of living in a tent as a present-day pioneer in the missionary field of the Corn Belt rural church. Frank had already thimblerigged me out of the fifteen acres of marsh, and had wheedled Clyde's grandfather into letting him drain it by pumping the water across the road on Abel's land. He was fishing for men and boys now, and, being a crack pitcher, was taking a census of the baseball material in the neighborhood. Bill Ames was his first victim; and from Bill he had obtained the names of all the fellows in the neighborhood who constituted baseball material, actual or potential.

The Baseball Cure

"Clyde Bohn," said Bill, "is a corker at short. He can play third too. I can dub round pretty well at short, but I can't play third for sour apples."

The next morning, which was Friday, Frank was scurrying about on his motorcycle, with his handbills, announcing the services the next Sunday, when he met Clyde.

"Say," said he, "you're just the chap I wanted to see."

"What for?" asked Clyde gruffly, for he felt no interest in Frank or his church project; in fact, he regarded his own interest in Fairview and Fairview affairs of all sorts definitely at an end forever—or, at least, until that time when he could return in the high-powered car, and the rest of it.

"Baseball," said Frank. "We're going to play on the Dunham lot to-morrow morning."

"Who?" inquired Clyde, who would have spent his last breath turning over to see even one play in a game of baseball.

Frank hurried over such of his list as he could remember and hinted at an organized team.

"Do you play?" asked Clyde.

"I pitch," replied Frank. "I was a pretty good pitcher in college."

"Did you make the team?" asked Clyde.

"Two seasons," said Frank; "but I must be all out of form now. I hear you're a third baseman."

"Shortstop," stated Clyde. "Bill Ames told you I'm a third baseman. He always wants to play short himself."

"How is he?" asked Frank.

"Well," said Clyde, "of course we ain't any of us in the varsity class, but Bill is good. Plug Rafferty says Bill fields at short better than I do. We hit about alike, but I've got a better whip."

"Then you're better at third than he," suggested Frank.

"Maybe," admitted Clyde.

Before they got through with this fanning bee, Clyde had agreed to report for practice the next day and bring Johnnie Whipple with him. The idea of a Fairview team rather appealed to him, but as something with which, as one who was passing out of the Fairview life, he had no personal interest—but he would come out just the same.

Before the game was over he had accepted the position of third baseman of the team, with Bill Ames at short and Johnnie Whipple at second. He seconded Bill Ames' motion that they cut out Sunday games and all go to church, so long as the pitcher preached for them. Isaiah was moved to say to his son that he believed Brother Wiggins was going to do a great work among them and that Clyde was at liberty to take as many afternoons off to practice as seemed necessary.

"I guess we can afford to do as much for the neighborhood," said Isaiah, "as any of the neighbors."

This from Isaiah was the moral equivalent of an embrace, a blessing and a new covenant of love on the part of almost any other man.

Clyde Decides to Stay

The Bohns are undemonstrative. They are firm, too; and the Reverend Mr. Wiggins, who had counted on baseball and the meetings in the schoolhouse, and afterward in the church, to cure Clyde of his dislike for the country, even though he had no definite worthy purposes with reference to the city, was gradually forced to the conclusion that the boy's ailment was too deep-seated for that. The Bohn ice was too thick over things at home: an ice of manners and customs, which kept Isaiah from talking with the boy about their bettered relations—Clyde wouldn't have been able to discuss them, himself, for that matter—or changing conditions of life much for him. Isaiah just assumed that Clyde had had a boyish tantrum or so, and had seen the error of it—still putting Clyde in the wrong.

Therefore, he made a special effort to be considerate of the boy for about a week; and then, under the drive of the season, things became a good deal as they had been before—except that Clyde and Plug Rafferty had drifted apart, and that both he and Johnnie were really proud of the Fairview Baseball Team, which, built round the minister as pitcher, Bill at short, Johnnie at second and Clyde at third, was a good deal better team than we shall have again for a long time, now that both Clyde and Johnnie have quit. Clyde was captain, too; and that held him.

In short, the baseball team gave all the boys some pleasure and some responsibility. Pleasures and responsibilities are great anchors. If Isaiah had known how to give his son his welcome into real life as his father's partner, with the attendant responsibilities and pleasures, Clyde's cure would have been complete.

But Isaiah didn't know how.

At this time the new rural school came along. It came in the person of Tom Whelpley, Fairview's New Hired Man, the Principal of our Consolidated Rural School.

Tom arrived on the scene just at the time when Clyde's second crisis was on. Allen Whipple, Johnnie's elder brother, had come home from Butte, where he worked in a copper mine; and both Johnnie and Clyde had become fired with the ambition to go to the mines—not with Allen, who would not have thought of such a thing as enticing the boys away, but to the mines, considered in a sort of broad, general way. What they really wanted was adventure and money of their own. Give the boys those two things on the farm and they'll stay. I have told you how the Reverend Frank tried to impose on us as County Demonstrator this Tom Whelpley, a Tennessee hill-billy with an agricultural education and a great talent for country living. We kicked, and had to take him as Principal of our new Consolidated Rural School.

(Concluded on Page 33)

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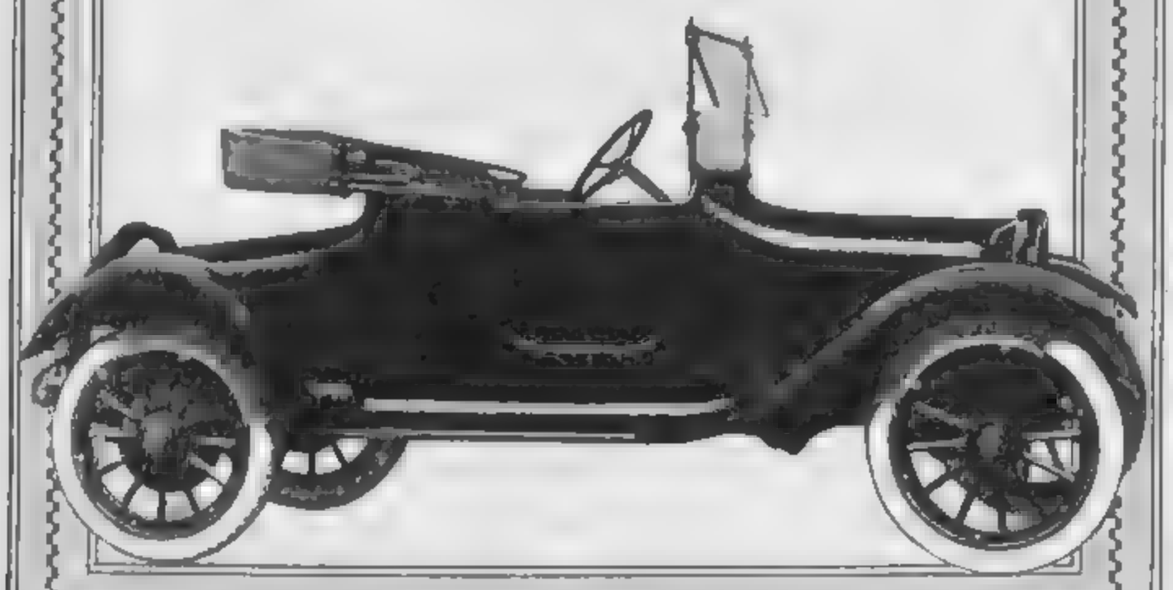

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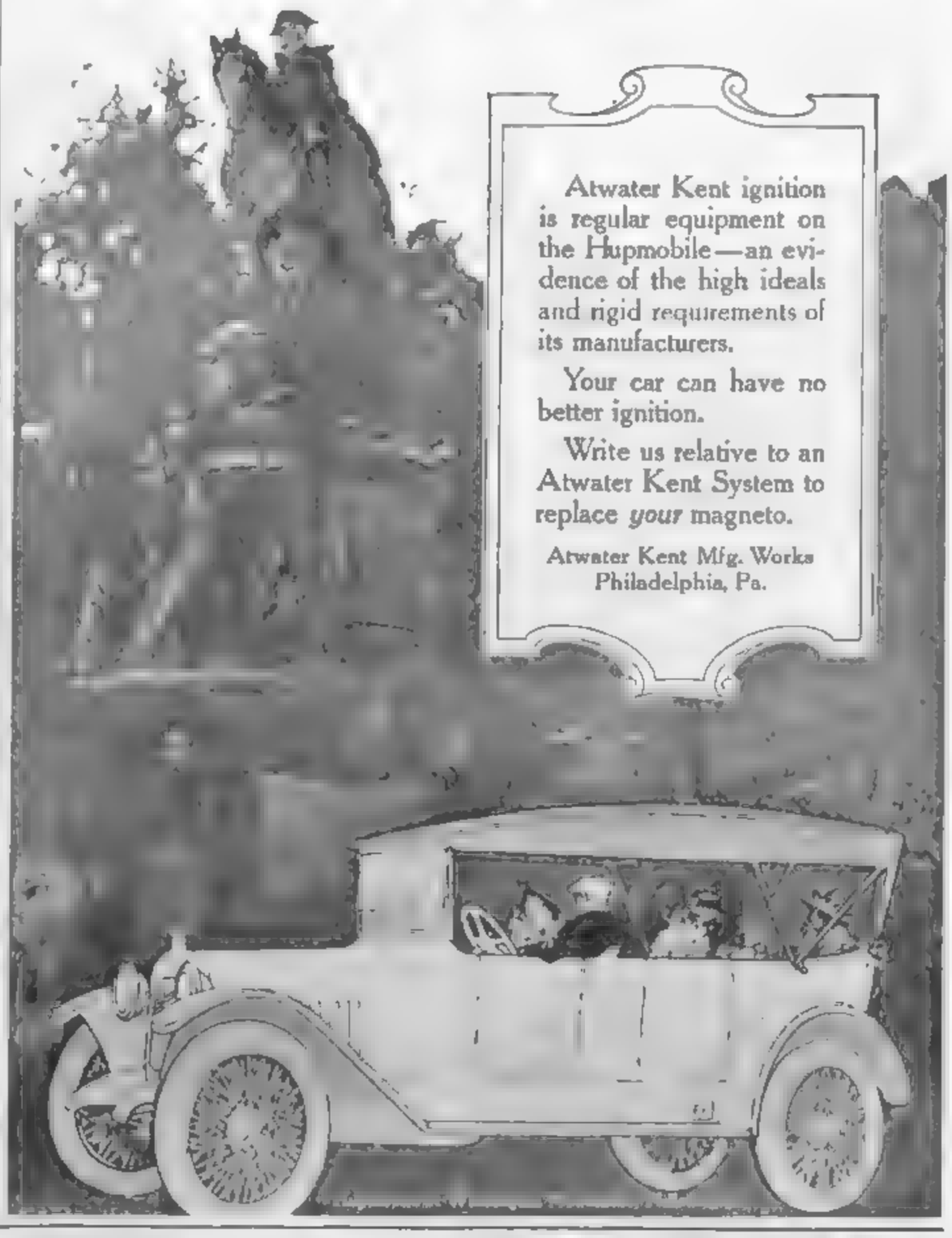

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The little matter of 15c in stamps or coin will bring you the Pathfinder 13 weeks on trial. The Pathfinder is an illustrated weekly, published at the Nation's Center, for the Nation, a paper that prints all the news of the world and that tells the truth and only the truth; now in its 23d year. This paper fills the bill without emptying the purse, it costs but $1 a year. If you want to keep posted on what is going [illegible] of time or money, this is your means. If you want a paper in your home which is [illegible] the Pathfinder is yours. If you would appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, fairly, briefly—here it is. Send 15c to show that you might like such a paper and we will send the Pathfinder on probation 13 weeks. The 15c does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in new Friends. The Pathfinder, Box 73, Washington, D. C.

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BEACON FALLS RUBBER SHOE CO.
Booklet D Beacon Falls, Conn.

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Can be used on ceiling, wall or table. Burns 16 hours on a quart of oil.

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(Concluded from Page 30)

The new lever for moving things—a ruralized school—broke up the plans of Clyde and Johnnie by winning Johnnie. He had a natural bent for mechanics, and when that drunken fellow, Adolph Tulp—he has never tasted liquor since—was enlisted by Tom Whelpley to teach the boys of the school how to tie all the knots he had picked up as a sailor, how to handle tools, and especially how to do blacksmith work, he won Johnnie back to the school and away from the mines.

John Whipple actually began to search for broken things to mend on the Whipple Farm—especially things made of iron. He had been out of school for two years and refused to attend because there was nothing going on there that interested him. Now he became Adolph's right-hand man in the shop, presiding over the forge.

He is the boy who made the ornamental lantern, which Adolph says is the forerunner of an art in our ironworking that will rebuild in America the wrought-iron art of Old Nuremberg.

The Good Tom Whelpley Did

How Tom got Clyde is of small consequence compared with the big fact that he did get him—saved him to country life and kept country life from being impoverished by his loss; and yet, to me, it is worth noting as an instance of the sort of work the new kind of rural teacher must do if we are to have the new kind of rural life—a life that can give cards and spades to the sort of existence most of us farmers have to live when we move to town, and beat it.

Tom is a persistent fellow—he had to be to work his way through one college; and when he made his decision that he was country-minded, and could not succeed in city schools, he had to proceed to work his way through another, taking so many years for it that he came to us at the beginning of his real career with gray in his hair.

He tried everything as a bait for Clyde—and everything failed for two years. He tried him on corn-and-pig-club work; but Clyde wasn't interested. He tried him on cow testing, and was defeated by the skepticism of Isaiah. He tried him on cornroot-aphis control, but Clyde became disgusted when his father insisted that it was the ants which injured the corn, and that Tom's story that all the ants were doing was to take care of the aphis, which they use as people use cows, was too thin for a practical farmer to believe.

And then my little granddaughter, Marion, who has always insisted that Clydie is a good but much-misunderstood boy, told Tom how smart Clyde used to be in figures—and Tom's face lit up like that of a detective when he strikes the unmistakable clew.

That night he went to see Clyde. He took with him a mass of figures relating to the costs of farming in Fairview—the expenses; the values of land; the seasonal crises in work; the prices of the various crops; the balancing of rations for livestock; the cheapening of maintenance rations for taking stock through the winter; the comparative profitableness of various farms.

"I need help," said he to Clyde.

"What kind of help?" asked Clyde.

"I'm not very good in figures," admitted Tom; "and these figures stump me—some of them."

Some of them stump the professors of agricultural economics, and Tom knew it; but he was putting on his celebrated sketch showing a person in the act of being as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove.

"Here it says," said Clyde, looking over the data, "that it costs Jim Milligan so much an acre for labor for every acre of corn. Where did these figures come from?"

"Young Barney Milligan brought them in," answered Tom. "And that's another trouble. I am not quite sure that all these figures are accurate. A boy or girl has to have a sense of quantity in order to get these facts right—and Barney is better in almost anything else than in figures."

"Why do you call tobacco on the Myers place," asked Clyde, still delving into the figures, "as profitable as barley, when the figures show that the barley brings in a third more for every hour of labor than the tobacco?"

"Well," said Tom, "that's another thing of which I'm not sure. You see, we loaded the figures for varying conditions."

"Loaded figures!" exclaimed Clyde—for please remember he was no Zerah Colburn in mathematics, but just a good, bright arithmetic pupil—"I never heard of loaded figures."

"Well, you see," replied Tom, "barley competes with corn plowing and the hay harvest. A lot of the work on tobacco is done in the winter, when time isn't so valuable. It is the same with work done on livestock. These problems are hard—but it wouldn't be right, would it, to call time put in on livestock or tobacco equal, hour for hour, to the time put in on barley?"

"No," said Clyde; "I don't suppose it would."

"Would you mind helping me on these things?" asked Tom.

"I'd like to," replied Clyde. "I never thought there was much to farm figures—but there is, ain't there?"

"The most difficult accounting I know anything about," replied Tom. "We have no really satisfactory system of farm bookkeeping or farm economics. If we work out the thing in this school we have a chance to find out more about it than they know down at the Agricultural College; and they'll be glad to have our figures."

"Well," said Clyde, "I think the best thing I can do is to spend a few evenings on my wheel checking up these figures right on the farms. Barney isn't the only one who can get them wrong. As fast as I get 'em down to cases I can come to the schoolhouse and we'll put them in shape. You know a lot more about it than I do, but I believe I do know when a thing is true."

In a week Isaiah asked Clyde gruffly when he was going to get through monkeying round with Tom Whelpley; and Clyde told him that he would enter school again—if his father didn't care. Isaiah, tickled to death, said he didn't care. Clyde informed him that in working out some figures for Tom Whelpley he had discovered that, in order to understand them, he had to do some studying; besides, Tom had placed him in charge of the class in farm accounts, under the supervision of Mr. Whelpley.

Clyde had succumbed to the lure! It has made a new boy of him. What he needed—what all our boys and girls need—is to have work they can look up to, and Tom Whelpley showed Clyde Bohn—as he shows all our young folks—that there is plenty in farming which any man who studies it may well look up to; for it is work for the brain as well as for the brawn. He interprets farm life; and all it needs is interpretation to be seen as the most fascinating business in the world. There is adventure in it and some money—and what boys need is adventure and some money.

Clyde's New Job

Isaiah has made some kind of deal with Clyde that gives him money now—and he puts it right into the bank. He has quit the baseball team because he is too busy to play. He has undertaken to work out the actual relative profits of labor and capital on all the farms from which the school can get data—and most of us are giving our figures in now; and Tom says Clyde will be an authority on farm economics in ten years. He is a local authority now, and prouder of his farm skill than he ever used to be of his baseball.

He is so proud that he is in a great dilemma. He came over to see Marion the other evening to tell her about it. The Farmers' Exchange Bank at the county seat wants a clerk, and twenty town boys are after the job. Mr. Avery, the president of the bank, has attended several of our meetings in the assembly room of the Fairview School, and has been impressed with Clyde's business ability. So he has offered Clyde the place in the bank.

"You'll have a great opportunity for advancement," said Mr. Avery to Clyde. "You have the basis of a fundamental understanding of the farming business. More than half our banking business is with farmers; and we do this with nobody on the board of directors or holding an office in the institution who understands farming The coming banker in the Corn Belt ought to be educated in agricultural economics. Come with us and you will find plenty of work and responsibility."

"I tell you, Uncle Abner," said Clyde the evening when he and Marion came to tell me the wonderful news, "I can't help thinking of all that Mr. Whelpley and the new school have done for me and saved me from!"

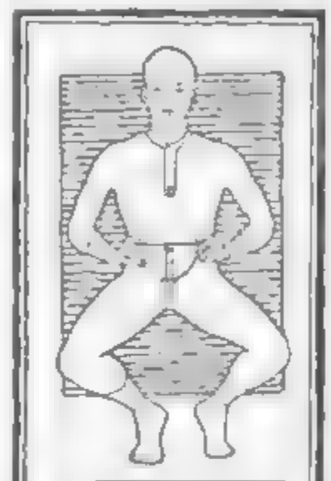
"You'd never have gone wrong, anyhow!" said Marion.

"Well," said I, "what are you going to do, Clyde—be a banker or a farmer?"

"If you don't mind," said Clyde, blushing, "I think I'll leave that to Marion."

The new Underwear for Men and Boys

10-rib Warmth



More Elasticity More Warmth

12 Superiorities 12

1. Mayo 10 rib fabric
2. Mayo mule-spun yarn
3. Mayo rip-proof seams
4. Sleeves and legs shaped to fit
5. Full-size arm-holes
6. No Binding at elbows
7. All edges laundry-proofed
8. Snug fitting collar and shoulders
9. Snug-fit cuffs and ankles
10. Mayo reinforced crotch
11. Full-size seat
12. Big, strong pearl buttons

12 Superiorities 12

Turn your winter into June

Brother! Just get your fingertips *inside* a Mayo 10-rib garment and feel that fleeced inner surface.

"Velvety," say you. Right. Imagine how good it feels when the icicles hang from the house 10 inches to 1½ feet long.

But the velvety hug of Mayo Underwear is due to far more than its fleeced inner surface. Mayo is the *only* moderate-cost underwear that's knit in the dollar way—with ten ribs per inch instead of 8.

You can easily prove that by putting a ruler next to the fabric and *counting* those 10 ribs.

Does that close, snug, 10-rib knitting turn winter into June? It *does!* Will it turn *your* winter into June? It *will!* Get your Mayo underwear before winter gets *you*.

Men's Single Garments *Men's Union Suits*

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Those who prefer the old style 8-rib garments will find Mayo 8-rib Underwear an excellent value.

Mayo

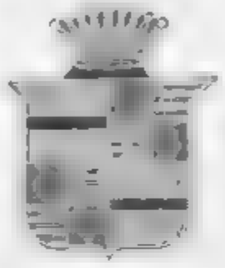
The same 10-rib knitting that's found in dollar underwear

All dealers have Mayo Underwear or can very quickly get it for you.

THE MAYO MILLS, MAYODAN, N. C.

Cadillac
Standard of the World

What the World knows about the Cadillac



THE plain facts about the Cadillac are sufficiently impressive.

One very important fact is the universal admission of its greater goodness.

It is scarcely too much to say that out of all the hundreds of thousands of owners of other cars, no one thinks of denying its place to the Cadillac.

The Cadillac is a car which most men hope to own some day.

This does not necessarily imply dissatisfaction with, or lack of loyalty to the cars they now own.

It simply means a deep-rooted respect for the Cadillac as an unusual car.

In most instances they have been restrained from Cadillac ownership by money considerations.

But once they have passed that seeming barrier, they find that it was not a barrier at all.

Ownership of a Cadillac always reveals the fact, that the slightly higher first-cost is as nothing to the greater comfort, longer life and greater sustained-value.

The more you study it, the more you are impressed with this universal admiration for the Cadillac.

It practically amounts to a unanimous national vote of confidence and esteem.

It means that the average man, even when about to buy another car, feels in his inmost heart that he might better own a Cadillac.

That being true—and your own experience undoubtedly tells you that it is true—it is of course a mistake for a man not to follow his instinct.

Because an instinct which amounts to a positive conviction is, with the average man of clear judgment, almost invariably sound and right.

If you have even an indefinite feeling that, in a Cadillac, you would obtain qualities which other cars will not yield—that feeling cannot be satisfied by any car other than a Cadillac.

Those qualities which you believe to exist undoubtedly do exist, else the widespread conviction would not exist.

And it is precisely these rare refinements of operation, and this excess of ease and comfort which you sense in the Cadillac, that constitute real motor car value.

The differences between the Cadillac and other cars are differences in intensity and continuousness of comfort.

They are vital differences because they affect the quality of your enjoyment.

They result in making each moment you spend in the Cadillac a different kind of a moment—more highly colored with contentment and comfort.

All this, of course, arises from the Cadillac ideas of standardization, and from a more careful, a more costly, a more conscientious, a more accurate process of manufacturing, and co-ordination.

How profound and important this difference actually is—even though he senses it in a general way—the average man cannot fully realize until he has made actual comparisons.

It is so marked, so exhilarating, so full of a satisfaction never before experienced, that he can scarcely credit it.

When he does realize it, he sees that it would have been the height of unwisdom to deny himself, for the sake of a few hundred dollars in first-cost, the luxury of sensation and the years of complete satisfaction which come with Cadillac ownership.

The Type 55 Cadillac will be available with a complete variety of body styles, as follows: SEVEN PASSENGER CAR, PHAETON, ROADSTER, and CLUB ROADSTER, $2080. CONVERTIBLE STYLES SEVEN PASSENGER $2650, VICTORIA, $2550. ENCLOSED CARS: COUPÉ, $2800, BROUGHAM, $2950, LIMOUSINE, $3600; LANDAULET $3750; IMPERIAL, $3750. Prices include standard equipment, F. O. B. Detroit. Prices are subject to advance without notice.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

THE PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN

(Continued from Page 7)

mothers abandon their babies to the Sister waiting within, and slink away unseen; the leper hospital, a frightful place conspicuously located and with its windows filled with broken panes—can it possibly neglect its patients as it does its windows?—and last but in a crescendo of interest, the cemetery.

The tourist jots them down and says:

"Let's make a real day of it. Where's the morgue?"

Dying in Cuba is very interesting. For the poor it must be much more so than living. Life has been a stale thing of eternal sunshine, tourists, tobacco and a few clothes—very few—of fish stewed in rancid oil, and horse meat, and polenta, and taking the cow out for a walk.

Yes, the Havana cow must be taken for a daily walk. They used to keep the cows shut in dark stables all their lives, but Leonard Wood, who may at some time have known a cow, and has at any rate a kind feeling toward all cows, made a law that the cow should have its daily outing. I have seen mothers airing the baby in a go-cart with much the same expression of boredom as these cow owners wear. The cows, however, enjoy it, and look in the shop windows, and kick at dogs, and pretend to run up alleys, all in the best bovine manner.

Then they go home and give milk at eighty cents a gallon to residents, and Lord knows what to tourists.

But we were on the way to the cemetery. I have no criticism of the Cuban funeral in mind. Goodness knows dying is uninteresting enough. If the aftermath of it can be made into a pageant, why not? The one who ought to be most concerned does not care, and if for a time drama takes the place of grief, is it not really better? Anyhow, who are we, to criticize? We parade our black as the Cuban parades his scarlet and gold. We are just as theatrical, but not so naïve.

The cemetery is crowded—indeed, one may not buy a permanent grave there. It costs three dollars to rent a grave for one year, and five dollars for two years. At the end of ten years every body must be lifted to make room for others. The rich have a way of getting about this, however. They build stone-lined graves, and put the caskets in, one on another. At the end of ten years, or on the occasion of a new death, the lowest casket is lifted and its contents put in a small box, for which a place is provided.

In a Cuban Cemetery

But the poor only have ten years, and then, even if the rent is paid and everything is in order, their poor bones are dug up and gathered in bushel baskets, and put in the bone yard. I have watched it done. I did not know what I was going to. My idea of a cemetery is of eternal peace, and growing flowers, and trying to figure out the ages of people from their tombstones, and generally ignoring its *raison d'être*. But a ghoul in human clothing leaped on the running board of the car, and directed the driver to things I had no wish to see.

The graves were shallow, the diggers hardly more than to their waists. It was like Hamlet, only the properties were real. Now and then one stooped and, bringing up a skull, flung it into his bushel basket. So far removed seemed these moldering bones from their past that the sight was not horrible. But it was indecent. It robbed death of its dignity. I could not forgive it.

The ghoul left, muttering discontentedly over the dollar we paid to get rid of him.

Here is the great tomb of Gomez, the "beloved Cuban." He was the grand old man of Cuba, and wreaths show that he is not forgotten. The government had granted him a hundred thousand dollars just before he died. Cynics say that the surprise killed him. Here is another tomb, with a pitying angel mounting guard over it. Eight boys lie here, none over sixteen. They were of prominent Cuban families, and were executed for a treason which it was shown afterward they had never committed.

When one thinks of what Cuba suffered under Spain it is not surprising that they are suspicious of us and fear us. We are strong and powerful, and they have suffered hideously.

Women do not go to Cuban funerals. The men go, riding in fiacres to the gate of the cemetery. There, outside in the road, they alight and, hat in hand; follow the great hearse. By its horses, two or four, or in case a wealthy family has suffered loss, eight or more, can be gauged the position of the mourners. Even the sex of the dead person is indicated, the driver wearing an elaborate red costume for a man and the trappings of the hearse showing the same color. Black is used in the same way for a woman, and white for a young girl. Color denotes a great deal. Thus through the cemetery are green crosses, which mark the graves of lepers.

The hearse drives in, and stops beside a building at the left of the great gate. Here is a marble slab, and I believe the law is that the casket be taken out and placed on this slab to be opened. This is not always done, but the hearse is opened and the casket inspected. Having satisfied himself that no fraud is being practiced, the official in charge rings a bell which hangs over the slab, and the *cortège* moves on. When it is all over, the chief mourner stands bareheaded, and his friends gather about him and shake his hand, and at last go away in the waiting fiacres.

It is all impressive and orderly, and very much of a pageant.

Where English is Not Spoken

They seem to have a great deal of money, the Cubans. The planters live on great estates, and before the war spent their playtime in Europe. They bought their jewels, their cars and much of their clothing abroad. Now they are coming to the United States, and I hope our resort hotels treat them better than their hotels treat us. They travel often in large family groups, with maids and servants, and the women chatter on verandas, and rock, and—grow fat.

The young Cuban girls are many of them very lovely, but the older women are not particularly attractive. Now and then one sees a woman of forty who has kept her figure and her skin—they always have their eyes—and is still beautiful. But with most of them indolence gets in its work early. The men, as a class, are short, unimpressive and inclined to solidity rather than grace. They ogle women, but are not discourteous.

As for amusements, there are not many. There is good opera in the season, with orchestra chairs eight dollars each. The visitor will get little out of the theaters, where of course only Spanish is spoken. In fact, he will get very little out of any amusement except the races and the movies, neither of which requires a knowledge of the language.

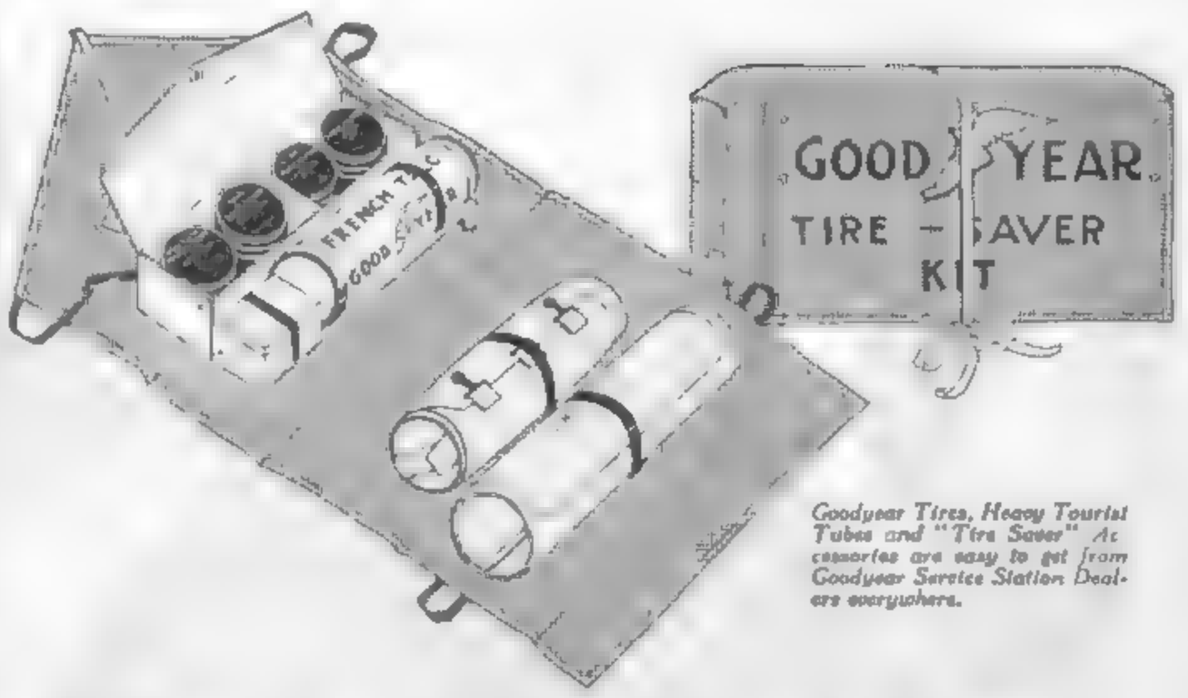
And here is another illusion gone. There be those among us who maintain that the English language is practically universal and will take them anywhere. Let them try it in Cuba.

Havana is so close, indeed Cuba is so close, that many consider the language there a sort of mongrel Spanish-English. It is nothing of the sort. I have had more difficulty buying a cage for the parrot in Spanish—I was always buying a cage for him. He used his beak like a can opener—I have had more trouble doing that, within a short distance of the coast of Florida, than I have had talking to the Sikhs from India, in Flanders.

Outside of Havana the country at the western end of the island is uninteresting. The soil is thin and not unduly fertile. Sugar cane and tobacco flourish, however, and palms give a tropical sky belied by the temperature, which is mild and even cold at night. The best tobacco is grown under cheesecloth, which protects it from insects and possibly from frosts. I am not sure about the frosts. Probably, in their letters of indignation, the tourist agents will remind me that there are no frosts. I grant it in advance.

Tobacco! Sometimes I wonder if it is not the lure of tobacco that sets our office-bound and unimaginative males on the southern track. The vision of a twenty-five-cent-straight cigar for eight dollars a hundred—is that not the vision they follow? For hardly has a man set foot in Havana

(Continued on Page 37)



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AKRON

He says, "Here are three Jacks" But are they?

IF YOU doubt his statement, he will show you the cards. If they are what he says, you must take them into your own hand. If they are not, he takes them back. And the player who is rid of his entire hand first, wins! "I Doubt It"—just one of the many simple, jolly card games that you can learn from "The Official Rules of Card Games," our book of 300 games. New revised edition just printed. With this book and a pack of

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THE goal that every tire user seeks to make is Most Miles per Dollar, with the utmost riding luxury and the least worry and expense.

Firestone Teamwork brings this goal within easy reach. The efficient training of the greatest army of tire specialists, gathered into one institution, international distribution, the "backs" ready to pass you Firestone Service everywhere every moment, all work together to give you the goal, Most Miles per Dollar.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER CO.
"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"
Akron, Ohio Branches and Dealers Everywhere

(Continued from Page 35)

before he is buying cigars madly, recklessly. He goes out to buy a cane, and brings back a box of perfectos. He hunts an American bar, and lo, he brings back a case of assorted sizes, all in neat little wooden compartments, to be at once his pride and his grief. For he wishes to show it to other tourists, and he wishes also to take it home intact. In idle minutes he raises the lid and gloats over it.

I watched this tobacco craze, not only in my own family, where it assumed outrageous proportions and filled all the trunks, but from what is occasionally known as a rubberneck wagon.

I knew a woman once who said she intended to smoke cigarettes, because she had always wanted to have a vice. In something the same way I have always wanted to ride in a rubberneck wagon. Among the people I know this is regarded as an indiscretion, and when I mention it they change the subject. But in Havana, feeling that I was held so low in public esteem that I could fall no lower, I took a trip in one of them.

It was, of course, a clandestine journey. I enjoyed it thoroughly. All the scandals of the city were served up to us through a megaphone by a most unpleasant, red-nosed guide. And although he blared them, he gave always the impression of talking behind his hand. We went through the back ways, and stopped in front of the Foundling Asylum, where the guide assured us that ninety per cent of the children were illegitimate, and that Weyler turned two thousand of them out on the street without shelter, and put soldiers in the building.

"What year was that?" asked a woman next to me. She carried a small book in which she recorded dates, nothing else. I saw a page of it. It looked like a page of logarithms, or a pinochle score. We went past the leper hospital rapidly, because some of the women were nervous. And we looked up at the penitentiary, of course. But our real destination was the cemetery. Here the guide revived more scandals, and asked us to look into an opened tomb, and pointed out small green lizards scurrying about, and was generally merry.

Cigar-Buying the Favorite Sport

But I could see that my neighbors of the male sex were uneasy. They wriggled. Sometimes they yawned. Even the cemetery only amused them temporarily. And at last the truth came out. We were next to visit a tobacco factory where cigars could be not only seen in the making but bought amazingly cheap.

Now there are plenty of cigar factories at home. I live in a city famous, for instance, for its stogies. Yet I cannot think of any power that would make me spend part of a holiday seeing them made. So we wandered upstairs and down, and tried to look thrilled at the skill of the man who is paid an enormous salary for sorting leaves according to their color—although they were all brown, and what does it matter, anyhow, since they are going to be burned up? I would just as soon pay extra for particularly shiny coal for the furnace. As we went on the men in the party grew more calm. They inspected everything with the attitude of experts, who were on their own ground now and couldn't be fooled. And at last we reached the salesroom where the guide would make no move to go until every man had bought more than he intended. Then, every one having paid up, the guide collected his commission.

I remember one thing that seems to me rather interesting. These cigar makers work in a large room. There may be a hundred men at work, each with his small table, like a school desk, before him. It is a highly specialized trade, is cigar making. It pays well. Luxuries always seem to pay more than necessities.

While the cigar makers are working they are being read to! There is a high seat in the center of the room, the reader's place. He reads them the papers, novels, magazines. They each pay him twenty cents a week, and a good reader can make two hundred dollars a week. So the cigar makers of Havana are among the best informed men in the world of workers.

The cigar business is dull now. Great Britain imports no fine cigars since the war, and all the foreign markets are smaller. But America continues to use a great many.

From tobacco to food is not such a jump, although the order is usually reversed. Food is always an important matter to the tourist. I know a woman who ate her way through Europe. She remembered Basel by its cheese, and Innsbruck for its fruit compote, and Vienna for its pastry, and Berlin for its heavy German soups, and Brussels for its *hors d'œuvres*. She knew every restaurant in Europe, but not a museum or an art gallery or an opera house. But when she reached Paris she had to learn about dressmakers, for all her clothes had to be let out.

The epicurean tourist will not be thrilled in Havana. True, there are the Moorish crabs, which are a new experience and worth while. But experiment is dangerous. I wandered into a native restaurant and ordered a soup by its place on the bill of fare. It came in, fish boiled in olive oil that was a long, long time from the olive. Now a badly burned case in a hospital is sometimes wrapped in olive-oil dressings, and after a day or two everyone knows there is a burned case in that ward. I got up and went sadly away.

At a café on the Malecon one sits on a balcony round and above a roofless dancing floor. The cooking is pseudo-French, the prices, which by day include Morro Castle, at night are enlarged to include the moon. A melancholy vaudeville, a melancholy band, and one bit of real color in a darky from home, with his banjo—that is the most popular of the cafés at night.

The Walled-In Cook

But at least the restaurants catering to tourists have real beef. The native ones are apt to serve horse. I have eaten horse meat; it is tasteless and stringy, and unmistakable once learned. So in Havana once I had horse. Served frankly as what it is, as in France, one may eat it or let it alone. It is a matter of taste. Put on a Havana menu as Argentine beef at a ridiculous price, it becomes an insult and an injury.

There was one red-letter night, however, when we found real food in Havana. It was the last night. Our ship was in the harbor and our traps on board. We had expected to sail at six o'clock for Panama and Costa Rica; but we were taking on a cargo of steel rails, and would not finish until morning. The ship was bedlam. In the darkness torches flared and arc lamps swung in the wind from the sea. Shadowy figures on the deck below, by the gesture of a hand, regulated the great arm that reached out to the lighter and grasped the rails, to drop them with clattering calculation into the hold.

The great inclosed harbor was strung with a bracelet of lights, while behind were fainter and yet fainter ones, that merged at last, without skyline, into the stars.

Havana lay behind us. Soon we should be gone. And in that last hour we forgave her—her indolence, her incivility and her avarice. We went back to a little restaurant on the water front, and there we dined—an oyster soup, fish cooked in paper bags, cutlets and coffee. It is not so long since we were trying the paper-bag culinary method ourselves, and watching a tearful and rebellious cook produce from the oven strange and desiccated fragments that had once been paper bags. So we knew what art there was in those bags. Never before or since have I eaten such fish as those at the little café on the Havana water front.

There was another place, however, that I must not forget. An American negro, a true and smiling son of the South, was and probably is now established on a corner of the Prado near the sea. In front of him there is a bar, but one may enter by the side street and find his half dozen tables set out, and the proprietor himself behind a tiny window in the wall where is his kitchen.

He gives the impression of having been walled up in the little dark room beyond. Perhaps he is! But he is cheerful, which is more than can be said for the native boy who waits at his tables. And there he cooks to order Maryland chicken and corn fritters, or broils a steak, and watches through the window to see how you are enjoying it. And more than once he has seen a ruffled tourist grow calm and philosophic with the calm philosophy of food, and even at last cheerful and resigned.

And this darky charges enough and no more. He makes a fair profit and he likes to cook. I have seen him stick his round head out of the little window and demand fiercely if a small boy has had all he can hold, and then duck back and reappear,

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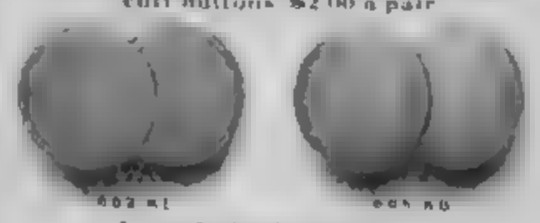

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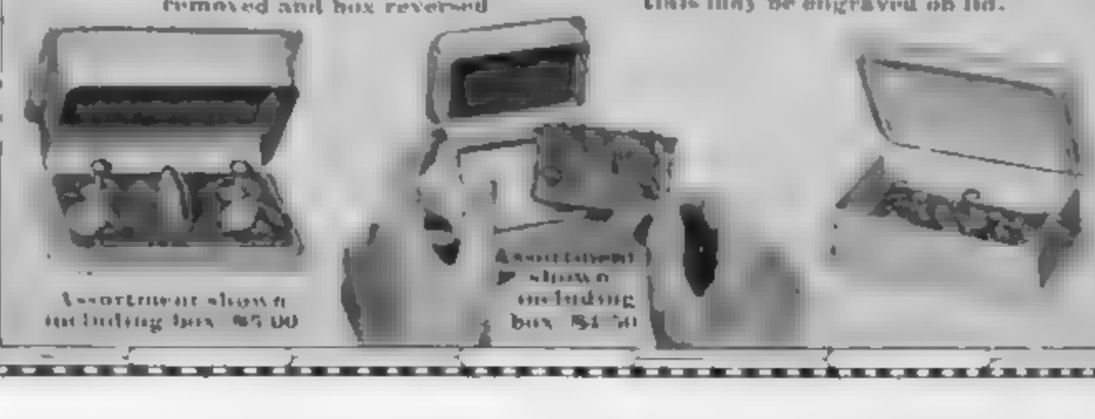

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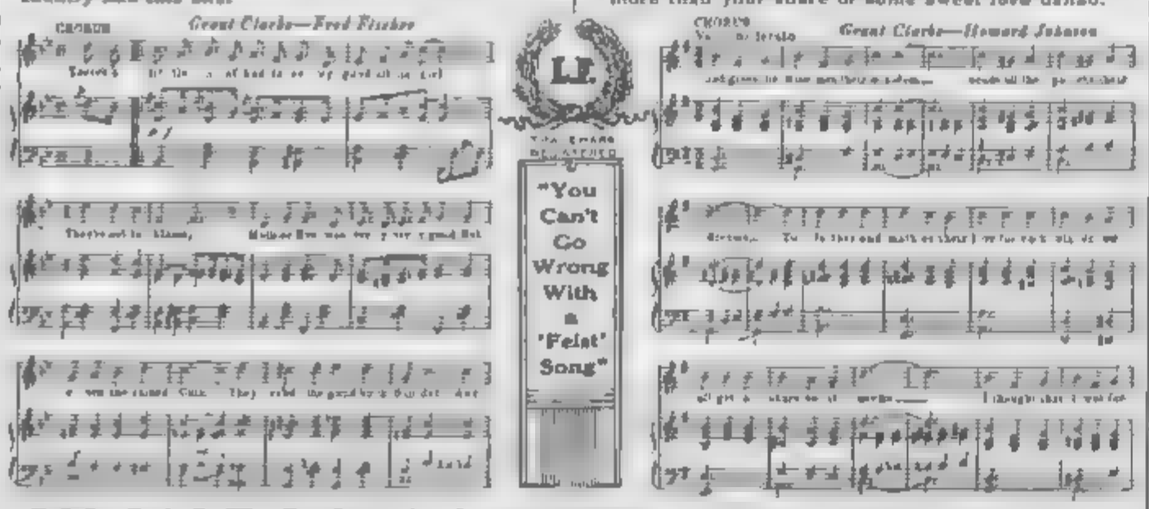
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holding out more chicken, and demanding to know if the child is hollow to his toes.

But he does not have much custom. The traveling American wants an orchestra and a crowd, and the bowing of a Cuban head waiter. At the little place I speak of the linen is coarse and the silver thinly plated. And—crowning obstacle to the traveler—there are paper napkins. But it is real food.

We visited the penitentiary. It is full of political prisoners clothed in white, and seems to be most humanely conducted. In one place, for instance, a group of old men was sitting on a stone floor chatting together and enjoying fresh milk served to them between meals. Milk is a great luxury. The prevailing note was cleanliness. In a great open place surrounded by buildings the men lounged, clad all in white. There were growing things there, and open doors, and long vistas of cool stone corridors. The prisoners study and, as their sentences are long ones generally, they have time to learn a great deal.

I am probably one of the few people who tried to take away from that penitentiary something that did not belong to me, and was discovered and yet escaped.

We had been looking at canes and inlaid woodwork. I have before me, for instance, a wooden blotter inlaid with a yachting scene and the rising sun, which looks like a daisy, petals and all. The blotter is faced with yellow plush, and every now and then I forget and try to blot with the plush. It contains already a series of futurist ink pictures.

A very nice young prisoner, who had only seventeen years more to serve and was anxious to know where he should go in the United States when he got out, took us round. And he took us to the cane-making department. The prisoners make for sale very beautiful flexible canes, consisting of innumerable disks of leather strung on a thin steel rod, and finally rubbed down and varnished until it is a composite whole. I tried a number of canes, and—finally took the blotter.

Spend Much and Get Little

For some time after that I was conscious that I was followed. An anxious-eyed prisoner trod at my heels, and placed himself before me. I tried nonchalance. Then I tried hauteur. He moved a step forward and assumed a pleading expression. Was the man in love with me? Had I at last inspired one of those great and sudden passions which all women dream of and all deny? Alas, no! Just as I was about to depart, as the keys were being fitted to the gate, he sprang forward with a low cry of anguish and jerked a cane from my arm. I had hung it there and forgotten it!

Certain things stand out in my memory of Havana as typical. The marvelous climate. The street noises, so pervading, so early and late, so shrill, that sleep is difficult. The market where we bought plantains as bananas, where the fruit was so expensive and disappointing, and where they wring the necks of your chickens while you wait. The taxi-drivers, who gesticulate with both hands in true Spanish fashion while the taxi is guided only by the hand of Providence. The man who said he enjoyed the cemetery more than anything else, because he preferred a dead Cuban to a live one. The races, with a howling mob of gamblers round the bookmakers. The old racing horse, attached to a sulky in the field inside the ring, which started with the others, throwing out his driver, and raced with the best of them until, in leaping a ditch, the sulky refused to leap and threw him. The long, bright days and cool nights. The tourists buying madly of things they would pay less for at home. The clubs, to which we were given cards, and which showed us the better classes of Cubans at play.

But most clearly of all stands out the fact that middle-class-hotel and shop and café keeping Havana has little in common with the tourist save his money, and that, with true Spanish assurance and inefficiency, it wants that money without being prepared to give an adequate *quid pro quo*. It is suffering from a wave of tourist prosperity and is grown fat and insolent. We have done well by Cuba, but they cannot believe that we have no ulterior motive.

The mark of Spain is still on Cuba. The Spaniard, at home and in his American possessions, has consistently followed the policy of taking all and giving nothing. The American tourist in Cuba must be prepared to give much and receive little.

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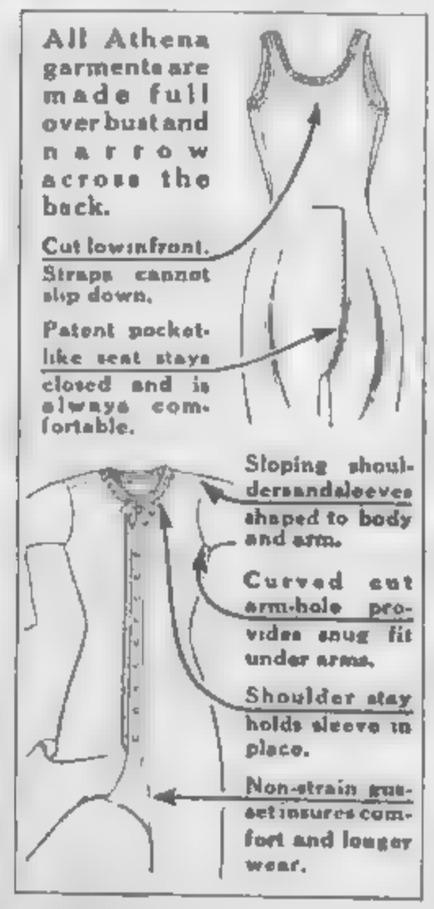
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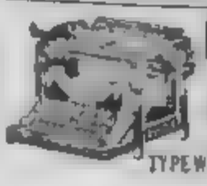

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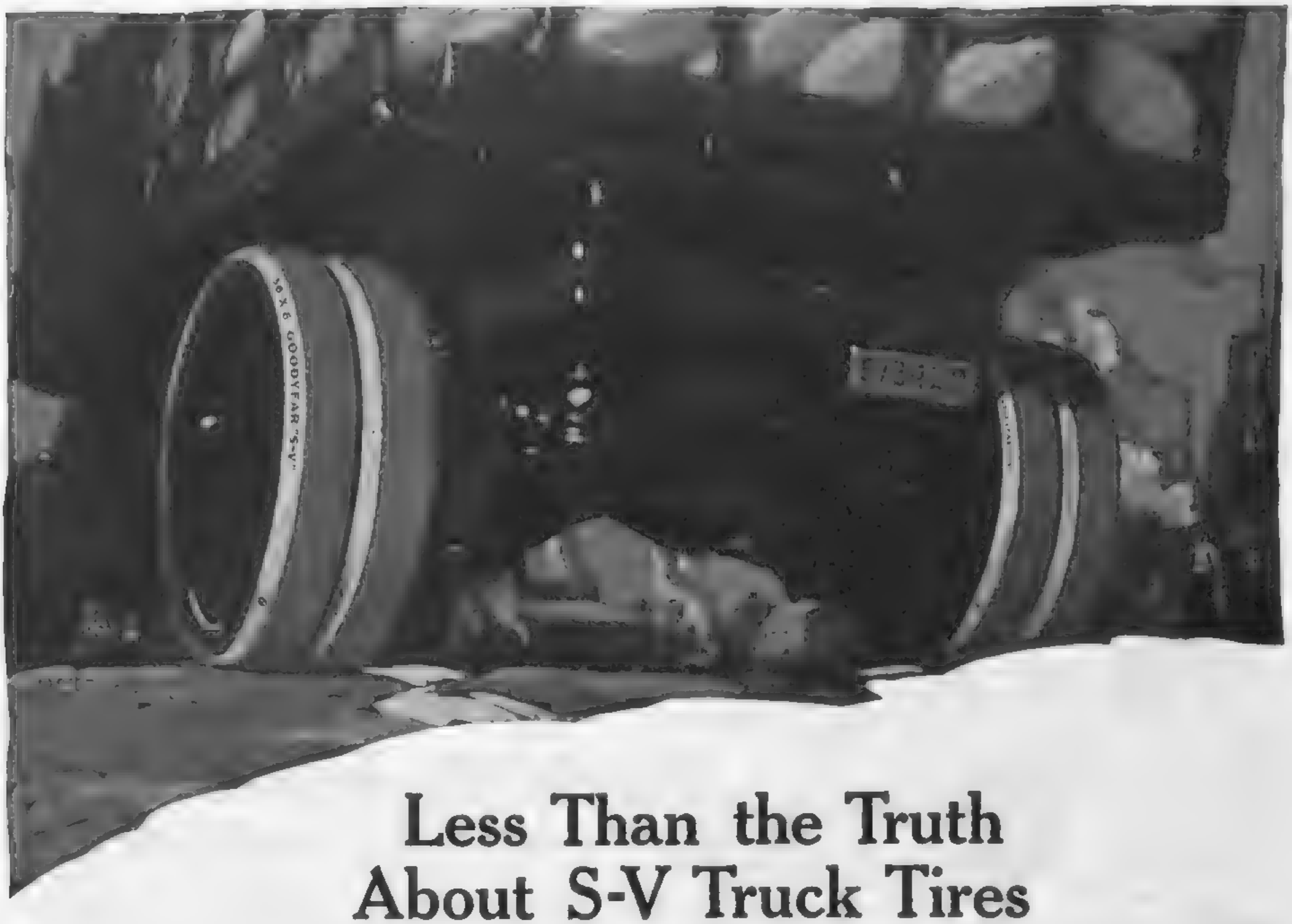

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And when a man said his S-V's had run 10,000 miles and looked good for 10,000 miles more, we set down that figure as 10,000.

Take, for instance, two reports from San Francisco. George H. Kendall said, "These Goodyear Tires have already traveled 20,000 miles and are good for at least 10,000 more." We put down 20,000 as his mileage. W. G. Stafford & Co. said, "We have covered 7,260 miles already, and from the general appearance of the tires, we believe that we will get as much more, as the tire shows absolutely no wear." Yet 7,260 was the figure used in the average.

And so on, all through the list of answers, we set down the smaller number so as to get the most conservative figure that could be computed for S-V performance.

So 13,704 average mileage is less than the truth.

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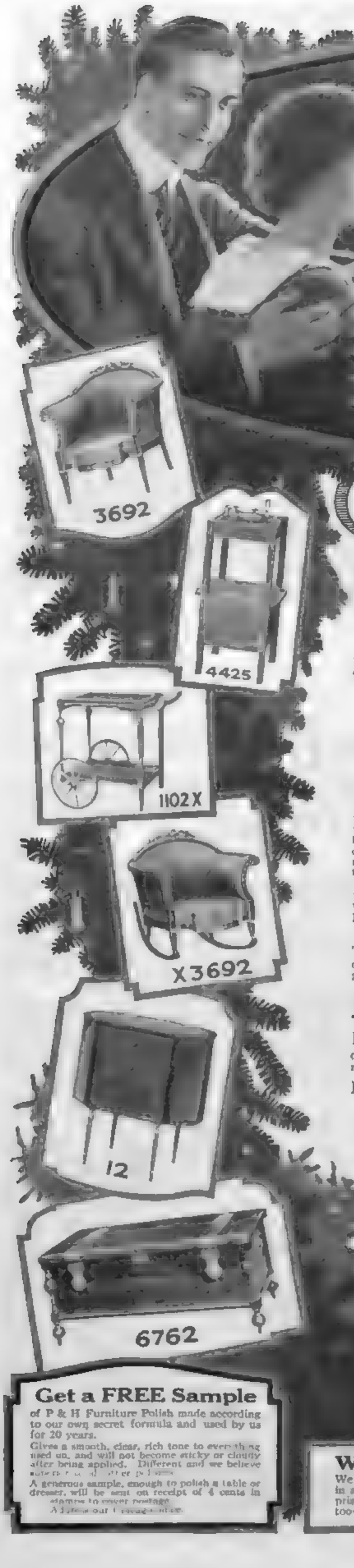

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AMERICAN BUSINESS IN FRANCE

(Continued from Page 12)

was the imposing name of the corporation, with a long list of branches in every part of the world. Then followed a list of names of individuals and firms, with their assets, supposed to be part and parcel of the corporation. One man, whose name I had never heard before and who was set down as a Pittsburgher, was accredited with assets of two hundred and fifty million dollars. Under other individual and firm names, resources ranged from one to twenty-five millions. The list included the name of a great American retail merchant—without his consent, I might add, but the promoters had cunningly misspelled his name, which kept them within the pale of the law. The total assets of these "concerns, personally responsible for all orders intrusted," was precisely three hundred and forty million dollars. In spite of this dazzling array of misinformation, let it be said to the credit of the French buyer that he failed to fall for the glittering bait.

The more you go into the reasons why so many of our business men have failed in France, the more you find out that plain business organization seems to be conspicuously absent. Take, for example, the question of credit: The average American doing business in France does not secure proper credit information. This being so, he either exacts cash in advance or sells "cash against documents." Such a procedure galls the Frenchman, who is accustomed to long credit from English, German, Swiss and Spanish manufacturers and merchants.

Of course, behind all these American errors in judgment and tact there is a lack of organized credit information. To illustrate:

When I was in London the managing director for England of one of the greatest Wall Street banks received an inquiry from his home office for information about the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique—the French Line. The amazing thing was that this bank, which prides itself on its world-wide information, had no data regarding the leading steamship line between France and America! You may be sure that the Crédit Lyonnais, or any other French banking institution, has a complete record of the American Line.

Not long ago one of the largest banks in Chicago refused to extend credit to a French concern, though the French Government backed up the purchase. This concern had occasionally done business with a New York trust company in the Rue de la Paix, whose French manager was a live, virile, farseeing young American. The president of the French company laid his case before him. Quick as a flash he said:

"All right! If they won't guarantee it I will—and on my own responsibility."

Whereupon he put the deal through. It was the kind of dramatic performance that appeals to the Frenchman. The net result was that the service has come back a hundredfold to the trust company.

Quick Action in French Courts

The ideas prevailing among some Americans about French credits are a matter of great surprise all over Europe. Here is the way an Englishman whose firm has done business in France for fifty years sized up the situation:

"There are no better contracts in the world than those entered into in France. Americans who have had little experience in such matters may find the negotiations leading up to the signing of a French contract somewhat tedious, but we do not mind this; and one is so completely protected by the laws of the country that losses are almost unknown.

"Not long ago we had a case in point: A purchaser of lathes, who had already made an advance payment, received his machines, and then by various excuses put off the final payments for the remainder from week to week. We waited four weeks and then made our complaint to the judge at the tribunal. Two days later the judge ordered the delinquent firm to pay up in full and we received our money the very same day. How long do you think a New York court would have taken to decide a simple question of business of this kind? The fact is that, in spite of the war, French credit remains to-day as good as any you can find."

On top of their resentment over our attitude toward their credit is the added feeling, which has cropped up since the beginning of the war, over the way American manufacturers have ignored many of their French contracts. A French manufacturer summed it up in this way:

"There is no doubt that some American manufacturers who had signed contracts for the delivery of machinery in France deliberately sold these machines at home at higher prices. It has created a very bad impression; and I am afraid that henceforth your salesmen will find it much harder to operate in my country.

"The trouble is that Americans have been spoiled by too many orders. Before the war they were all crying out for business. Now that they have everything their own way, they have become independent and arrogant. With the ending of the war all this will change; for the French are not likely to forget some of the bitter lessons they have learned. Henceforth they will profit by them."

How Correct Methods Win

One reason for our laxity up and down the whole French business line is that the American has never taken the French export business any too seriously. On the other hand, stern necessity has been the driving force behind the English and German manufacturer. The American, too, has made the great mistake of assuming that the foreigner, and especially the Frenchman, is not always serious-minded and to be depended upon. If he wants his mind disabused in this matter, let me suggest that he see him at war. He will realize that the superb spirit of aggression and organization which marks him now is bound to last when peace comes.

You must not get the impression from this long roll of American business calamity that all our endeavor has failed in France. Those few great American corporations that have planted the flag of our commercial enterprise wherever the trade winds blow have long and successfully held up their end throughout the republic. So, too, have some individuals. The story of what one New Yorker did is an inspiring and perhaps helpful lesson in the right way to do business in France.

This man is resolute and resourceful; he speaks French fluently and is familiar with the foreign-trade field. With the outbreak of war he did not lose his head and try to get business indiscriminately. Instead, he made a careful survey of the situation; he did not listen to the optimists, who said it would be a short war; his instinct told him, on the contrary, that it would be a long one.

"What will France need more than anything else?" he asked himself.

He realized that, most of all, France would need machine tools. He got the cables busy, assembled goods, and by every known route he took them to France. When he had a warehouse full of material he began to sell. He not only had what the French were hungering for but he had it to deliver overnight. While his colleagues were frantically trying to get their stuff in, he was getting all the business. The French like the man who makes good. This one met their expectations and to-day he stands at the top of the selling heap.

More than this, he is building a factory on the outskirts of Paris, where he will make and assemble his product. Ask him the reason why he is doing this and he will tell you:

"First, it means goodwill; second, we shall get the benefit of native and cheap labor; third, we shall be able to replace parts at once; and, fourth, we shall get inside the wall of the Economic Alliance."

No matter how we heed this example and turn about face in our business attitude toward France, we shall encounter a new handicap when the war ends. As in England, we shall be bang-up against an industrial awakening that will mark an epoch. Coupled with this revival there will be an efficiency born of the war needs that will act as a tremendous speeder-up.

In France this galvanized industrial life will be stimulated by a brilliant imagination wholly lacking in the English temperament. It will go a long way toward opening up fresh fields of labor and distribution.

Self-sufficiency will be the keynote. The automobile is a striking instance. We had established a very promising motor market—especially with moderate and low

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priced cars—among the French. When the government assumed control of the French automobile factories and changed their output to war munitions, the two great automobile syndicates protested that the cutting off of the French motor supply would mean an immense loss of good will. First came a seventy per cent duty on practically all American cars, and this was followed up by an almost complete restriction of all American cars.

This prohibition will have the same effect as the English exclusion, in that it will stimulate the demand for the native French cars Here we get to one of the striking phases of the new industrial development, of immense concern to us. France has her eye on quantity output. Many signs point to it.

When the war broke out a certain young French engineer saw great opportunity in shell making. He was immune from military service, he had a little capital of his own, and with government aid he set to work. Within four months he had built an enormous plant on the banks of the Seine almost within the shadow of the Eiffel Tower. In six months he had enlarged his capacity so that he was producing fifteen thousand shells a day. Last summer he sent for the agent of a large American machinery company and said to him:

"I am going to make automobiles in series after the war."

"In series" is the French way of expressing quantity output.

"All right!" said the American. "What can I do for you?"

"Simply this," said the Frenchman: "I wish to order sufficient automatic machinery to meet the demand when peace comes."

This is the spirit of the awakened French industry. I know of half a dozen automobile and other producing establishments which are making plans to manufacture popular-priced cars when the war is over. This output not only will affect the sale of American cars in France but will also interfere with the market for our cheap machines in South America. Already France is making every effort to increase her Latin-American trade. She has immense sums of money invested in Brazil, and she will follow up this advantage keenly.

Getting Ready for Peace

It is important for us to remember that France, like England, will have a well-oiled productive machine after the war. It will be not only better but bigger than ever before. The German ill wind which devastated the northern section will blow good in the end. Hundreds of factories operated by hand labor before the war will be equipped with American labor-saving machinery. The products of these machines, operated by cheap labor, will be in competition with our own commodities, manufactured by more expensive labor, in many of the markets of the world.

Formerly the French artisan could produce an article almost from raw material to finished product; now he has learned to stand at an automatic and labor at a single part. In short, he is becoming a specialist, which makes him a cog in the machine of quantity output.

What is true of machines and men is also true of money. The old wariness of the French banker in underwriting industry is passing away. He is thinking in terms of large figures and vast projects.

I could cite many examples of the new gospel of French self-supply. Before the war France manufactured lathes that were beautiful examples of art and precision. The firms that made them were old and solid, and took infinite pride in their product. Now they realize that output must dominate.

A simple type of machine has been chosen as a model and will henceforth be made in large quantities.

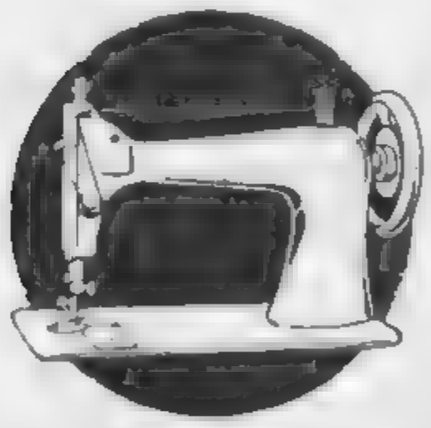
Then there is the sewing machine. Before the war two groups—Anglo-American and German—controlled the French market. By the ingenious use of export premiums the Germans had the best of it.

"Why always pay tribute to strangers?" now asks the French housewife.

So far as Germany is concerned, this question is already settled. But American sewing machines will also have to struggle for existence hereafter in France, for plans have been made to build at least three huge factories for their production.

Striking evidence of the growing French industrial independence of Germany is her advance in crucible making. For years

(Continued on Page 45)



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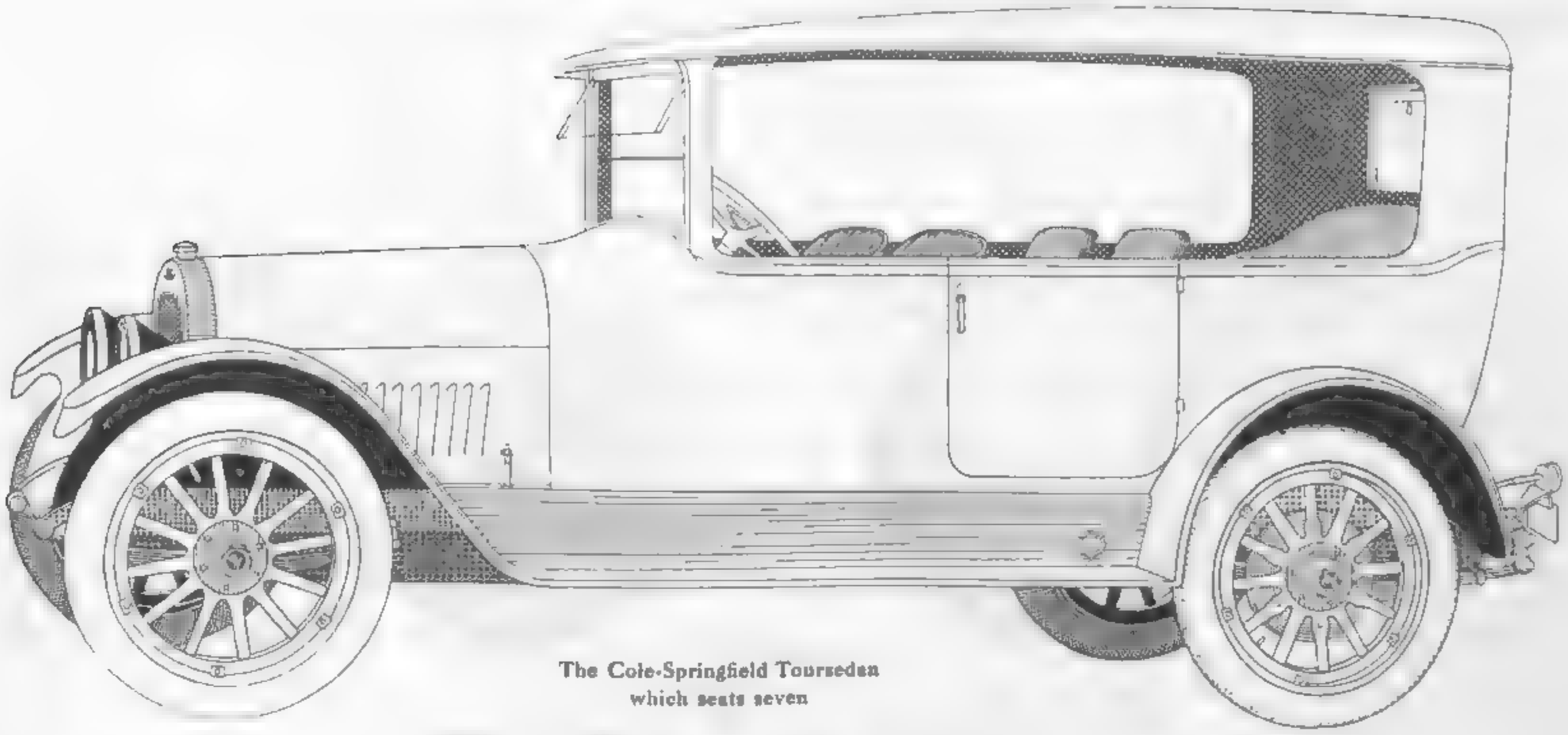

The Cole-Springfield Toursedan
which seats seven

At your will—

If you want closed car comfort and open car freedom,

—if you want beauty, style and distinctive appearance,

—if you want speed, smoothness and abundant power,

—all in one and the same car, you should own one of these two Cole-Springfield models.

Both are closed cars to all intents and purposes. They have closed car luxury—closed car comfort and protection.

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Both Toursedan and Tourcoupé have the same mechanically perfect Cole Eight chassis—the largest and most powerful Eight built—yet relatively the lightest.

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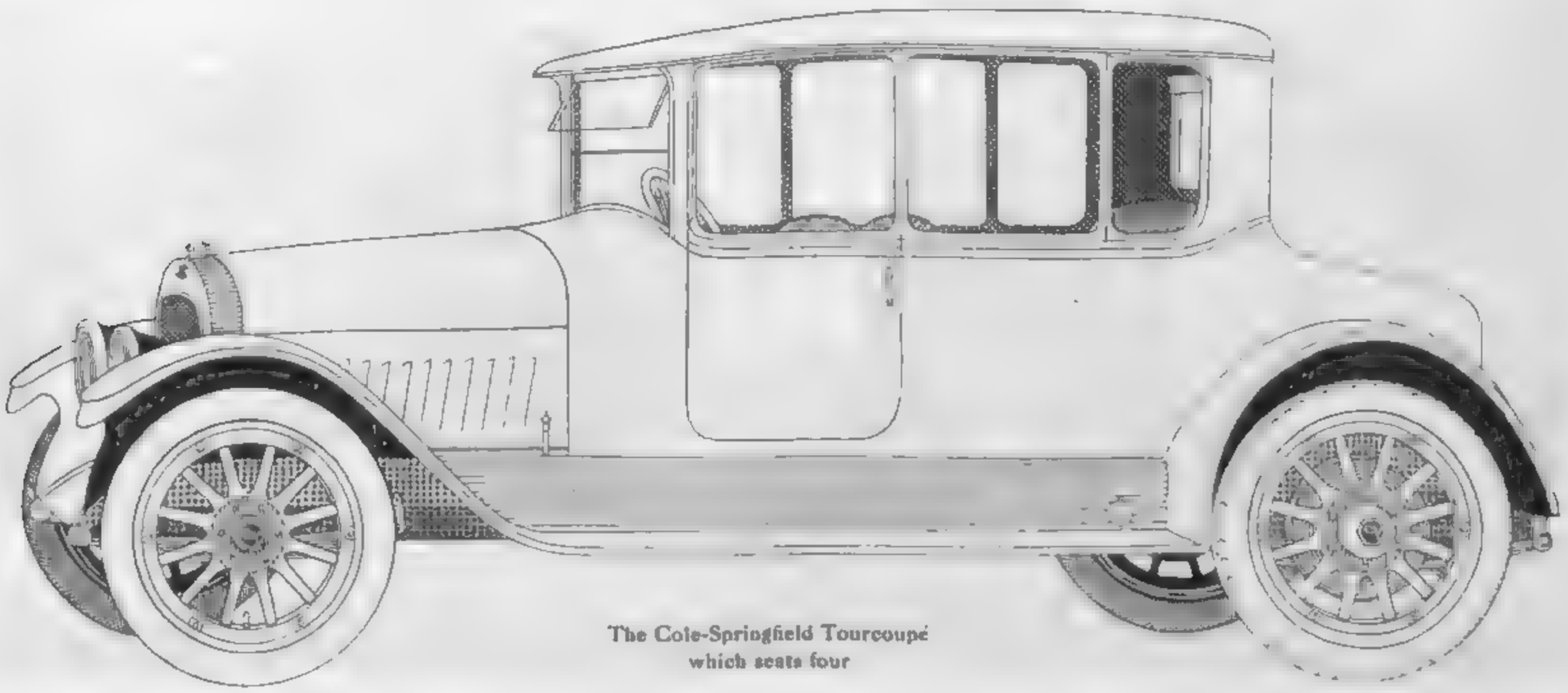
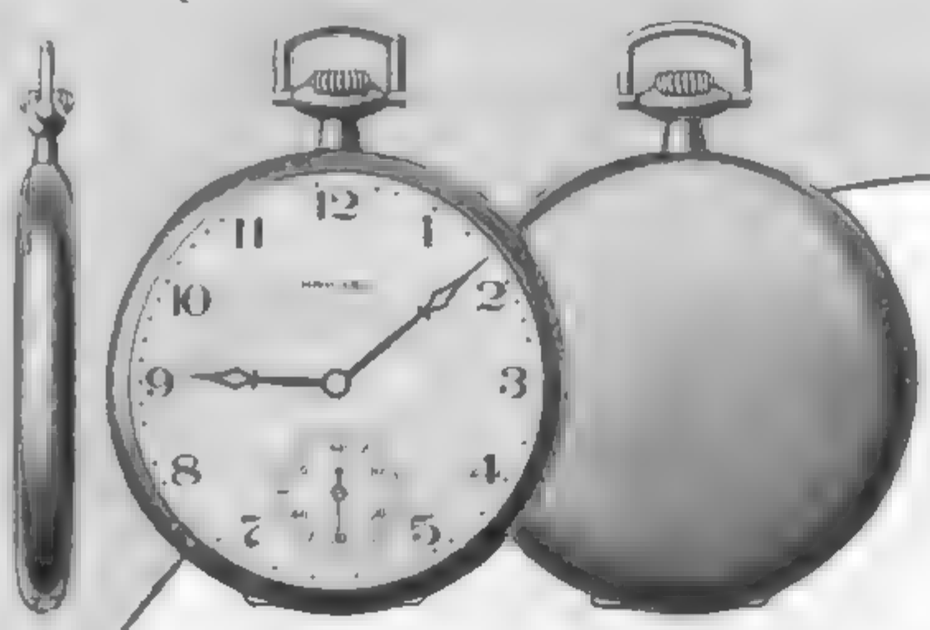
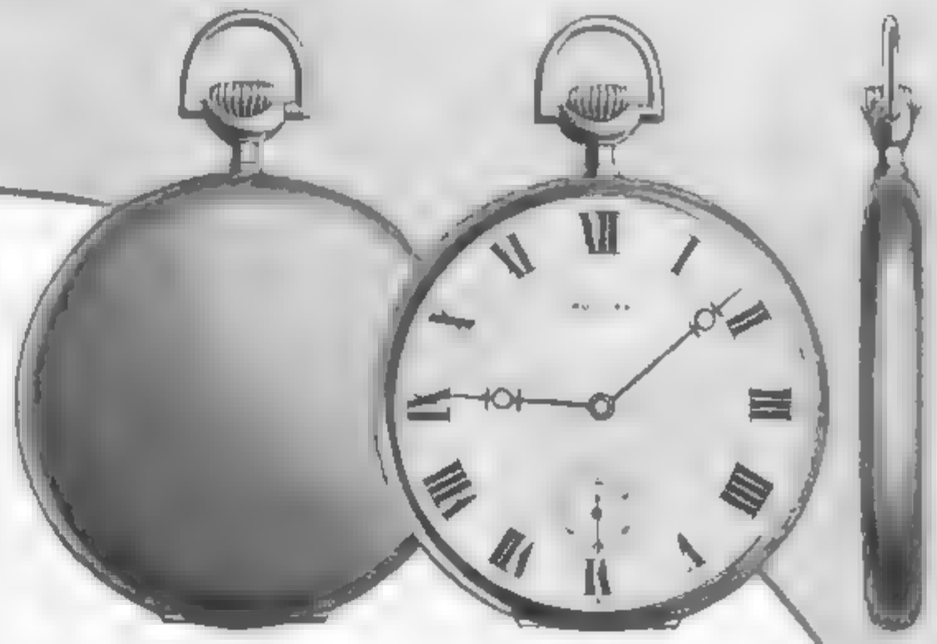


The Cole-Springfield Tourcoupé
which seats four

Victorian



Augustan



These Four Period Howards

SAVE this page for reference as Christmas draws near. One of these beautiful Howards is probably just the gift you want for father, brother or son—with its class and character, its fine precision, its seventy-four years' association with the leaders of American thought and action.

The Victorian—taking its inspiration from that Victorian school of craftsmen led by William Morris, who restored the art of England and America from imported prettiness to its native common sense. 12-size Extra-Thin, Open Face, Plain Polished—23, 19 and 17 jewels in *gold-filled case*—$90, $60, $40.

The Augustan—embodying the emblems and spirit of Imperial Rome under Augustus, and dedicated to that distinguished line of Howard owners who have helped to make America what it is today in wealth, in power, in scientific and industrial achievement. 12-size Extra-Thin, Open Face, Plain Polished—23, 19 and 17 jewels in *14K solid gold case*—$125, $95, $75.

The Tudor—designed in the distinctive style of Henry VIII, an art period of great virility, the Tudor Howard revives fine traditions of watch design that had been almost lost. 12-size Extra-Thin, Open Face, Plain Polished—23, 19 and 17 jewels, in *14K solid gold case* of special compact construction—$105, $75, $55.

The Ionic—inspired by one of the most elegant periods of classic Greece, characterized by rich simplicity, as in the famous temple of Athena Niké on the Acropolis. 12-size Extra-Thin, Open Face, Plain Polished—17 jewels only, cased in *gold-filled*—$40.

For the first time in watch-making, here is a noble series of models designed in the spirit of the great *historic art motifs*.

A series of fine versatility, and full of suggestion for the purchaser of the exceptional gift for the exceptional man.

Not every jeweler can sell you a Howard Watch. The jeweler who can is a good man to know.

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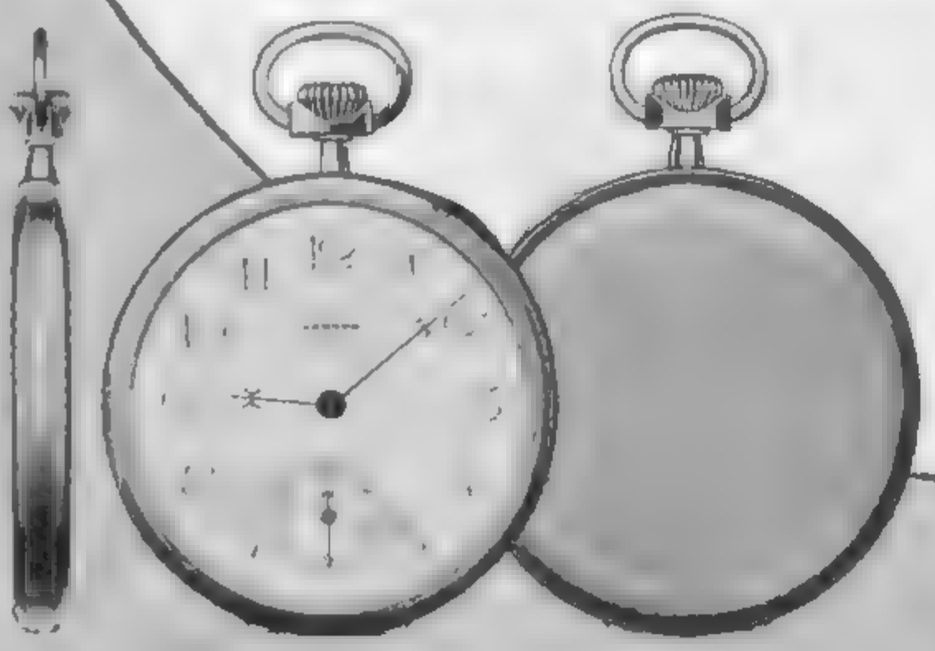
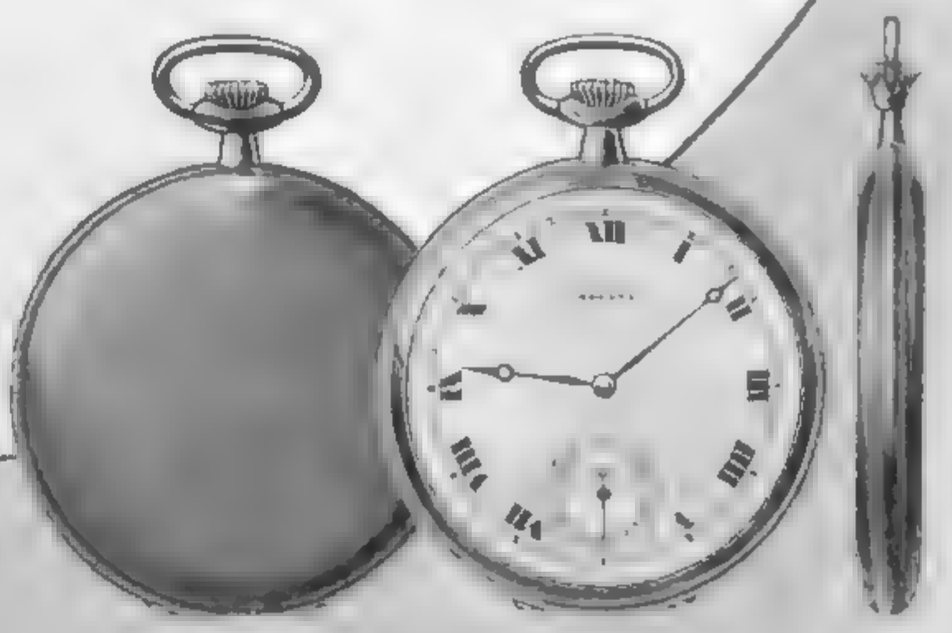


Tudor



Ionic

(Continued from Page 42)

Sèvres vied with Limoges for ceramic honors. To-day the vast plant that once produced the most exquisite and delicate ware in the world is turning out the less lovely but more serviceable crucibles, condensers and retorts necessary for the distillation of the powerful acid used in modern high explosives. Previous to the war the Central Empire had a monopoly in this market. Indeed, much of the pottery and glassware used in laboratories and chemical factories was made in Bohemia and marketed by Germany. Now the Sèvres plant is shipping these goods to England and Russia.

So, too, with dyestuffs. A whole new French coloring industry is being created. A Société d'Etude has been formed to make a scientific survey, and this will be replaced by a national company to undertake the manufacture of all coal-tar products.

The use of a certain number of new war factories has been guaranteed to the company by the Minister of War. Typical of the purpose that will animate the enterprise is one of the articles of the national company, which provides that the director of the dyestuff industry must be of French birth. An agreement has also been made with England and Italy to protect the color output of the three countries with a high tariff after the war. Here you find one tangible evidence of the working out of the Paris Economic Pact.

Even while the invader's hand still lies heavy upon the land, France looks ahead to reconstruction. Last summer Paris flocked to a graphic exhibition of how to rebuild a destroyed city. It was called La Cité Reconstituté, and was held in the Tuileries Gardens. Here you could see the modern way of making a Phœnix rise quickly out of the ashes. There were model schoolhouses, churches, factories and cottages, all with standardized parts, which could be thrown together in an almost incredibly short time.

With self-sufficiency has come a desire for new business knowledge. Not long ago an American business man who has lived in Paris for many years received a letter from a young French friend in the trenches at Verdun. The soldier wrote:

"I realize that when this war is over we must be better equipped than ever before to meet world business competition. I want to be a better salesman. Please send me some books on American salesmanship, and also some of the American trade papers. I have begun the study of Spanish, because I believe we are going to have our part in the Latin-American trade."

Here was a young Frenchman in the midst of death who looked forward to a new business life.

The whole attitude of the Frenchman toward life has undergone a change—first, under the stress of ruthless war; and, second, under the spur of the kindling desire for rehabilitation. Formerly, for example, the Frenchman loathed to travel. When he knew he was going away on a journey he spent a month telling his relatives good-by. Now he packs his bag and is off in an hour to Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, or any other place where business may dictate.

Clever Women Break Into Business

The new and efficient French industrial machine is not the only factor that American business in France must reckon with after the war. The Frenchwoman is fast becoming a force, thus setting up an altogether unequal and almost unfair competition, because to shrewd wit and resource is added the power of sex and beauty.

In France, as most people know, the woman exerts an enormous influence, regardless of her social class. In all well-regulated bourgeois families the wife holds the purse strings; in the small shops she keeps the cash and runs things generally. No average Frenchman would think of embarking on any sort of enterprise without first talking it over with his *femme*, who is also his partner. This teamwork lies at the root of all French thrift.

The woman of the lower class has met the grim emergency of war with sacrifice and courage. Not only has she faced the loss of those most dear with uncomplaining lips, but she has taken her man's place everywhere. You can see her standing Amazon-like, pouring molten metal in the shell factory; she drives you in a taxi; she runs the train and takes the tickets in the Underground. In short, she has become a whole new asset in the human wealth of the nation, and as such she will help to make up for the inevitable shortage of men.

Her sister of the upper class, at once the most practical and most feminine of her sex, is also doing her bit. She is the lovely thorn in the side of the American business promoter in France.

Before the war one seldom found this type of woman competing with men in outside business affairs, though her influence has always counted immensely in official life, where she pulls the strings to get her husband government preferment.

Since the war began, however, necessity has sharply developed her latent business qualities. Now it is not unusual to find her in direct competition, using all those delightful charms with which Nature has endowed her. This is especially true of widows and women whose husbands are at the front. They often rely more upon persuasion than upon any technical or practical knowledge. One reason why they succeed is their almost uncanny knowledge of men; and this often enables them to grasp the clew that business opportunity offers.

One night at dinner a colonel's widow—a gracious and beguiling lady—heard that the French Government was in the market for fifty thousand head of cattle. The next morning she sent half a dozen cablegrams to South America, got options, and in three days her formal bid was at the War Office. Within a week she had the contract.

Place Aux Dames

I know of a case of the wife of a colonel at the front who learned, one day at lunch that the War Office needed fifty thousand sacks of flour for the army at Saloniki. That same day she put the matter before some American brokers in Paris, who wired to their New York firm and received the usual American reply: "Am not interested in the French trade now. Will wait until after the war." With the utmost difficulty the woman was able to secure ten thousand sacks by way of Italy and Switzerland. She is not likely to seek American sources of supply soon again.

An American got a tip one day that a certain contract for machine tools was available. He had an appointment for lunch; so he said to himself: "Why hurry? These French people are slow. I'll get busy this afternoon or to-morrow."

When he went to the establishment in question the next day he found that an exquisitely gowned woman had just preceded him; indeed, the fragrance of the perfume she used still hovered about the outer office. The man cooled his heels for half an hour, when the lovely feminine vision flashed by him, going out. He started to make his selling talk to the purchasing agent, who said at the first opening:

"I am extremely sorry, monsieur; but we have just closed the contract with Madame Blank, who left a few moments ago."

The New France has brought forth a New Woman!

Through all the organized approach to self-sufficiency and economic rehabilitation, France has not lost sight of her grudge against the Germans. Indeed, no phase of her business life to-day is more picturesque than the campaign now in full swing, not only against Teutonic trade but against any resumption of commercial relations with the hated enemy across the Rhine. Right here you get a striking difference between English and French methods. While Britain takes out some of her enmity against German trade in eloquent conversation, France has gone about it in a practical way, shot through with all the color and imagination that only the French can employ upon such procedure.

Preliminary to this campaign was a characteristic episode. Almost with the flare-up of war the French mind turned sentimentally to those fateful early seventies when Germany, in the flush of her great victory, seized the fruits of that triumph. Some of those fruits were embodied in the famous Treaty of Frankfort, in which the Teuton clamped the mailed fist down on every favored French trade relation.

The war automatically annulled this treaty; and, though the nation was in the first throes of a struggle that threatened existence, it celebrated the revocation in characteristic fashion. Millions of copies of the Frankfort Treaty were printed and sold on the streets of Paris and elsewhere. The excited Frenchman rushed up and down, brandishing his copy and saying: "Now we will ram this treaty down the throats of the *Boches!*"

(Concluded on Page 48)

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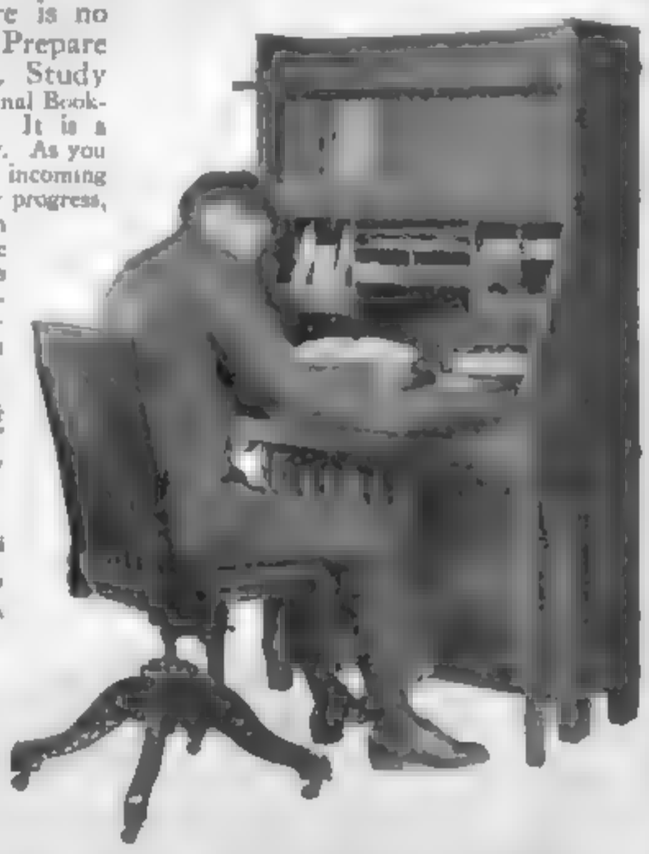

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PUSH THE BUTTON—BACK RECLINES

Unlike all others, Royals support the **entire body**, head and feet in restful position. Push the button **while seated** in chair. Back reclines to any desired angle and locks there. It is used by another pressure on the button. If you want to get your feet up and rest and use the **leg rest**—know **solid comfort!**

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No. 1 Special A big, handsome, stylish, comfortable easy chair, luxuriously overstuffed, covered in genuine Spanish Leather, mahogany finish. Fitted with Push Button, Leg Rest, Brass Feet, Brass Casters. Regular $38.50 value, now $29.50. With coupon from this ad $28.50. $1.00 extra Denver and West.

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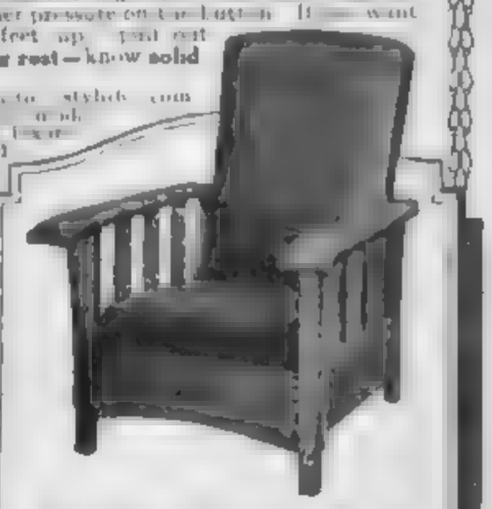
None genuine without the word Royal stamped on Push Button. Insist on seeing it

Royal Chair Co.
Sturgis, Mich.



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Ask your dealer to show you the Imperial Drop Seat with the elastic back before you decide on your winter underwear
Prices $1.50 to $6.00
Imperial Underwear Co.

(Concluded from Page 45)

This emotional prelude was followed by a definite crusade for the elimination of German goods. Anti-German societies were formed all over the country. Backing these up are dozens of other formidable organizations, such as Chambers of Commerce and Business Clubs. Typical of the campaign is the formation of a Buyers' League, which is intended to enlist all persons who will take a resolution never to buy a German product, and be satisfied for the remainder of their lives with the French manufactured article.

Wherever you go in France you find some concrete and striking evidence of the Anti-German wave. When you get a bundle from a Paris shop you are likely to find, stuck on it, a brilliantly colored stamp showing a pair of bloody hands holding a number of packages, the largest one labeled: "Made in Germany." Under it is a sentence in French, reading: "Frenchmen, do not buy German products! The hands that made them are reddened with the blood of our soldiers!"

There is great variety in these stamps, which are used on letters and packages. One of the most popular shows a helmeted German with a brutal face holding a smiling mask before his ugly visage. In one hand he holds a bundle marked: "Made in Germany." On this stamp is the inscription: "Mistrust their smiles—in every German there is a spy!"

One stamp much used throughout the Provincial French cities shows a woman in deep mourning weeping over a grave marked with a cross, surmounted by a red soldier cap. The woman is supposed to be saying these words: "French people, buy no more German products! Remember this grave!"

A companion stamp shows a figure representing the French Republic and holding the tricolor. The flag is attached to a spear with which she is piercing the breast of a German eagle on the ground. At her side is the national bird of France—the Cock—crowing triumphantly. Underneath are the words: "Refuse all German products!"

Similar in idea is another dramatic conception showing a white-robed female figure holding a battle-ax in one hand and pointing with the other to a burning cathedral. Her words are: "Frenchmen, do not consume any German products! Remember 1914!"

Most of the large French cities have their own anti-German stamps, which are enlarged and used on billboards as posters. A typical city stamp is that of Lyons.

The Pact of Paris

Whether the Frenchman buys or sells, he has poked under his nose or flaunted before his eyes every hour of the business day some concrete evidence that his country has put the German people and their products under the ban.

In connection with this campaign are some facts of utmost significance to the American business man who has studied the intent and purpose of the Paris Economic Pact, which I described in the first article of this series, and which declared for an allied war of economic reprisal against Germany and the other Central Powers. In that article the point was made that, since individuals and not nations do business, the pact was likely to fail.

With their usual intelligence the French understand this, and their whole educational campaign at home is to make the individual Frenchman immune against the lure of the cheap German products. The French know that it is the sum of individual French resistance to German buying that will keep the German product forever outside the realm of the republic.

Indeed, the clearest-minded men in France to-day believe that more commercial advantage will accrue to France by the intensive development of her own resources, the perfection of old industries and the creation of new ones than in the formation of committees devoted to plans for commercial alliances dedicated to reprisal. In other words, this helps to bear out the theory held in many quarters that the Economic Pact is, after all, merely a campaign document and utterly impracticable.

In France there are other signs that point to a rift in the pact. While I was in Paris a well-known senator pointed out that as soon as the war ended France would need coal, and would look to Italy for it as she had done in the past. To obtain her coal more cheaply than she is now doing from the United States or England, Italy will very likely make concessions to Germany in order to obtain German fuel. The result would be an interchange of merchandise between the two countries regardless of the decree of the Paris Pact. The question arises: Could France place restrictions upon the Italian frontier to the annoyance of her Allies?

Meantime France is seeking immunity from any future coal crisis by developing a system of hydraulic power which will not only be economical but will also help to cut down her imports. It is just one more phase of the ever-widening program for self-sufficiency.

Despite our past blunders, our present lack of organized initiative and the efforts toward self-supply, the future holds a large business opportunity for America in France. As a matter of fact, half of the selling work is already registered, because the French are eager and anxious to do business with their great sister democracy across the sea. It is, therefore, up to the American exporter to capitalize the needs of the nation and the good will that it bears toward us. But it must be done now.

Our Future Trade Ally

For one thing it cannot be achieved without constructive coöperative work. Groups of exporters must organize and establish offices in Paris and elsewhere in France. The reason for this is that the Frenchman abhors the fly-by-night salesman; he likes to feel that the man with whom he is trading has taken some sort of root in his midst.

With organization must come knowledge. Why did the German succeed so amazingly in France? Geographical proximity and the Frankfort Treaty helped some; but the principal selling power he wielded was because he lived with his clients, found out what they wanted, and gave it to them! If a French farmer, for example, wanted a purple plowshare fastened to a yellow body, the German assumed that he knew what he wanted and made it for him. The average American exporter, on the other hand, has always assumed that the foreign customer had to take what was given to him. For this reason we have failed in South America; and for this reason we shall fail in France unless we change our methods. Knowledge is selling power.

We must be prepared to give the French long credits and, if necessary, finance French enterprises. Despite her immense gold hoardings, France may feel an economic pinch after the war. We must also have sound and well-organized French credit information. Our salesmen must know the French language and sympathize with the French temperament. Give the French buyer a ghost of a chance and he will meet you more than halfway. Unlike the Englishman, he is plastic, adaptable and imaginative. Understanding is a large part of the trade battle.

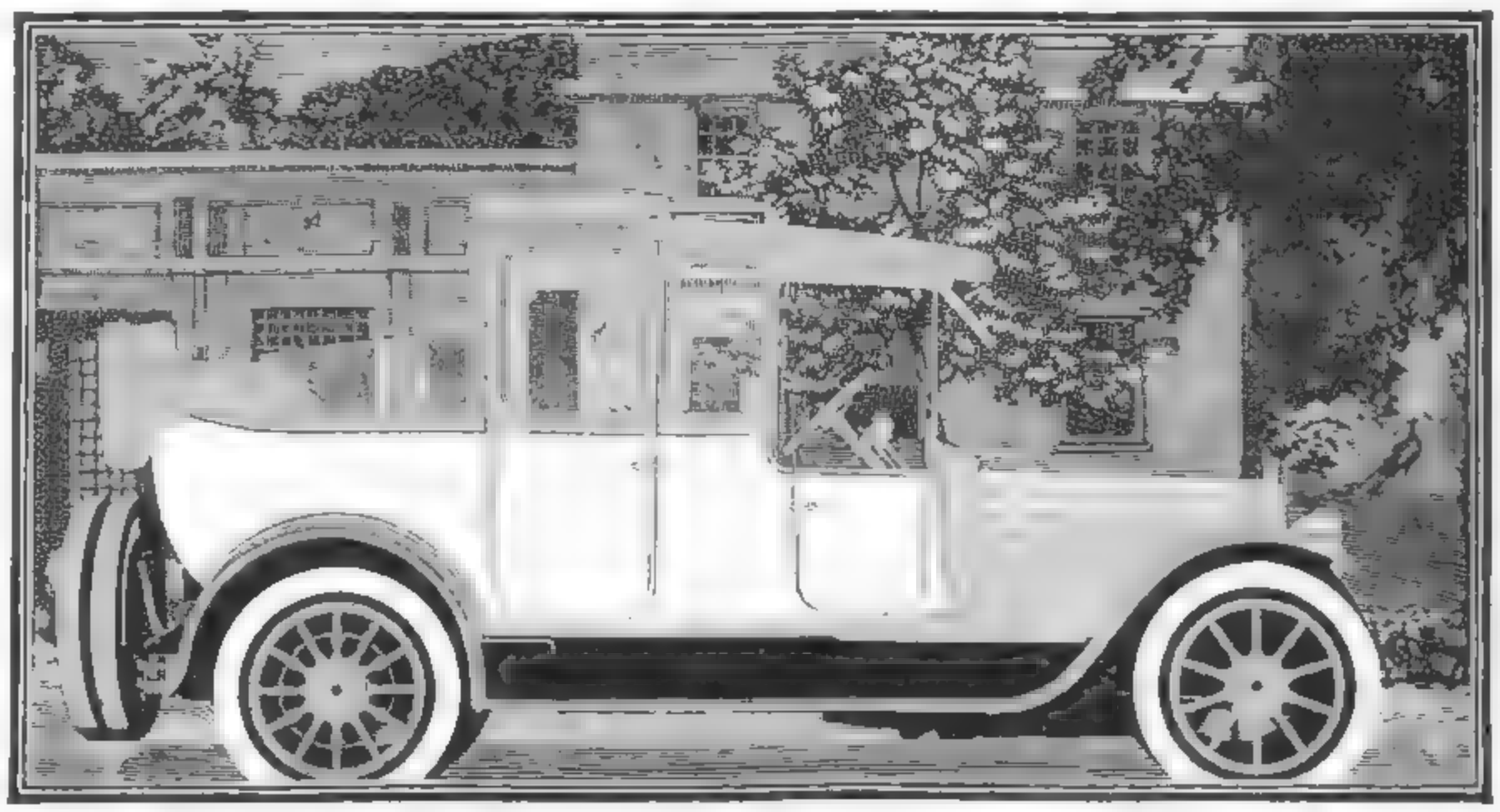
We must accumulate large stocks of American goods in France to indulge the purchaser in his favorite occupation of long and elaborate choosing, and to meet demands for renewal. To ship these goods we must have our own bottoms. Here, as elsewhere in the whole export outlook, is the old need of a merchant marine.

But we shall never realize our trade destiny in France without reciprocity. We cannot sell without buying. France looks to us to take part of the huge flood of goods that once went to Germany. We buy her silks and frocks; the American market for them must now be widened. We depended upon Germany for many of our toys; France expects the Anglo-Saxon nursery henceforth to rattle with the mechanical devices which will provide meat and drink for her maimed soldiers. And so on down a long list of commodities.

In the last analysis you will find that it is France and not England to whom we must look for the larger commercial kinship after the war. The spirit of the awakened Britain, so far as we are concerned, is the spirit of militant trade conquest; the dominant desire of the speeded-up France is benevolent self-sufficiency.

Whether England realizes her vast dream remains to be seen. But one thing is certain: No man can watch France in the supreme test of war without catching the thrill of her heroic endeavor or feeling the influence of that immense and unconquerable serenity with which she has faced triumph and disaster. They proclaim the deathlessness of her democracy; the hope of a new world leadership in art and craft.

She will be a worthy trade ally.



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NUT Tootsie Rolls

NEGLECTED FOODS

By Forrest Crissey

A MAN perishing from hunger while surrounded by plenty of unrecognized food is in about as pathetic a situation as the imagination can picture. Just now this nation does not happen to find itself in this tragic position; in fact, we are, generally speaking, a little inclined to overfatness. We may not literally light our cigars with ten-dollar bills just to show the natives that we have money to burn, but there is a touch of this attitude in the reckless indifference with which we disregard resources and consequences.

Unless we wake up and cure ourselves of this waste habit, before many decades we are almost sure to find ourselves in a fix that will at least remotely suggest the condition of a man suffering from the keenest pangs of hunger. If that time comes, shall we be able to complete the picture and find neglected food resources we have been stumbling over in the days of our fatness? The question is a mighty interesting one, and there are plenty of hard-headed economists who insist that it is not half so remote and hypothetical as it might seem.

Perhaps the more literal and moderate way of suggesting our national situation in this respect would be to liken ourselves to a shipload of folks cast on an island as miraculously salted by Providence with ready-made resources as that on which the Swiss Family Robinson spent its edifying exile. Then, presume that this little colony increased and multiplied amazingly, and that their pride and extravagance swelled in a still greater ratio.

Under such a condition it is certain that the alarm clock of calamity must be set for an early call to a cuisine as simple and restricted as that enforced on Robinson Crusoe before he scraped an acquaintance with the goats, turtles, grapes and other hidden resources of his island. In other words, though we are almost disgustingly fat and prosperous at the present moment and splendidly indifferent to the reckless strain on our resources, the day of reckoning is drawing rapidly nearer when it will be up to us to scour the sands, so to speak, for turtle eggs and other hidden resources with which to meet the cravings of hunger.

Food Equal to Sirloin Steak

Of course we have with us now a number of people who are not exactly overfed and who would be glad to add a little meat or other hearty nourishment to their daily menu, provided it could be done without increasing the cost of living by an appreciable percentage. Though this unstuffed contingent does not dispute the fact that, as a nation, we are fat, prosperous and magnificently indifferent to the possibilities of undiscovered food resources, at the same time it mildly suggests that if anybody knows of any good, nourishing food that is going by the board this would help out considerably right now, and that there is no need to wait until the nation, as a whole, gets good and hungry and has to take up its belt a hole or two.

The call from the contingent of the underfed is too clear to be ignored. You can hear it in any city and almost any manufacturing town to-day without taking the trouble to put your ear to the ground. It is not so bad that it could not be worse, but it is strong enough to put the problem of neglected food resources on the front page under a display head—Neglected Food Resources! Is there any such animal? Or must our economics in food lines lie wholly in a more prudent use of those materials with which we are already familiar?

The answer is that, though we are not starving—except in spots—we are actually stumbling over millions of dollars' worth of rich and nourishing foods without suspecting that they are suitable for human consumption. In fact, the history of many of our favorite foods has been: First, neglected and rejected; second, adopted as a dainty for the discriminating and adventurous epicure; third, accepted by the general public.

As a neglected food the goosefish is next in rank to the dogfish, which has already been discussed in these columns. Perhaps some competent experts would be inclined to reverse the order. When the commissioner of fisheries found himself in position to give serious attention to the matter of neglected sea foods, and learned at first hand how delicious is the flesh of the goosefish, he at once set out to secure a reasonable idea of the extent of this resource.

A special inquiry was instituted by the bureau, which secured its data and estimates direct from fishermen of the widest experience. This investigation led the commissioner, Dr. Hugh McC. Smith, to make the official statement that about ten million pounds of these fish are caught and thrown away by the Atlantic coast fisheries alone every year; that they have "a higher nutritive value than New England's famous cod," and that their flesh is equal, "pound for pound, to sirloin steak."

Old England Hake

Like the dogfish, it has a keen appetite for young lobsters and other dainty titbits of the deep. But it does not stop there; in fact, as a feeder, it does not know when or where to stop. At a single meal, according to Doctor Smith, it will take in food to the amount of half its own weight. The average weight of an adult goosefish is about twenty-five pounds. Its mouth is extremely large and this enables it to feed voraciously. Consequently, it is even more destructive of the good things of the sea than is the dogfish, and the goosefish has a very decided advantage on the score of bad looks.

Because these two undersea marauders look like the pirates they are, it is not to be inferred that all fish belonging in the list of neglected foods owe their escape from being drafted to satisfy the appetite of man to the fact that they repel the eye. Undoubtedly this is a protection and has done much to insure their immunity from the demands of the table; but this line of selection does not hold good throughout the whole list of worthy fish and sea foods that have thus far been neglected or actually rejected by the American public.

The tilefish, which has furnished to our fisheries one of the most remarkable and romantic mysteries known to piscatorial science, has been almost entirely neglected up to the present moment in spite of a rare degree of good looks and uncommon table merit. According to all indications this long overlooked beauty of the seas is about to jump into wide popularity. Not long since a Chicago epicure paid full limited train fare, so it is said, to bring one of these fish from the seacoast to his table.

"Despite the fact," says the commissioner of fisheries, "that in 1882 some tremendous catastrophe overtook this fish and seemed to have exterminated it completely, it is now back again and apparently as numerous and well-established as before it became the victim of the most mysterious disaster in piscatorial history. Just how plentiful this fish now is and how readily it is caught may be suggested by my own experience. It is caught on trawl lines. I made several experimental trips to the tilefish grounds and took with me a very limited equipment. Every time I made a good catch at the first setting.

"On my last trip I set the trawls at daybreak and drew them in before eleven o'clock. The catch was eight thousand pounds. With an adequate commercial equipment one could bring in from thirty-five to fifty thousand pounds of this fish per trip without the slightest difficulty. I think any fisherman familiar with the grounds will say that this statement is moderate. The fish weighs up to forty pounds, and has a beautiful white, flaky meat of most acceptable flavor. It is certainly destined to great popularity on its food merits. These, however, might be much less than they are and the fish would still make its own way to public favor on its appearance alone."

There is still another notable example of neglected food furnished by the sea in quantities that call for seven figures if one is to state its annual supply in terms of pounds, or even of fish. This is the whiting, silver hake or Old England hake—a first cousin to the cod and the haddock, but of softer fiber.

In his efforts to popularize this fish, which he pronounces very excellent, Doctor Smith

(Continued on Page 53)

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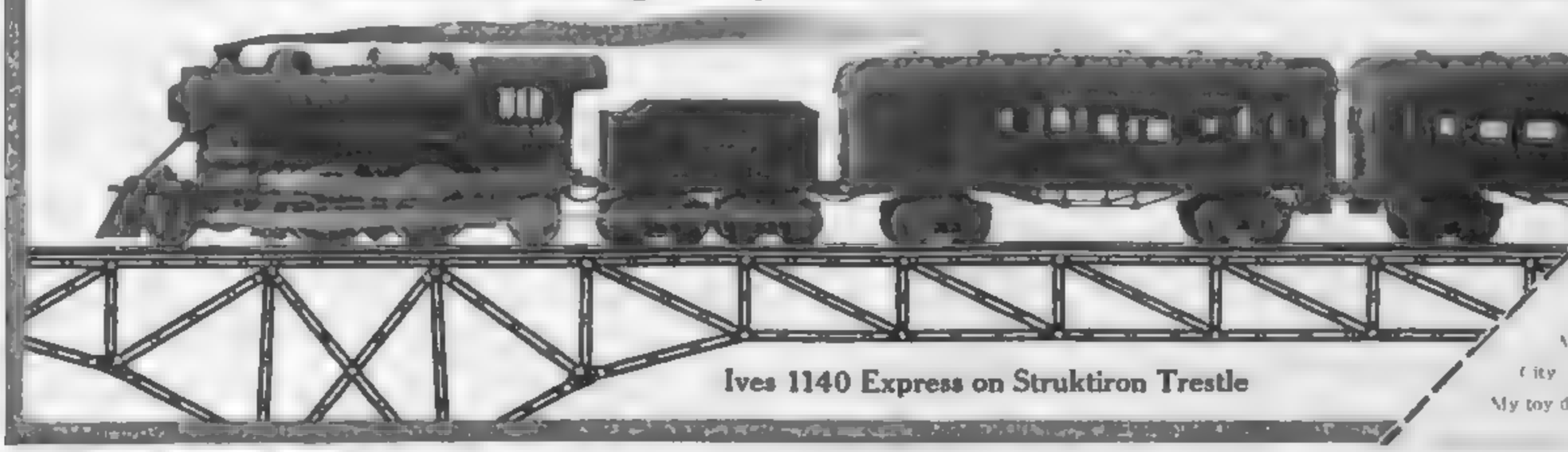

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(Continued from Page 50)

had an experience that most aptly illustrates the difficulties of inducing the fish trade to handle a new product as such. A number of years ago he had a quantity of whiting put up and distributed gratis to the trade, along with printed matter giving it the indorsement of the bureau and asking for support to bring it to the consumers' attention.

What was his chagrin when one morning he found that the sale had been condemned under the National Pure Food and Drug Act! Why? Because it was being sold by dealers as "ocean whitefish." To have his efforts to create a permanent market for a new fish crushed by the very men he was seeking to benefit and by another branch of the Government was not especially encouraging. This seemed almost in the nature of a personal disgrace; but its most discouraging feature was the fact that it betrayed so pronounced a failure on the part of the fish trade to understand the efforts of the bureau in its behalf, and to appreciate the fact that the bureau's line of attack was intended to break down the prejudices of the average consumer against an unfamiliar fish.

The fight of the bureau to popularize the whiting is making progress. How desirable this result is may be hinted by the fact that of millions of these wholesome fish caught in pound nets and floating traps by the New England fishermen a large part are turned back into the sea because there is no market for them.

While this fish is not a positive destructive force, like the dogfish and the goosefish, it might almost as well be so because it swarms into nets and traps to the exclusion of mackerel and herring. Sometimes the fishermen find it cheaper to dismantle their nets until the run of whiting is over than to turn these unwelcome intruders loose. Often several hundred barrels of these fish will be found in a single net, and more than one hundred and fifty thousand barrels of whiting have been taken in a season in Cape Cod waters alone.

There is no dissenting voice as to the sweetness of fresh whiting meat. The objection urged is that the flesh is a little inclined to softness and does not stand up well under long shipment. Experiments go to show, however, that this is largely a fancied defect, and that when carefully iced these fish will ship as well as many other kinds of fresh fish high in public favor. One old Yankee on the Cape puts the whiting problem this way:

"Down here in New England we think we're about the smartest, thriftiest folks living; but do you call a community thrifty that will throw away several million pounds of fish as sweet and toothsome as ever swam salt water simply because their fathers and grandfathers concluded that these fish wouldn't ship as well as mackerel? I don't! And I know how good whiting are, because the weir men gave them away to the poorer folks in Provincetown until the trade made a big disturbance about it. I've had hundreds of these Old England hake for nothing or next to it, and I know they're good."

The Neglected Sea Foods Club

Undoubtedly many a hard-headed reader is inclined to regard as rather remote the possibility of a government bureau's doing anything that will have a material effect upon the food supply of the nation. His own knowledge of practical politics seems to forbid the faith required to make this vision even momentarily convincing. When this angle of the problem was put up to the commissioner of fisheries he replied:

"Oh, we're used to that attitude! The only answer is to be found in the facts themselves. They are down in the record and speak for themselves. The annals of this bureau are the history of how many a neglected food has been discovered, developed and forced into acceptance by the nation that is least given to fish eating of any people in the world and the most difficult to please with a fish diet.

"Take the story of the haddock, for example. That fish was a charter member of the Neglected Sea Foods Club. The blue-blooded old New Englanders would have none of him; they wouldn't eat haddock! Of course it was a crime for the American people to neglect such a splendid fish, and gradually the obsession passed.

"To-day there are at least a hundred vessels regularly engaged in this fishing, and the annual haddock catch is worth close to one million five hundred thousand dollars to the fishermen.

"Speaking of the haddock case leads me to emphasize the fact that exploring, testing and charting new fishing grounds is a most important part of the general work of rescuing important sea foods from neglect.

"The scallop is another case in point. Of course the inshore scallop beds have long been utilized; but we discovered a wonderful bed of giant scallops extending from Black Island to the Virginia Capes, a distance of about two hundred miles. The part of the scallop that is eaten is the muscle which holds the valves together. This is remarkably rich—almost concentrated protein. We have also discovered or definitely located and charted grounds on the Pacific yielding great quantities of halibut, black cod, rock cod and other valuable fish. As a result of this work, important fisheries for halibut have already been established, and prospective fisheries for various more or less neglected fishes have been shown to be possible."

Doctor Smith was then asked whether he could give anything like a fair guess as to what the bureau might reasonably hope to be able to add to our present food supply; to which he replied:

"Naturally that question has occurred to me, and for my own satisfaction I have tried to figure out an answer which would furnish at least an approximate figure and one within the bounds of reason. Of course what can really be accomplished depends to a very great extent upon the means at the command of the Bureau of Fisheries for pushing all the branches of the work calculated to increase our national food supply. But the fairest basis on which to figure the possible expansion of our food resources from the sea is to assume that we are to have all the financial and moral backing behind this work for which we could reasonably ask."

The Poor Man's Meat

"What could be done under such favorable circumstances? Let me answer in this way: I believe that the margin of expansion over present production—through thorough popularization of neglected sea foods and through the wider application of proper methods of fish conservation and cultivation—may be over fifty million dollars a year.

"From the viewpoint of an inquiry as to how far the neglected foods of the sea can go in adding to our national food resources this might appear to be a rather mixed and unsatisfactory answer; but the two factors of increase cannot be separated, because they are so tightly interrelated. This has already been hinted at, but it should be so emphasized that every reader shall get its full force.

"Suppose, for example, that the food merits of the dogfish and the goosefish were fully appreciated by the American people in a practical market demand for them equal to their table virtues. This would mean, first, that many millions of pounds of this fish would be consumed by our people; and, second, that the reduction of the number of these destructive creatures marauding in our fisheries would greatly expand the volume of the fish, lobsters and other fine sea foods upon which these voracious foragers feed. In other words, the work of making a neglected sea food popular generally confers a double benefit upon our food resources—it makes a direct addition and it removes an undersea consumption constantly cutting down the supply of sea foods already in keen demand. Furthermore, by using now neglected aquatic food resources there may be a letting up in the drain of resources that are overfished and in need of a respite. Here is a kind of work that bestows benefits both coming and going.

"As to the other branch of work—that of increasing the food supply by the best modern cultural methods—great results have already been achieved, and the limit of possibilities has not been sighted.

"The general public has practically no idea of what the bureau is doing in this line to build a great cheap food reserve for this country. Fish is the poor man's meat. It is the cheapest form in which protein can be furnished to the human race. Last year we distributed more than three and three-quarters billion fish and half a billion eggs for propagation purposes. By far the greater part of this great output from our hatcheries—about fifty in number, with seventy-five subhatcheries and egg-collecting stations—would have been a total loss if left to natural conditions for development. Of these, two hundred and twenty-three millions were for the increase of the salmon

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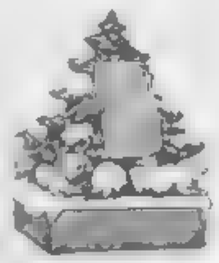
Send for the Patrick Book, illustrated in colors. It shows patricks for grown-ups and youngsters, outing jackets, greatcoats, sweaters, auto-steamer rugs, blankets and wool socks—all made from Northern wool.



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Standing over him with naked sword and murderous mien, the Commander of the Moors, ordered the French bugler to blow the *retreat*. Looking death squarely in the face, and mentally saying good-bye to all things earthly, the heroic bugler blew—not the retreat, but *the charge*. No episode in the world's history reveals greater valor than this. It is one of the stirring scenes in

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fisheries. It would be difficult to place a limit on what may be accomplished in extending our food reserves through hatching and those protective measures that give a chance for commercial food fishes to thrive and multiply as they should.

"It should not be inferred that the whole subject of neglected sea foods could possibly be covered in a single article. The list of our overlooked ocean resources in the way of human food would be a long one. I have mentioned only the most conspicuous examples by way of illustration—those special varieties that will run into millions of pounds a year as soon as the public demand calls for such a catch.

"Then, too, no mention has been made of the vegetable resources of the sea.

"There are many sea plants suitable for use as human food. Kelp, Irish moss, laver and dulse belong to this list. Japan has a highly developed seaweed industry. Independent of the large amount of plant foods from the sea used locally and by those natives gathering their own domestic supplies, the commerce amounts to more than two million dollars a year.

"We have the various seaweeds from which many things are made and have them in great abundance on all our coasts. In pointing out the untouched resources of Alaskan waters I have repeatedly said that the seaweeds alone would yield us many millions a year, now wholly wasted. Of course only a part of that would be in the form of food products, however.

"But this or any other incidental consideration should not be allowed to break the force of the main points—that the nation already needs the food resources it is neglecting, and that by far the greatest and richest volume of these overlooked food reserves are in the seas. The possibilities of this field are really beyond our ability to measure at the present moment. It is almost as though this nation were suddenly to discover two strips of territory, extending from one end of the country to the other—one in the East and South and the other in the West—stocked with millions of wild animals as excellent for human food as the sheep, the hog and the beef creature—all to be had for the taking.

"If the pinch of hunger ever gets hold of this nation as a whole, then we shall fall back on the mighty food reserves of the sea and give thanks for the deliverance they offer; but how much better it would be if, as a nation, we should use those resources now to relieve the present pressure on the needy!"

THE VAMPIRE

(Continued from Page 17)

you'll look! Always it's wondered me how you would look. 'Chorgie-Porgie' she called you . . . I bet she's sorry she said so yet!"

"*Ach!*" Noah grunted.

He didn't know which he disliked most—this newer, kinder Emmy, who offered him her unwelcome, persistent sympathy and encouragement; or the vanished shrew of other days.

All these two days of his fasting Emmy had watched over him like a hen. That was it—she had been a wasp; now she was a hen. And he couldn't shoo her away. It was as though she had made herself a party to his success; a conspirator whose significant glance comprehended every move. Let him refuse pie, eschew fried sausage or rich jellies; Emmy's unsought-for glance bathed him with rich approval. Let him surreptitiously draw a pail of cold water and sneak toward his room; and the agile Emmy, noiseless as a mouse, sprang upon the scene to nod her approbation.

He had no wish to talk things over with Emmy. She was an intruder, a gadfly, who had harrowed his feelings continually; yet now she was harder to cope with than before.

On Thursday night Rube Steiner called on Teacher boldly. On Saturday Fred Gibble, scorning pretense, tied his buggy boldly at the gate. Aunt Katy reported that every youth in the neighborhood had driven by the house during Sabbath morning; but it was Don Juan Gibble who captured the precious privilege of taking Teacher to church in the evening. Noah watched them drive away gloomily. As yet, beyond a gay, almost patronizing camaraderie, Teacher was unaware of him and his potential suitorship.

(Continued on Page 56)

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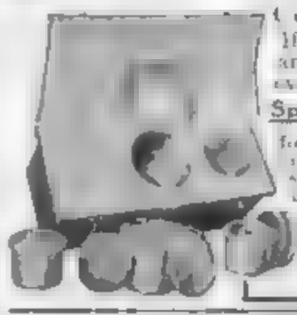

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Second, they agreed the gifts must be not merely useful *or* good-looking, but useful *and* good-looking.

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You should know the greater and ever-growing fascination of the Manualo for young and old alike before you buy any player-piano. Write to nearest address and we will send our book, "The A B C of the Manualo", and tell you where you can try this entirely different instrument.

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(Continued from Page 54)

After they had gone he went and weighed himself on the feed scales. He had lost two pounds! This was at least a crumb of comfort, though the Sunday dinner had taxed his nerve to the utmost. Emmy Imholtz offered him more.

She was sitting under the pine tree in the front yard, in her best white dress, reading carefully in a Sabbath volume called The Modern Devil, just as though she was waiting for a "fella"—though, of course, no fella had ever come, as yet. She had on her watch and her blue belt, and her hair was frizzed; but now, after Miss Wilson's sophistication, Noah only felt sorry for her. She looked up at him kindly—so kindly that Noah longed to shake her.

"Chust you wait, Noah! We make it yet that you take her to meeting."

"Oh, be still! . . . Who wants to go to meeting?"

"Yes, well; I can see how it goes. But, Noah, I tell you, it ain't only food. It's exercise. Like now! You've laid round so all day. If you would run—every hour, say—round the six-acre pasture —— It 'trains' down the fat. . . . You can read it in the paper."

That was the devil with Emmy! She was too literary—always telling you what could be read.

Noah chewed a blade of grass. There was no sense in it; and yet —— He got up presently and wandered toward the six-acre field. He had never cared much to run; he didn't even believe he could run—very long.

The epic of the days that followed demands a mightier art than mine. There is no agony of self-denial that Noah did not practice. A born comrade of the plate, he stripped himself ruthlessly of his dearest friend. He ran; he exercised; he worked.

Aunt Katy, darkly predicting, brought pressure to deter him. She bought a bottle of stomach bitters to offer him.

"You ain't right good or you wouldn't act so. Always you eat and eat, and lay round sleeping whenever you can; and now it's always one going, and hardly to eat at all."

But Uncle Henry was not displeased. Noah was coming up to the mark, he reported; the boy had some good in him after all. Farm and barnyard tasks moved as they had never done before.

Oh, he had his moments of backsliding—Noah—times when the devil, lurking near, paraphrased from Kipling in his willing ear:

A woman is only a woman,
But a good square meal is a meal.

But, in the main, he clung steadfastly to his purpose, like a true son of a Dutchman. It was surprising how much better he felt after the first misery had passed; surprising how alert and cool-headed his meager meals made him; how supple his arm grew at his work; how nimbly his legs moved.

He could take the six-acre plot at a stretch, without panting, by the end of September.

It was at this point that he raised Aunt Katy's ante on the morning schedule and sprang out of bed before the sun had combed its hair. The cool autumn air, like the playful bite of a friendly dog, whipped up his blood as he ran that morning's half mile among the wild asters and Michaelmas daisies to fix Teacher's stove. He came back tingling, drank long drafts of icy cold water at the pump, and dashed it over his face and arms. He felt strong.

And if there was further need of heartening, Teacher gave it to him.

"You're so good to me, Noah!" she would say, meeting him on his return. "I shan't have any trouble at all this winter with the horrid old fire; and it's all thanks to you."

Noah's heart would almost burst. But the things Teacher said and the things Teacher looked behind his back, as reported by Emmy Imholtz, intrigued him most.

"'What ails Noah? He don't look the same,' Missis Gochenauer she says it only this evening. 'He gets so thin lately. I believe, half, he would make a right good-looking fella, for all.' You see how it will go, Noah! And I told you so; I told you before, I think so. Always I believed ——"

To Emmy's beliefs Noah gave no heed. He was busy with the thrill of her tidings. Lately he had had a number of these thrills, for Emmy ungrudgingly bore him the news, which came with surprising frequency. And at these times Emmy didn't seem half bad.

As the kings of old slew the bearers of ill-tidings and gave gifts to announcers of the good, Noah felt more kindly to her. She was a plain little owl for looks, he thought, with the big, solemn, brown eyes of an owl. But he even admitted to himself she might have a definite place in life—might make for some farmer a capable, hustling, loyal wife.

It wouldn't be a bad thing—he even hoped it a little—if a "fella" sometime did come courting poor little Emmy.

His dreams for himself did not reach so far into the future and were very indefinite.

Teacher, he knew vaguely, was not giving a great deal of satisfaction to the elderly, practical part of the county. She laughed too much and wore too many bangles, and "liked the boys" too frankly; and her discipline was poor.

"When the scholars are noisy, she chust makes so wiss the finger—as though a body would listen on that!" he had heard an elderly school director complain.

But these qualities did not hurt her with the younger element. It seemed to Noah that no one could want to banish so gentle and sweet a creature.

He saw Teacher coming back next year, and the next, and other years thereafter; and moving as a pedagogical fixture through the pageant of social country life with the same cavalier. . . . He pictured himself her conqueror, taking her out on moonlight nights on sleigh rides, slipping a possessive arm round her waist, drawing that golden head to his shoulder.

The golden head was not so far from his shoulder even now, for Noah found, with a faintly shocked surprise, that Teacher's difficulty with the "back of the book" began very near the beginning, indeed. She very shortly formed the habit of an evening hour with him, while Noah performed prodigies of valor with fractions and percentage.

Her proximity, her sweet laugh, her coquetry, his own rudeness, the odor of loam and stable on his clothes, and the persecuting collar he passionately clung to, threw his soul into a horrid conflict of emotion.

At these séances Emmy was always present. She sat on the other side of the lamp, crocheting as usual, and throwing at times hateful glances of meaning at Noah.

By the end of November Noah had reduced nearly thirty pounds, and his biceps were as hard as nails.

"You're doing good, Noah!" Uncle Henry told him. "I don't know right what's come over you; but this while past you are, for sure, another person. I don't mind telling you I ain't ashamed of you Some day this here farm goes to you, while there ain't anybody else it can go to, and you might as well learn to handle it right in advance. And I'll tell you something else too: You ain't never run wiss the girls, but it's good a body should get his own woman and settle down; and any time you see a girl once you like, and want to go wiss a little or so, you shall take the top-buggy or the cutter and the bay hutch; it goes good in the harness now."

Uncle Henry had given him a gift of money besides—which Noah had squandered on haberdashery in Manheim with a delicious feeling of abandon.

But it was Emmy, as usual, who crystallized the dream early in December:

"It's a Box Sociable this Wednesday in Manheim, Noah. A fella, where he takes a girl, pays for a box, and they eat the inside out of it. It's good sleighing. . . . And Uncle Henry leaves you take the cutter. Why don't you go, Noah? Why don't you ask her if she goes along?"

Noah flushed.

"I'd give you right, Noah," said Emmy—"I'd give you right to do it after all she's said. . . . Only to-day: 'I bet Noah gets himself a girl soon,' she says. I've never been to one myself, but any girl would like it for sure."

Noah's heart palpitated. He had not anticipated beginning his siege before Christmas; but, after all, why not?

"You'd better write her a note, Noah—Fred Gibble iss all the time sending her notes. You can stick it under her door."

A note—well, again, why not?

He went to his room and exhumed a box of paper. But it was Emmy who fetched pen and ink to the kitchen and urged the inclosure of his card.

Noah had plenty of these last—neat oblongs of white cardboard, bearing his name in rather faint purple scrolls, the whole covered neatly by a glazed and gayly colored lady's hand holding a bunch of red flowers, the wrist crossed by a blue ribbon bearing the legend: The Hand of Friendship.

(Concluded on Page 58)

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Quality First

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Our Autumn-Winter Style Calendar free on request

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(Concluded from Page 56)

It was Emmy who came to his rescue in the matter of spelling, and who ultimately, when the note was finished, offered to tuck it under the beloved's door. It ran:

"MISS WILSON, The Teacher—

"*Dear Teacher:* I take my pen in hand to ask that you leave me be your company to a Box Sociable to Reider's Grove, from Manheim out, at seven o'clock Wednesday evening. Respectably yours,

"NOAH KAUFFMAN."

Emmy bore the note away and brought him a verbal acceptance.

"She opened the door right on me and took it. And she read it. 'Tell him,' she says, 'be sure I go. I'm glad to go.'"

Noah's soul sang a *Te Deum*.

The two days that lay between him and Wednesday moved with laggard feet. Having captured his objective and being of a reticent nature, Noah did not refer to the coming festivity to Teacher. But he fed his eyes on her face, and sometimes, meeting her smile, realized deliciously the sweet secret between them. Once he even winked significantly at her, and Teacher winked significantly back.

Finally Wednesday evening arrived. By six o'clock, his chores finished, Noah bounded up the attic stairs. No Beau Brummell, of the courtly old Assembly, ever washed, dressed or perfumed himself more carefully. Toward the end he caught the rhythmic staccato of horses' hoofs passing by at intervals on the frosty road. All the youthful Dutchmen of the countryside were going—he too! He too!

Noah's pulse throbbed, thinking of what lay in wait for him—the cold, bitter-sweet night air; the frost-white fields; the heavenly presence at his side. He came down carefully at last, his lamp in hand. The kitchen was silent; empty—or almost.

Emmy Imholtz sat beneath the ticking clock, wearing her best clothes; and, Noah noticed oddly, that her coat lay at hand, and her new hat—the little round one, with the stiff red bow.

"Well, Noah, I see you are ready for off," said Emmy. "I hope you have a good time."

"I too," said Noah. "Will you go once and tell her I am ready?"

"Mebbe she ain't ready herself yet, Noah—it's no good you hurry her. It hass plenty of time yet."

"Yes, well," said Noah, and sat down to wait.

He was very patient, after his kind, but the ticking clock worried him.

"It wonders me she don't come down. It gets so late," he said.

As he spoke he looked at Emmy. It seemed to him her eyes were unusually big, mournful; fastened on himself, with pitying maternal contemplation.

"Noah ——" she began; then stopped, with a queer little cough. "Noah ——"

"Yes, well? It's my name," he said sarcastically. "Will you do it—what I say? Go tell her, once, I am ready."

"Noah," said Emmy sadly, "it don't do you any good. She iss not here."

"Not here!" echoed Noah.

"She hass gone—on the Box Sociable, Noah—while you dressed still—wiss Fred Gibble."

"Oi!" It was a gurgling inchoate fragment of sound from Noah's throat. "But she said—I asked her—why she would be 'glad to go,' she said ——" He faltered.

Emmy's eyes still brooded.

"Noah, it's for no use you go after her. . . . She iss nussing wors', anyhow. What can she do? Not even milk a cow or teach A B C straight. Even if she stayed, they don't keep her here. . . . And she don't stay. You don't know that; but she told me herself. She comes here only to be substichoot. The real teacher comes at Christmas—a right old lady in the thirties. . . . And it wouldn't give half a chance, anyhow. I know, Noah! On her bureau it hass a fella's picture all the time—the one she marries next spring. She told me herself. She chust 'amuses' herself wiss Fred Gibble an' these boys. 'Hicks,' she calls them, and 'right hayseeds' ——"

"B-but not me! . . . Always you tell what she says ——" Noah could not go on.

"Noah ——" Emmy hesitated; then: "What I tell you iss for your own good. . . . I know it iss so."

"You mean ——"

"I mean, Noah—she she—she—don't say chust the same things I say. I told you, while it's the only way I could get you to do different. But only the first one iss true. She called you a Chorgie-Porgie. *Ach!* She's called you that often—and other sings too. She don't look on you, Noah—any time—only to laugh at you; while you ain't got such fine clothes an' fine manners ——"

Noah, agape, sat speechless, livid, before this revelation.

"But you said—you let me think ——"

"For your own good, Noah! And ain't it so? Look how you've done! As good-looking as any fella now! Not even Fred Gibble looks as good-dressed and stylish. Oh, Noah, I knew you had it in you! Ever since I came here I wanted to get you started. And it had no other way. And now you can show 'em still. Why, any girl would want to go wiss you, Noah—any of our girls!"

But Noah was gasping audibly.

"You you —— It wass all a lie, then one bick long lie! . . . You feist—an' I listened! . . . Why, how do I know you even gave her the letter?"

"How do you know? You don't know, Noah. Because I didn't. She would chust laugh in your face, Noah. She iss not our kind. Oh, Noah, take a girl like yourself! A body don't know how it goes wiss strangers."

"Yes, well—that ends it!" Noah groaned tragically.

"It's for no use you say so, Noah. Chust while you don't get that one girl! It hass other girls—girls where would like to go—that don't get a chance often ——"

Noah looked at Emmy and was shocked to see tears standing on her cheek.

"Noah!" She trembled. "I hated to do it still—only for your own good, I tell you; an' so it hass been; an' it's true—an' you know it. But—*Ach!*" She uttered a little sob. "I hate to see you all out of fix about her."

"I'm not out of fix!" said Noah heavily; there wasn't a woman in the world worth it—traitors, liars, all!

"Yes; well then, I'd show her once. . . . I'd go chust the same. An' if it ain't anyone else handy to take I could easy go wiss you myself. I would, for sure, Noah! Nobody asked me, Noah."

As though to clinch her plea, Emmy amazingly went over to him and laid a timid hand on his.

It was incredible—the change the touch of her hand wrought. A moment before he could have choked her for her perfidy; now, without volition, his own hand closed over hers—such a little hand, capable, even calloused, but warm and small!

"I—I could easy do it for you, Noah!" she sobbed.

He felt as if a net was closing about him—as if Nemesis, some half-guessed destiny dimly sensed in the past, was pressing close; but he could not free himself. He wasn't sure he wanted to do so.

He squeezed her hand. Had it been Emmy for him all the time? No, no; it had been him for Emmy. He knew that now; and it would always be thus. Emmy was the Nemesis, dominating, purposeful, yet also admiring, utterly faithful. Good heavens, how she wanted him! She would make him suffer when he needed it; but she wanted him! He squeezed her hand again.

"Get on your hat once," he said masterfully; but she had it on.

She faced him under her gay red bow, a being transformed. Her eyes were like brook water, brown and sparkling; her lashes shone, long, silvery with recent tears; her mouth was red, alluring. Great heavens! Was Emmy pretty?

He looked at her—at this small feminine creature who had modeled him like clay; who had bullied, cheated, vampired him to her own uses. He wanted to hate her; but he could not.

Suddenly Noah remembered his dream: A garden of flowers, and a girl who wept in it—and himself, her rescuer. It had come true!

The garden was here, gay with the colors of Emmy's hat; and the girl awaited him, trustingly, helplessly.

Not the same girl, 'tis true, but—better far—one who wanted him; who cherished belief in him.

There was something on her cheek—not a bee, but a tear. Noah put out a clumsy finger to touch it. In the dream, Teacher had said ——

But Emmy did not say it. She only raised her little face and waited—and she did not wait in vain.

JORDAN

JORDAN

Closed Cars DeLuxe

THE distinctiveness and character of the Jordan Luxury Cars excite remark wherever they are seen.

In the Jordan Coupé, the Sedan and the Limousine, luxuriousness is even more apparent than in the open models.

They instantly proclaim that air of refinement and exclusiveness which in apparel denotes the person of cultivated taste.

Each detail shows originality and artistry—the whole effect impresses one as faultlessly correct.

The coach work shows lavish care—the seating arrangement provides spaciousness, the upholstery is developed in French Tapestry and soft, mist-gray broadcloth.

The bodies are sturdily constructed to avoid rattles and rumbles, and no possible refinement or convenience is lacking.

Perfection Heaters are installed for your cold-weather comfort.

All enclosed types are low and style-perfect in every line, in keeping with the 1917 fashion.

The Sedan and Coupé are of the Springfield Type—easily convertible into open cars.

The bodies are mounted on a standard six-cylinder chassis of finished mechanical excellence, each component part of which is a unit recognized as the best of its kind for the purpose it is intended to serve.

Well-balanced mechanical excellence is made certain by a painstaking system of inspections and tests.

The tremendous interest the Jordan Luxury Cars have created shows how eagerly people of discrimination have awaited the *different* car that expresses individuality in perfect good taste.

They relieve the monotony of cars that are sombre or discordant.

Your inspection of the Jordan Luxury Cars should be prompt, for they are produced in the limited quantities necessitated by painstaking care.

Dealers are already proceeding with punctual deliveries and your order placed now means immediate possession of your Jordan Luxury Car.

The Coupé is $2300; the Sedan $2350; the Limousine $3000; wire wheels for any model, $100 extra.

The Jordan dealer in your city will be glad to show you the cars and demonstrate them.

Prices are f. o. b. Cleveland

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY
CLEVELAND OHIO

Save $175 Now

On the World-Record-Breaking

HUDSON SUPER-SIX

You can save $175 on such a car as has won all worth-while records if you buy before December 1st. On that date we begin manufacture of cars made from materials that have advanced enormously in cost. There is to be no change in models. Some dealers have still a few cars due them of the present production. They can take care of car buyers up to their allotment at the present prices. But you must act quickly if you wish to obtain the saving

This season's output of Hudson Super-Sixes is built of materials contracted a year ago. Our present prices are based on their cost.

Our next production, starting December 1, will be built of materials contracted lately. The costs have enormously advanced. And, to cover that added cost, our price on the Hudson must advance $175.

So cars of our present output, which dealers have still unsold, are the last Hudson Super-Sixes to be sold at present prices. We urge you to get one if you can.

There will be no change in motor, chassis or body. You get the same exclusively Hudson Super-Six motor. You get the same chassis, which in every worth-while test has shown endurance beyond what any other car has proved, and you get the same beauty and luxurious body with all its excellencies of detail. Changes, if any, will be slight. So $1475 now buys the same car as $1650 will next month.

It Can't Be Helped

We dislike these price advances fully as much as you do. They limit the number who can buy Hudsons.

But the Super-Six motor makes the Hudson supreme in performance and endurance. And we must continue to match that supremacy in quality and luxury.

We cannot skimp on this car if we wish to keep our pinnacle place. Nor shall we add an extra price for prestige. We add only our added costs. The new Hudson prices will be nowhere near as high as numerous other fine cars.

But that is a later question. Today you can save that $175 if your dealer has any cars left.

Can Any Other Car Content You?

If you want an enclosed model or a convertible model, now is the time to get it. If you want an open model, and could wait until spring, the advantage in buying now is the $175 saving.

When you buy a fine car—open or enclosed—you will want, we think, a Hudson Super-Six. It has been so this year with 25,000 buyers. It will be far more so next year.

This year the Super-Six was new. It takes time to gain great prestige. Also it takes time for surpassed cars to lose it.

Note the facts about the Super-Six. Mark its efficiency, matchless and amazing. Then ask yourself if a lesser car is likely to content you and then decide if it isn't worth while to save $175 by buying now.

Holds All Worth-While Records

The Super-Six has won all the worth-while records. It has outperformed all cars, old or new, in all the tests attempted. Its endurance remains unequalled.

A Super-Six broke the ocean-to-ocean record. It ran from San Francisco to New York in 5 days, 3 hours and 31 minutes. Then that same car, on the same day, started back. And it completed the round trip—6972 miles—in 10 days and 21 hours. No other car ever even attempted the round-trip ocean-to-ocean run against time.

It has broken all stock-car records for speed. A stock car exceeded all other records by 52 per cent for a 24-hour run. It holds the record in the Pike's Peak hill-climb against 20 famous rivals.

Does this not prove the Super-Six to be the unquestioned monarch of Motordom?

Phaeton, 7-passenger	$1475	Touring Sedan	$2000
Roadster, 2-passenger	1475	Limousine	2750
Cabriolet, 3-passenger	1775	Town Car	$2750
		Town Car Landaulet	2850
		Limousine Landaulet	2850

(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

HUDSON SUPER-SIX

JEEVES TAKES CHARGE

(Continued from Page 15)

I had often wondered how those Johnnies in books did it—I mean the fellows with whom it was the work of a moment to do about a dozen things that ought to have taken them about ten minutes. But, as a matter of fact, it was the work of a moment with me to chuck away my cigarette, swear a bit, leap about ten yards, dive into a bush that stood near the library window, and stand there with my ears flapping. I was as certain as I've ever been of anything that all sorts of rotten things were about to happen.

"About Bertie?" I heard Uncle Willoughby say.

"About Bertie and your parcel. I heard you talking to him just now. I believe he's got it."

When I tell you that just as I heard these frightful words a fairly substantial beetle of sorts dropped from the bush down the back of my neck, and I couldn't even stir to squash the same, you will understand that I felt pretty rotten. Everything seemed against me.

"What do you mean, boy? I was discussing the disappearance of my manuscript with Bertie only a moment back, and he professed himself as perplexed by the mystery as myself."

"Well, I was in his room yesterday afternoon, doing him an act of kindness, and he came in with a parcel. I could see it, though he tried to keep it behind his back. And then he asked me to go to the smoking room and snip some cigars for him; and about two minutes afterward he came down—and he wasn't carrying anything. So it must be in his room."

I understand they deliberately teach these dashed Boy Scouts to cultivate their powers of observation and deduction, and what not.

Devilish thoughtless and inconsiderate of them, I call it. Look at the trouble it causes!

"It sounds incredible!" said Uncle Willoughby, thereby bucking me up a trifle.

"Shall I go and look in his room?" asked young blighted Edwin. "I'm sure the parcel's there."

"But what could be his motive for perpetrating this extraordinary theft?"

"Perhaps he's a—what you said just now."

"A kleptomaniac? Impossible!"

"It might have been Bertie who took all those things from the very start," suggested the little brute hopefully. "He may be like Raffles."

"Raffles?"

"He's a chap in a book, who went about pinching things."

"I cannot believe that Bertie would—ah—go about pinching things."

"Well, I'm sure he's got the parcel. I'll tell you what you might do: You might say that Mr. Berkeley wired that he had left something here. He had Bertie's room, you know. You might say you wanted to look for it."

"That would be possible. I ——"

I didn't wait to hear any more. Things were getting too hot. I sneaked softly out of my bush and raced for the front door. I sprinted up to my room and made for the drawer where I had put the parcel. And then I found I hadn't the key. It wasn't for the deuce of a time that I recollected I had shifted it to my evening trousers the night before and must have forgotten to take it out again.

Where the dickens were my evening things? I had looked all over the place before I remembered that Jeeves must have taken them away to brush. To leap at the bell and ring it was, with me, the work of a moment. I had just rung it when there was a footstep outside and in came Uncle Willoughby.

"Oh, Bertie!" he said without a blush. "I have—ah—received a telegram from Berkeley, who occupied this room in your absence, asking me to forward him his—er—his cigarette case, which, it would appear, he inadvertently omitted to take with him when he left the house. I cannot find it downstairs; and it has, therefore, occurred to me that he may have left it in this room. I will—er—just take a look round."

It was one of the most disgusting spectacles I've ever seen—this white-haired old man, who should have been thinking of the hereafter, standing there, lying like an actor!

"I haven't seen it anywhere," I said.

"Nevertheless, I will search. I must—ah—spare no effort."

"I should have seen it if it had been here—what?"

"It may have escaped your notice. It is—er—possibly in one of the drawers."

He began to nose about. He pulled out drawer after drawer, pottering round like an old bloodhound, and babbling from time to time about Berkeley and his cigarette case in a way that struck me as perfectly ghastly. I just stood there, losing weight every moment.

Then he came to the drawer where the thing was.

"This appears to be locked," he said, rattling the handle.

"Yes; I shouldn't bother about that one, don't you know. It—it's—er—locked, and all that sort of thing."

"You have not the key?"

A soft, respectful voice spoke behind me.

"I fancy, sir, that this must be the key you require. It was in the pocket of our evening trousers."

It was Jeeves. He had shimmered in, carrying my evening things, and was standing there holding out the key. I could have massacred the man!

"Thank you," said my uncle.

"Not at all, sir."

The next moment Uncle Willoughby had opened the drawer. I shut my eyes. It was coming!

"No," said Uncle Willoughby, "there is nothing here. The drawer is empty. Thank you, Bertie. I hope I have not disturbed you. I fancy—er—Berkeley must have taken his case with him after all."

When he had gone I shut the door carefully. Then I turned to Jeeves. The man was putting my evening things out on a chair.

"Er Jeeves!"

"Sir?"

"Oh, nothing!"

It was deuced difficult to know how to begin.

"Er Jeeves!"

"Sir?"

"Did you—— Was there—— Have you by chance ——"

"I removed the parcel this morning, sir."

"Oh!—ah—why?"

"I considered it more prudent, sir."

I mused for a while.

"Of course I suppose all this seems tolerably rummy to you, Jeeves ——"

"Not at all, sir. I chanced to overhear you and Lady Florence speaking of the matter yesterday, sir."

"Did you? By Jove!"

"Yes, sir."

"Well—er—Jeeves, I think that, on the whole, if you were to—as it were—freeze onto that parcel until we get back to London ——"

"Exactly, sir."

"And then we might—er—so to speak—chuck it away somewhere—what?"

"Precisely, sir."

"I'll leave it in your hands."

"Entirely, sir."

"You know, Jeeves, you're by way of being rather a topper!"

"I endeavor to give satisfaction, sir."

"One in a million, by Jove!"

"It is very kind of you to say so, sir."

"Well, that's about all, then, I think."

"Very good, sir."

Florence came back on Monday. I didn't see her till we were all having tea in the hall. It wasn't till the crowd had cleared away a bit that we got a chance of having a word together.

"Well, Bertie?" she said.

"It's all right!"

"You have destroyed the manuscript?"

"Not exactly; but ——"

"What do you mean?"

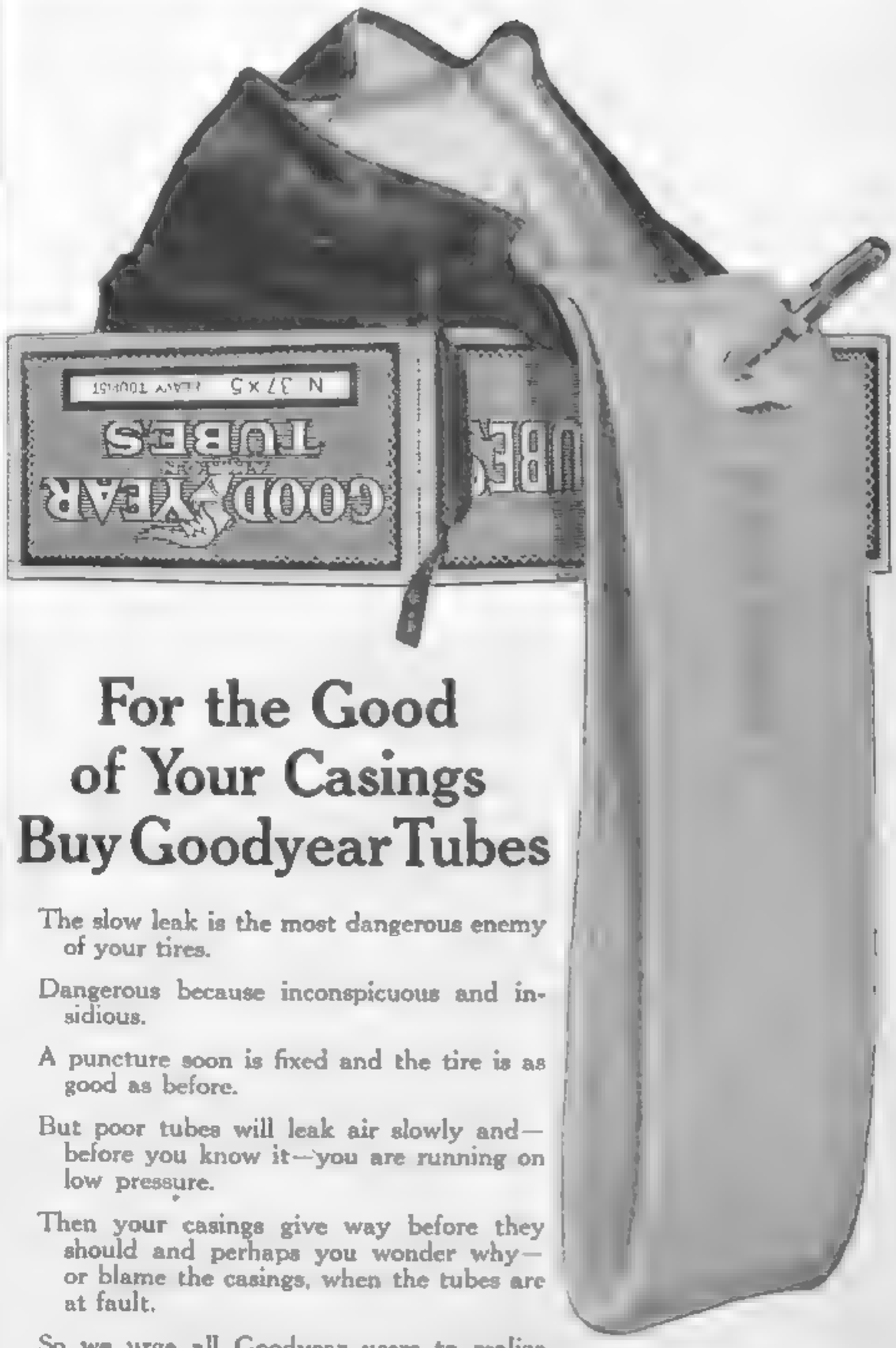
"I mean I haven't absolutely ——"

"Bertie, your manner is furtive!"

"It's all right! It's this way ——"

And I was just going to explain how things stood when out of the library came leaping Uncle Willoughby, looking as braced as a two-year-old. The old boy was a changed man.

"A most remarkable thing, Bertie! I have just been speaking with Mr. Riggs on the telephone, and he tells me he received my manuscript by the first post this morning. I cannot imagine what can have caused the delay. Our postal facilities are extremely inadequate in the rural districts.



For the Good of Your Casings Buy Goodyear Tubes

The slow leak is the most dangerous enemy of your tires.

Dangerous because inconspicuous and insidious.

A puncture soon is fixed and the tire is as good as before.

But poor tubes will leak air slowly and—before you know it—you are running on low pressure.

Then your casings give way before they should and perhaps you wonder why—or blame the casings, when the tubes are at fault.

So we urge all Goodyear users to realize that a good tube is just as important as a good casing.

And we require all Goodyear Service Stations to carry a full line of Goodyear Tubes—so that Goodyear casings, with good tubes inside, may deliver their longest mileage.

And the Service Station men do this gladly though there are many other kinds of tubes on which they would make greater immediate profits—because they know that Goodyear Tubes add life to the tires they sell—and so increase their business.

They know Goodyear Tubes are all made the right way—built up of layer on layer of pure, tissue-thin gum, each layer inspected for sand holes and bubbles, with the valve patch vulcanized into the tube, and the whole as near to permanent airtightness as is possible with an elastic material.

For the good of your casings buy Goodyear Tubes. We especially recommend Goodyear Heavy Tourists. They cost more because they are worth it.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire-Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

The Comeback — *test in smoking*

You can sell a man a cigar—once—through advertising.

He'll *keep on* if the cigar deserves it.

If it doesn't, *he won't come back.*

So, "over-claim" advertising is bad morals, bad business—and death to future sales.

It's different with a *good* cigar honestly advertised. Each smoker becomes a *steady smoker.*

So it is with ROBERT BURNS.

We simply say: "We recognize that smoking standards have moved on—toward a more moderate, intelligent cigar-type. We try to keep pace. We try to keep pace—by producing one. We have tried to make you a modern cigar in ROBERT BURNS—one that your palate and conscience will say "good" to—a milder, far, far healthier cigar that *soothes.*

To do this we have made a cigar whose Havana filler-leaf has been aged for years that it may be truly mellow and uniform—truly mild and yet fine-flavored.

We have tied up a heavy amount of capital in this Havana leaf alone, solely to do this.

We have tried, in fact, to make a *better* cigar—that modern smokers would *continue to buy.*

Do you understand now why we cannot afford to over-claim in our advertising of the ROBERT BURNS?

Have you tried one lately?

Sold by thousands of dealers in the U. S. and particularly by those who display this sign.

Remember that Little Bobbie is a pocket edition of ROBERT BURNS himself. Price 5c.

Rob't Burns 10¢

Little Bobbie 5¢

SMOKER'S NOTE—If you must smoke heavy cigars, smoke them only after meals. At all other times smoke a mild cigar. Make it a ROBERT BURNS and your palate and nerves will both thank you.

STRAITON & STORM, *Manufacturers*, 119 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

I shall write to headquarters about it. It is insufferable if valuable parcels are to be delayed in this fashion."

I happened to be looking at Florence's profile at the moment, and at this juncture she swung round and gave me a look that went right through me like a knife. Uncle Willoughby meandered back to the library and there was a silence that you could have dug bits out of with a spoon.

"I can't understand it!" I said at last. "I can't understand it, by Jove!"

She gave a sort of frightful laugh that made my toes curl.

"I can! I can understand it perfectly, Bertie! Your heart failed you! Rather than risk offending your uncle, you ——"

"No, no! Absolutely!"

"You preferred to lose me rather than risk losing the money! Perhaps you did not think I meant what I said. I meant every word! Our engagement is ended!"

"But—I say!"

"Not another word!"

"But, Florence, old thing!"

"I do not wish to hear any more. I see now that your Aunt Agatha was perfectly right. I consider that I have had a very lucky escape. There was a time when I thought that, with patience, you might be molded into something worth while. I see now that you are impossible!"

And she popped off, leaving me to pick up the pieces. When I had collected the débris to some extent I went to my room and rang for Jeeves. He came in looking as if nothing had happened or was ever going to happen. He was the calmest thing in captivity.

"Jeeves!" I yelled. It's a rotten thing to have your heart broken; it gives you the pip. "Jeeves, that parcel has arrived in London!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Did you send it?"

"Yes, sir. I acted for the best, sir. I think that both you and Lady Florence overestimated the danger of people being offended at being mentioned in Sir Willoughby's Recollections. It has been my experience, sir, that the normal person enjoys seeing his or her name in print, irrespective of what is said about them. I have an aunt, sir, who a few years ago was a martyr to swollen limbs. She tried Walkinshaw's Supreme Ointment and obtained considerable relief—so much so that she sent them an unsolicited testimonial. Her pride at seeing her photograph in the daily papers in connection with descriptions of her lower limbs before taking, which were nothing less than revolting, was so intense that it led me to believe that publicity, of whatever sort, is what nearly everybody desires. Moreover, if you have ever studied psychology, sir, you will know that respectable old gentlemen are by no means averse to having it advertised that they were extremely wild in their youth. I have an uncle ——"

I cursed his aunts and his uncles and him and all the rest of the family.

"Do you know that Lady Florence has broken off her engagement with me?"

"Indeed, sir?"

Not a bit of sympathy! I might have been telling him it was a fine day.

"You're sacked!"

"Very good, sir."

He coughed gently.

"As I am no longer in your employment, sir, I can speak freely without appearing to take a liberty. In my opinion you and Lady Florence were quite unsuitably matched. Her ladyship is of a highly determined and arbitrary temperament, quite opposed to your own. I was in Lord Worplesdon's service for nearly a year, during which time I had ample opportunities of studying her ladyship. The opinion of the servants' hall was far from favorable to her. Her temper caused a good deal of adverse comment among us. It was at times quite impossible. You would not have been happy, sir!"

"Get out!"

"I think you would also have found her educational methods a little trying, sir. I have glanced at the book her ladyship gave you—it has been lying on your table since our arrival—and it is, in my opinion, quite unsuitable. You would not have enjoyed it. And I have it from her ladyship's own maid, who happened to overhear a conversation between her ladyship and one of the gentlemen staying here—Mr. Maxwell, who is employed in an editorial capacity by one of the reviews—that it was her intention to start you almost immediately upon Nietzsche. You would not enjoy Nietzsche, sir. He is fundamentally unsound."

"Get out!"

"Very good, sir."

It's rummy how sleeping on a thing often makes you feel quite different about it. It's happened to me over and over again. Somehow or other, when I woke next morning the old heart didn't feel half so broken as it had done. It was a perfectly topping day, and there was something about the way the sun came in at the window and the row the birds were kicking up in the ivy that made me half wonder whether Jeeves wasn't right. After all, though she had a wonderful profile, was it such a catch being engaged to Florence Craye as the casual observer might imagine? Wasn't there something in what Jeeves had said about her character? I began to realize that my ideal wife was something quite different, something a lot more clinging and drooping and prattling, and so forth.

Besides, in any case, how about marriage? Wasn't it a bit of a mug's game, when you came right down to it? What I mean to say is: Where's the sense in getting married, after all? Take it by and large, a chappie is a bit of a chump, going in for that sort of thing.

I had got as far as this in thinking the thing out when that Types of Ethical Theory caught my eye. I opened it; and I give you my honest word this was what hit me:

"Of the two antithetic terms in the Greek philosophy one only was real and self-subsisting; and that one was Ideal Thought as opposed to that which it has to penetrate and mold. The other, corresponding to our Nature, was in itself phenomenal, unreal, without any permanent footing, having no predicates that held true for two moments together; in short, redeemed from negation only by indwelling realities appearing through."

Well—I mean to say—what! And Nietzsche is, from all accounts, a lot worse than that!

"Jeeves," I said, when he came in with my morning tea, "I've been thinking it over. You're engaged again."

"Thank you, sir."

I sucked down a cheering mouthful. A great respect for this Johnnie's judgment began to soak through me.

"Oh, Jeeves," I said—"about that check suit."

"Yes, sir?"

"Is it really a frost?"

"A trifle too bizarre, sir, in my opinion."

"But lots of fellows have asked me who my tailor is."

"Doubtless in order to avoid him, sir."

"He's supposed to be one of the best men in London."

"I am saying nothing against his moral character, sir."

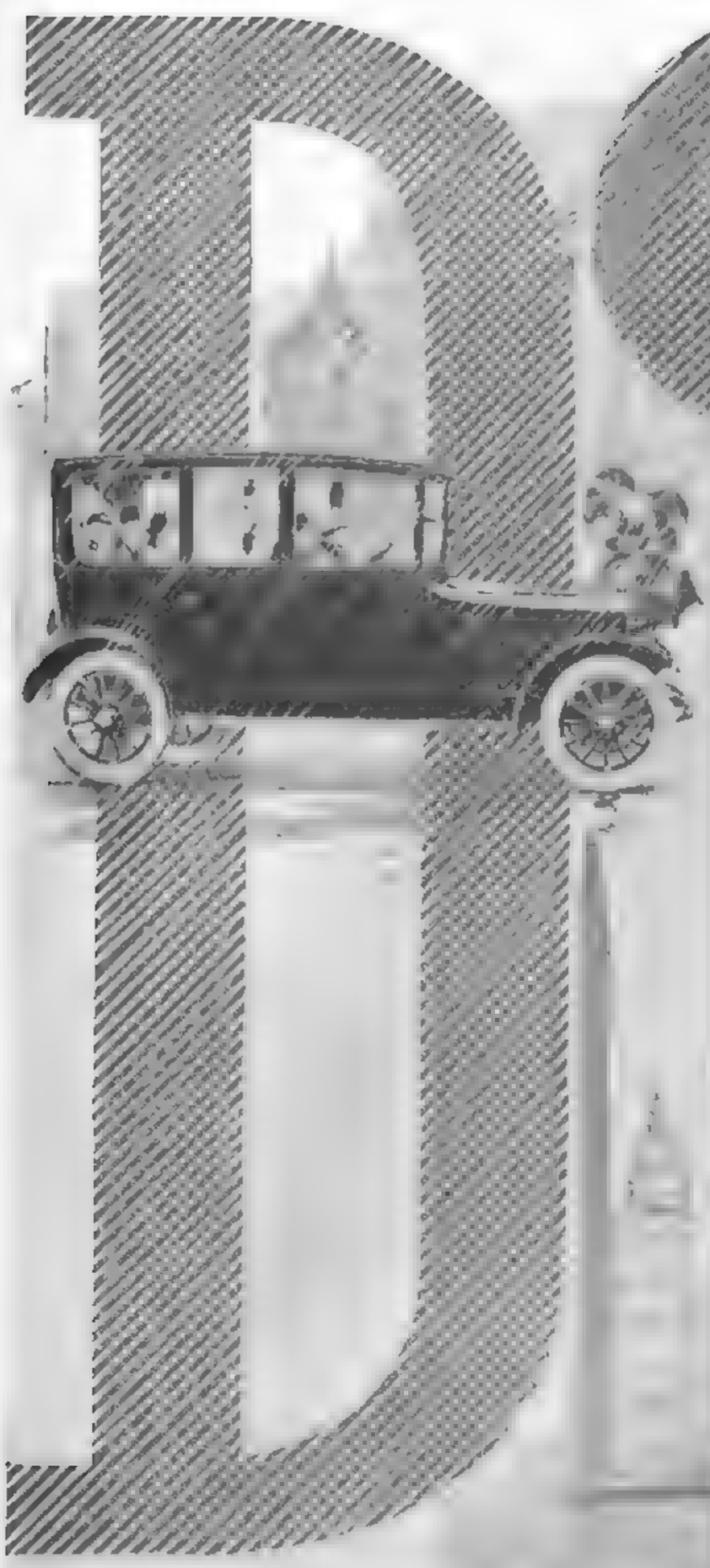
I hesitated a bit. I had a feeling that I was passing into this chappie's clutches, and that if I gave in now I should become just like poor old Aubrey Fothergill, unable to call my soul my own. On the other hand, this was obviously a cove of rare intelligence, and it would be a comfort in a lot of ways to have him doing the thinking for me. I made up my mind.

"All right, Jeeves," I said. "You know! Give the bally thing away to somebody!"

He looked down at me like a father gazing tenderly at the wayward child.

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. I gave it to the under gardener the day before yesterday. . . . A little more tea, sir?"

DORT



The Sedan

$1065
F. O. B. Flint, Mich.
for the Sedan

$695 for the 5 Passenger Touring Car and Fleur-de-Lys Roadster

Built in Flint

The beauty of true good taste, the refinement and comfort of a room in an exquisite home, the luxury of unstinted fancy—this is the Dort Sedan.

It is unique among closed cars in that it has about it the pleasing atmosphere of a favorite corner in a drawing room. The fittings are of the finest, yet are unobtrusive in their excellence. The upholstering of genteel Narcissus cloth over deep, soft cushions, the rich carpeting of Moresque wool and the various dainty appointments add to the charm of the interior.

Women, who best appreciate a car of rare elegance and distinction, will be delighted with the Dort Sedan. However, it is a man's car too.

When you see the Dort remember that its value is not to be measured by its moderate price—"*the quality goes clear through.*"

DORT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, FLINT, MICH.
Canadian Factory: Gray-Dort Motors, Ltd., Chatham, Ont.

From Little to Big

by the Sales Slip Route

Applying two great business principles to one small business transformed the country store of Anthony W. McKinney into the Hardware Supply Co. of Dunkirk—and has recently enabled the latter to expand into McKinney Brothers Department Store, one of the largest and most complete country stores of its kind in Indiana.

These principles are:

1. Account for every penny, on every transaction, and thus prevent the losses due to human inaccuracy.
2. Know how your business stands every day, week, month and year.

The McKinney Brothers, like thousands of other retailers, found that to carry out these principles required both speed and accuracy in adding the items on sales slips, in reading the story revealed by those slips, in totaling long columns of figures to get sales by clerks and departments, assets, liabilities, expenses, and net profits.

Pencil and pen involved too much delay, too many mistakes, too high a cost. Human fingers couldn't write fast enough and human brains couldn't always be depended on to get the right totals.

So the job was turned over to a Burroughs Figuring Machine.

It checks every record of sales or purchase and protects the pennies. It makes possible the sales analysis on which the business is built.

The Totals that Tell the Truth

Every morning the sales slips of the day before are sorted, totaled, again sorted and totaled till the McKinney Bros. know:

Total cash sales.

Total charge sales.

Total sales by clerks—cash and charge.

Total sales by departments—cash and charge.

Every month the totals are transferred to a sheet showing comparisons with the same month in previous years.

The McKinney Brothers Department Store at Dunkirk [illegible] on business ability accuracy and sales analysis

Analysis of these sales slips—with the help of a Burroughs Adding Machine—has been a big factor in the McKinney Brothers' success

A perpetual statement journal carries forward all entries affecting the general accounts.

And again the Burroughs helps in computing, from this journal, a monthly statement of assets, liabilities, sales, expenses and net profits.

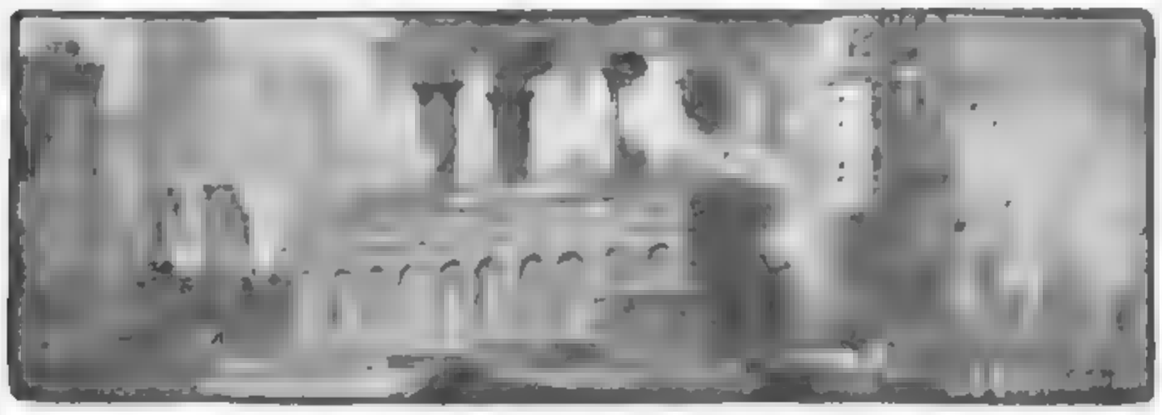
Adapted to Any Business

There are 98 models of Burroughs Figuring and Bookkeeping Machines suited to the needs of any concern large or small. Consult your banker or your telephone book for address of the nearest of the 170 offices of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company in the United States and Canada.

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES PRICED AS LOW AS $125
PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS—SAVE VALUABLE TIME

Burroughs

The original store of Anthony W McKinney. His three sons today operate at Dunkirk, Indiana, one of the biggest and finest small town department stores in the state



LABORATORIES THAT TURN LOSSES TO PROFITS

(Continued from Page 22)

No American manufacturer who has a million batteries thrown back on his hands by a European customer is going to continue to "go it blind" any longer so far as a thorough scientific examination of all his raw materials is concerned. One lesson of that kind is ample. This concern is now going ahead on the basis that the time to lock the barn door is before the horse is stolen. In other words, it is making a consistent effort to use industrial chemistry to prevent losses instead of to explain them.

In this time of sensational prices competition in buying has reached the acute stage in almost every line of manufacture. This is especially true in the field of metals; and when a supply of material of this kind is offered on the market, at a price that gives it a distinct advantage, it inevitably becomes an object of suspicion. At least, where the amount of the purchase is likely to be large, the value of the material must be vindicated by a laboratory test. Chemists and laboratories, like courts and lawyers, thrive on suspicion. Though there would still be a certain demand for their services if all men were intentionally honest, their volume would be immensely reduced by a realization of ideal business morality. As this millennial condition appears to be decidedly remote, the consulting industrial chemist finds that a large number of his clients are forced to seek his advice because of a suspicion that the goods offered are not exactly as represented.

Not long ago a large manufacturing concern, using an immense amount of babbitt for the bearings of shaft journals—to the end of reducing wear and friction—sent a sample of the metal to a consulting chemist, along with the specifications that this composition was supposed to satisfy. Later other samples were submitted. The letter of transmission intimated that the price at which this particular metal was offered was so much lower than that of all others coming in competition with it that it would be well to make the test so searching that the determination should be beyond doubt.

The Secret of the Cheap Babbitt

These instructions were carried out to the letter, and the chemist reported that the metal analyzed complied fully with the specifications. Not only this, but it was found to compare favorably with the competing samples submitted for analysis.

In spite of this showing, the purchasing agent was loath to change his source of supply without giving the concern from which he had long bought his bearing metal an opportunity to meet the competitive price.

"I can demonstrate to you," declared the maker of the bearing metal from whom the purchasing agent had been in the habit of buying, "that the raw materials going into the composition cannot be bought on the market to-day at the price at which this competitor offers you his finished product. You say that you can buy this stuff at ten cents a pound less than my price. I should lose a lot of money at that figure, and you can bet your last dollar there is a nigger in the woodpile somewhere."

The purchasing agent had the uncomfortable conviction that the metal dealer believed him guilty of playing a cheap and almost childish trick in an attempt to beat down the price of babbitt. So the buyer backed his statement by submitting the text of the low bid to the doubting and disappointed dealer. Then he called in the author of the bid and said substantially this:

"I'll admit that your price is a whole lot lower than that of any other competitor, and that your sample conforms entirely to our specifications; but, before I place this order with you, it is up to you to give me a convincing explanation of how you happen to be able to undersell your competitors to such a radical extent."

"That's easy," came the quick answer. "I happen to employ a very keen chemist, who showed me how to beat the market on babbitt and still conform strictly to quality and specifications. Not long ago I had an opportunity to buy a big quantity of scrap tin at what seemed to me to be a very favorable price. Of course I was not going to take any chances on putting tin into my babbitt that might not turn out right; so I took a sample of the stuff to a consulting chemist and explained in detail the use for which it was intended. When he made his verbal report on the analysis of the stuff he wore a broad smile."

Some Prize Problems

"He asked me whether I had not been able to buy this tin at a price which was lower than the virgin metal, because it contained alloy. He had guessed the situation precisely. Then he told me that in this case the alloy happened to be antimony; and, therefore, I was getting quite an amount of antimony at a price very much below what I should have to pay for the pure, virgin metal. Your bearing metal is made of tin, antimony and copper—and consequently the copper and part of the antimony that go into your mixture are the only materials which cost me a normal market price. This is how I can undersell my competitors ten cents a pound and still make a very little more profit than they would make at their bids. And this isn't the first time, either, that a chemist has shown me the way to cut the corners in this business!"

No reader should entertain the notion that industrial chemistry is mainly concerned with the process of testing materials. Though it is true this is one of its standard and routine tasks, the fact remains that its big prizes, to which perhaps its most brilliant achievements are given, are in the realm of definitely constructive work. Chemists freely admit that in this field some of the most remarkable achievements are apparently the fruits of chance and accident, rather than of reason and far-sightedness.

This element of chance, in combination with the alluring size of the prizes and the opportunity to make intelligence and shrewdness count, gives to industrial chemistry all the thrill and fascination of the turf or the gaming table.

Certainly it does not lack excitement—especially for those who are both experienced and ambitious.

The head of a celebrated laboratory in the East tells this story:

"In chemistry, as in everything else, we need the stimulus of a specific prize to draw out the best constructive work that is in us. The rawest laboratory recruit can make out a list of big industrial problems that need to be solved and that would bring wealth along with their solution; but it takes a man of uncommon temperament to go out after one of these general prizes with anything approaching the enthusiasm and application that he gives to the problem which has been brought to him personally.

"Well, our laboratory was just about cleaned out of what I should call prize cases when I was called into consultation with the active manufacturing head of a large tobacco company. He explained that he had started to put a new brand of cigarette on the market, and he wished to give it

The National HIGHWAY
Six or Twelve Cylinder Models

America's Best Looking Cars

INNATE beauty, born of good breeding, makes National the criterion of styles and widens the growing leadership among quality cars.

There are limits to what high grade cars should cost—to spend more is equivalent to "over-dressing." Genuine aristocracy does not have to strain for effect, it is inherent and apparent, as in National's superb body distinctions and mechanical perfection.

Either way you judge motor cars, by their appearance or by their performance, will lead you to these new Nationals, if you want quality without extravagance.

The Touring Sedan, Springfield Type and the Coupé are built in both the Six and Twelve Cylinder Models

National Motor Vehicle Company, Indianapolis
Sixteenth Successful Year

Highway Six
$1750

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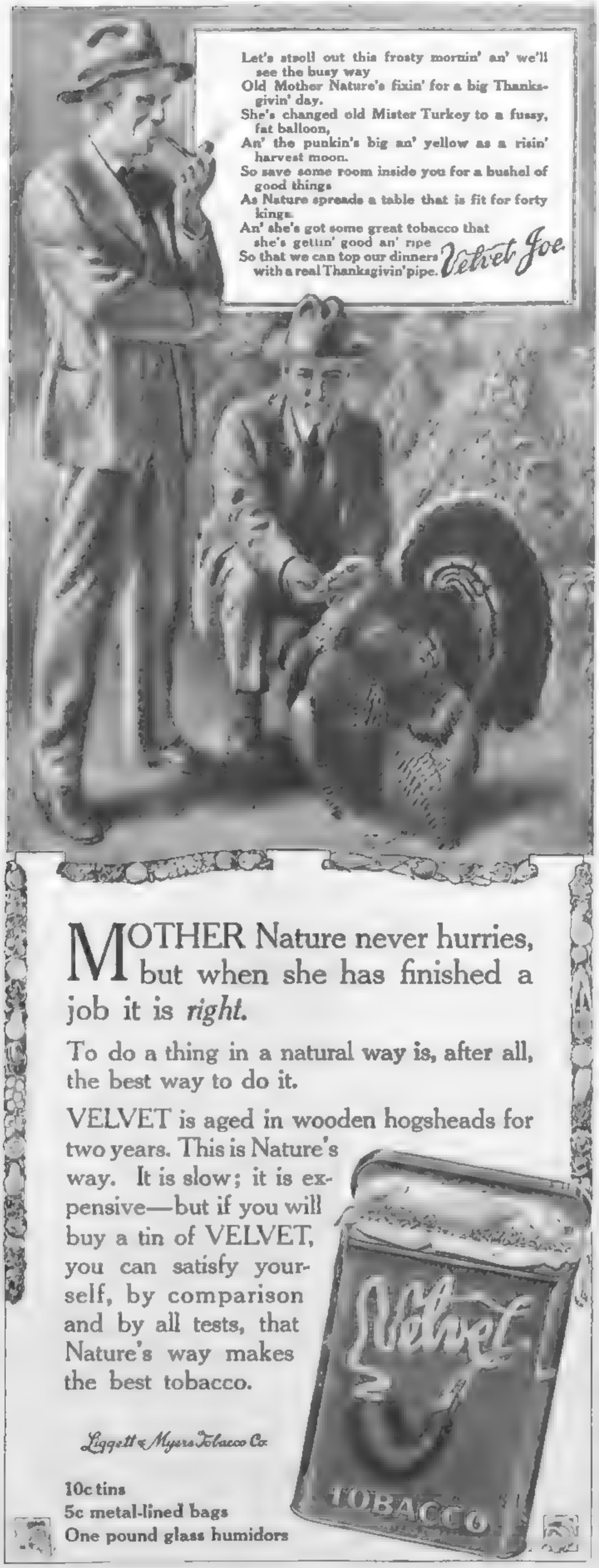

Let's stroll out this frosty mornin' an' we'll see the busy way
Old Mother Nature's fixin' for a big Thanksgivin' day.
She's changed old Mister Turkey to a fussy, fat balloon,
An' the punkin's big an' yellow as a risin' harvest moon.
So save some room inside you for a bushel of good things
As Nature spreads a table that is fit for forty kings.
An' she's got some great tobacco that she's gettin' good an' ripe
So that we can top our dinners with a real Thankagivin' pipe.
Velvet Joe

MOTHER Nature never hurries, but when she has finished a job it is *right.*

To do a thing in a natural way is, after all, the best way to do it.

VELVET is aged in wooden hogsheads for two years. This is Nature's way. It is slow; it is expensive—but if you will buy a tin of VELVET, you can satisfy yourself, by comparison and by all tests, that Nature's way makes the best tobacco.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

10c tins
5c metal-lined bags
One pound glass humidors

what tobacconists would call a rich 'pound cake.' This particular flavor, he explained, was characteristic of the best pipe tobacco, chewing tobacco and cigars sent out from his factory. But all the efforts of his most expert blenders to get this peculiar quality in cigarette tobacco had been unavailing. He wished to retain me to attack this problem; and he named a large sum that would be paid as a bonus, in addition to the usual fee, if I could produce a cigarette tobacco that would have the true pound-cake flavor.

"Here was something worth while going after! I recognized at once that there was a big element of chance in the pursuit of this prize; but this fact only increased the fascination of the chase. The tobacco manufacturer gave me a box of cigarettes made by another company that came fairly close to the ideal flavor he had in mind.

"Analysis and the microscope quickly disclosed the ingredients of this mixture. They were duplicated and combined over and over again, but the flavor did not approach that of the sample. Patience is one of the prime requisites in a chemical laboratory, and consequently, as a matter of course, we kept plugging away at this problem with unslacking persistence. One day, when we were apparently no nearer the solution of the problem than when we started, one of my assistants put some of the tobacco into a drying bath, and then became so absorbed in something else that he forgot all about it. When he discovered what he had done he was rather crestfallen, for a chemist is not supposed to let anything spoil for lack of attention. He fully expected to find this particular batch of tobacco completely spoiled; but when he tested it he gave an exclamation that brought everybody in the room to attention. His accident had produced the precise pound-cake flavor for which we had been striving! It had a rich, distinctive flavor, and was of a quality to make a sure appeal to the average cigarette smoker.

"I took the ingredients, dried them separately, and made the vital discovery that licorice was used after it had been made hot. This was the secret of the rich flavor."

Once commercial chemists were largely engaged in making mysterious mixtures, in concocting secret compounds from simple and inexpensive materials, which could be sold under impressive names at a huge profit. Many of them had merit and served the purpose they were supposed to serve; but their exorbitant margin of profit was based upon their mystery rather than their merit. To-day the tide has turned and chemists are kept busy taking these compounds apart to see what makes them go, and incidentally to take the water out of their prices. Here is a case that clearly illustrates this class of laboratory experiences:

Seaweed in the Brewery

A big Western brewer sent a quantity of jellylike substance to a consulting chemist in New York and made this comment:

"This jell is the only stuff I have been able to find that keeps my boilers free from the crust which forms from the water we are obliged to use; but the price the makers compel us to pay is becoming almost prohibitive. We use an immense quantity and the bill for this cleaner runs into big figures. The manufacturer claims, of course, that it is a secret compound and is costly to make. Somehow I suspect this isn't so, and that a substitute can be made at a much lower cost which will do the work just as well. See if you can discover what this stuff is made of and how to beat its price without sacrificing any of its working value."

Soon the chemist reported that the compound was made almost wholly of a certain seaweed, very common on the Atlantic Coast, and that the cost of this weed was only a few dollars a ton. A large quantity of this seaweed was then secured and elaborate tests were made. It was discovered that it was not necessary even to cook the weed into jelly, but simply to put a certain quantity of it into the water of the boilers and when sufficiently cooked it would form the jelly which prevented the incrustation.

The thrifty brewer at once made a contract with members of the Atlantic Coast Life-Saving Service to gather this weed after it had been thrown up on the shore by a storm, bale it and ship it to him by the carload. As the life-savers did this in their leisure time it was very inexpensive. The change from the barreled mystery to baled seaweed was decidedly economical.

Another interesting phase of the industrial chemist's work as an unraveler of mysteries is in supplying missing links and restoring fragments of lost information. Secret processes and formulas are the everyday problems in this field of research. When the combination of furniture manufacturers took place it was found that the most successful polishing material was made by an old employee of one of the constituent companies. He realized that his opportunity had arrived and told the management of the consolidation that the mixing of the compound was his own secret, and would remain so until he was dead; that it had always been made in secret by his own hands and that he would divulge the process to no human being.

On the other hand a much greater quantity of the mixture was necessary to supply all the factories. It was agreed that the old man should receive a greatly increased compensation, but that he must write out his formula in full and deposit it, under seal, in escrow, with a trust company—to be delivered to his employers after his death.

In the course of a few years the old man died and an official of the company appeared at the laboratory of a consulting chemist, laboring under great mental excitement.

"Not even the old man's assistant can make this formula work! I always thought old Fritz was the soul of honor and loyalty; but ——"

"Perhaps," interrupted the chemist, "it might be well to await developments before questioning that conclusion."

When the chemist came to mix the preparation he discovered that a single element, which was so obviously necessary as to be almost self-evident, had been omitted from the old man's formula. Clearly it had not been left out by intention, but rather because the old man had taken its use for granted. The discovery of this was the one vital thing that prevented the formula from dying with him.

Boiled in the Wrong Kettle

Occasionally the researches of the industrial chemist bring strange commercial secrets to the surface. These are sometimes as contradictory as they are curious. A celebrated New York chemist tells this odd story:

"One of the fascinating features of this profession is that its Pandora Box of surprises is never exhausted. Perhaps the oddest development that an analysis in my laboratory ever brought to light was the finale of a case brought in by a large dealer in molasses. This distressed food jobber had sent a large shipment of Barbados molasses to Newfoundland, where this sweet liquid is largely used as a substitute for sugar and is a big staple of the regular diet of the fisherfolk. All my troubled client told me was that this big shipment was on the point of being sent back to him, on the ground that it was not Barbados molasses, and the consumers would not stand for it; and that he had submitted it to leading members of the trade in the United States, who pronounced it a very superior molasses.

"As the sum the jobber was likely to lose was a large one, I went into the matter quite thoroughly and made determinations of almost every make of molasses of which a sample was obtainable.

"My analysis of the rejected molasses showed that it contained a slight trace of iron, while the analysis of a sample obtained direct from Barbados did not reveal a trace of this element. Here was a lead that was instantly followed. Investigation disclosed the fact that at that time only copper kettles were used in refining in Barbados, while iron kettles were in common use by the producers of New Orleans molasses.

"Naturally the next question to be raised was why the presence of a slight trace of iron in molasses should render that sweet especially inacceptable to the people of Newfoundland. Instantly the fact that you cannot bring iron into contact with tea without producing a salt of tannic acid came to my mind. The Newfoundlanders are inveterate tea drinkers; and an inquiry revealed the fact—which my client had neglected to mention—that sweetening tea with molasses is a common practice among the people of the Newfoundland coast.

"Here, to my sense, was the explanation of the whole trouble. I told the jobber he would undoubtedly find that his unfortunate shipment was New Orleans molasses and had never seen Barbados. He responded that if the New Orleans article was cheaper, instead of higher, he could understand how and why this might be true.

(Concluded on Page 69)

Which for You?

The Man-Made Daylight of Warner-Lenz—or

The Dangerous Glaring Shaft of Ordinary Lens?

Warner-Lenz brings the final solution of night-driving problems to all who motor.
At last here is a lens that gives a perfect driving light for both country and city.

This wonderful new Warner-Lenz—176 lenses in one—announces the end of old-style, hazardous lighting. No need now to "feel" your way on difficult country roads or crowded city streets. Nervous tension ends. No more guesswork.

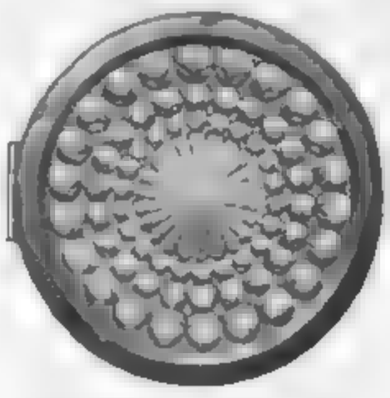
Over 250,000 automobiles have been equipped with Warner-Lenz. What greater endorsement? This means that Warner-Lenz has undergone the severest tests. This means that automobile manufacturers, police officials and motor experts—in addition to owners—will have no other lighting methods—once they know Warner-Lenz. They are bound to become universal.

Warner-Lenz positively does away with the blinding glare prohibited by law. It eliminates the necessity of dimmers that make your light dangerously weak and confusing.

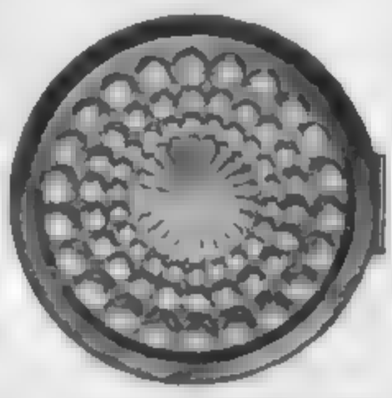
Warner-Lenz brings man-made daylight for motoring at night. Your lamps give forth as much light as ever, but it is properly diffused. The road is brightened up on both sides of your car and ahead of you—from 300 to 500 feet.

The road is seen *as it is*, without exaggerated dips and bumps. Lurking dangers on both sides and ahead are disclosed, *before* you get to them.

The wide-angle Warner-Lenz lights up the turns and the corners before you reach them and while you are turning. Safety, pleasure, and motoring etiquette all demand the Warner-Lenz in your automobile lamps. It's a courtesy you owe to "the other fellow." Let yours be the light of safety and the light of a gentleman.



WARNER-LENZ



ADOPTED AS STANDARD EQUIPMENT FOR PACKARDS AND MARMONS

The Warner-Lenz is not a lamp. It is a lens, and is easily attached to any automobile lamp of any size. Anybody can attach Warner-Lenz. You merely take out the glass now in your lamp and insert the new Warner-Lenz. Nothing mechanical about it—nothing to adjust or get out of order. Once on—there to stay.

One dark night's use is convincing thousands that they can't get along without this great invention, which bears the personal guarantee of Mr. A. P. Warner, of Auto-Meter fame. You, too, will be convinced.

So wait no longer. Equip your car now with Warner-Lenz.

Accessory dealers throughout the country will supply you with a pair of Warner-Lenz. And put them on your car in a jiffy. If your nearest dealer should not have a supply just now, we will ship direct, if you use the coupon.

THE WARNER-LENZ COMPANY
918 S. Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO

Price of Warner-Lenz
Per Pair

Diameter in inches	Cost of Lenses
5 to 9, inclusive,	$3.50
9¼ to 10, inclusive,	4.00
10¼ to 12, inclusive,	5.00

West of Rockies 25c per pair extra

Please Read These Directions Carefully

Merely send us the name and model of your car with the diameter of your present lens

Money-Back Coupon

THE WARNER-LENZ CO.
918 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Inclosed find (check, money order or cash) for which [illegible] will be refunded if [illegible]

Name

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Name and model of car

Dealer's name

Address

The Vogue of Community Plate

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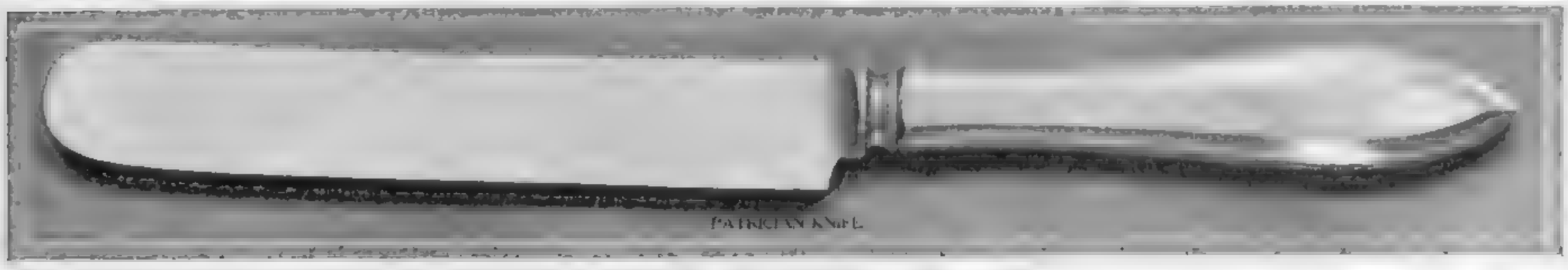
DINING ROOM of PRINCESS PIERRE TROUBETZKOY

In private life, Princess Troubetzkoy is Amelie Rives, the distinguished novelist. Her dining room is outfitted with the Patrician design in Community Plate.

A FEW DISTINGUISHED PATRONS of COMMUNITY PLATE

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, New York,	*Patrician design*	Mrs. Oliver Harriman, New York,	*Sheraton design*	Mrs. Horace Palmer, Chicago,	*Sheraton design*
Lady Randolph Churchill, London,	*Patrician design*	Countess Castagny, London,	*Patrician design*	Princess Troubetzkoy, New York,	*Patrician design*
Baroness de Meyer, New York,	*Sheraton design*	Mrs. F. C. Havemeyer, New York,	*Patrician design*	Duchess of Rutland, London,	*Patrician design*
Mrs. James B. Haggin, New York,	*Patrician design*	Mrs. Robert Jardan, Boston,	*Georgian design*	Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt, New York,	*Patrician design*



PATRICIAN KNIFE

When it comes to silverware, even the staunchest American is an aristocrat at heart. Surely no one could resist the charm and distinction of the Patrician design in Community Plate. A chest containing a complete outfit for the table can be bought at prices ranging from $50.00 to $300.00. Or in individual sets; for instance, teaspoons $5.00 the [illegible].

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD., Oneida, N. Y.; Canadian Plant, Niagara Falls, Ont

Also makers of Oneida Community Reliance Plate (Six Teaspoons, $1.50) and Oneida Community Par Plate

(Concluded from Page 66)

"When he went to the dealer from whom he had bought the stuff, that crestfallen merchant made the amazing confession that he had substituted the more expensive New Orleans molasses because he wished to make so favorable an impression upon this big jobber that he would become a permanent customer. And his stroke of enterprise might have been a marked success had it not been for the trace of iron in the New Orleans product and the fact that Newfoundlanders use molasses in their tea. Of course the overzealous dealer made good the jobber's loss."

Let no manufacturer imagine that, to put an end to his production troubles, he has only to hire a chemist or install a laboratory. Even by its most ardent advocates, chemistry is not offered to industry as a cure-all for its entire line of complaints. It will not act as an automatic substitute for common sense; nor will it take the place of sound business management. It seems altogether likely that a large majority of the laboratories installed in manufacturing plants in this country have been distinct disappointments to their sponsors and builders.

Probably no other American has done more than the late Prof. Robert Kennedy Duncan to induce chemistry and industry to come under the same yoke and pull together; yet this pioneer in coördinating commerce and science made this startling statement:

"Personal observation, however, for several years leads me to state that presumably ninety-five per cent of so-called factory research is worse than loss—worse than loss because the failure of the individual instance places a finale on the possibility of that particular factory to understand the advantage of applied science. The normal failure that attends factory research is due to ignorance of the canons of judgment in choosing chemists, inexperience in dealing with them, and a general lack of knowledge of the facilities with which it is necessary to furnish them—laboratory, library and living facilities. I have met tragic instances of chemists possessed of high training, creative power and practical character, working under the most shameful conditions, burdened with routine drudgery, subjected to the interference, and orders even, of factory foremen; and—what is even worse—working under an entire misapprehension and ignorance on the part of the officials of the company as to their possibilities and value. I have seen them working under every circumstance of discouragement, inadequate facilities and bad treatment."

This authority as frankly admits that he has found corporations giving good opportunities to chemists wholly inadequate and unqualified for their tasks.

Research Fellowships

Out of an effort to overcome these conflicting conditions came what appears to be about the most successful method of conducting real research work for the direct solution of specific industrial problems. This is known as the Industrial Fellowship plan, which has been in operation at the University of Pittsburgh since 1911, when the Mellon Institute of Industrial Chemical Research was begun under the direction of Prof. Robert Kennedy Duncan.

In its five years of active operation it has administered one hundred and five fellowships, involving the services of one hundred and eighty-six fellows, or researchers; and has solved seven out of each ten of the industrial problems put up to it—solved them to the admitted satisfaction of the founders of the fellowships. Another foot-rule by which to measure the practical results attained under this ingenious plan is found in the fact that more than twenty new processes, worked out under these industrial fellowships, are now in use on a commercial scale in the plants of the concerns which have contributed fellowship endowments to the amount of $360,400 and $21,300 in bonuses—besides spending more than three hundred thousand dollars in building experimental or unit plants at the university.

The Institute itself has offset this outside investment on the part of industries looking for the solution of their problems, by spending one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars in overhead, and investing about three hundred and fifty thousand dollars in buildings and permanent equipment.

Undoubtedly the chief elements that have made this institution so successful in giving practical service to industry are the independence of the research work from unfavorable factory influences calculated to hinder and repress instead of stimulate it; its general guidance by trained scientists dedicated to the work of training chemistry to pull steadily in the industrial harness; and the use of equipment and facilities for research not to be found in the laboratory of any individual plant. But underlying these reasons is perhaps the cardinal one of an intelligent selection of the chemist best suited to attack a particular problem with reasonable promise of success; for there can be little doubt that the hiring of a chemist by the average manufacturing executive is usually much on the order of "buying a pig in a poke."

The Industrial Fellowship scheme works out in this way: A manufacturer agrees to give a certain sum for one year or more to found a fellowship that shall be devoted to solving a certain problem. The Institute agrees to find a chemist whom it believes to be especially adapted to the work in hand, to give general oversight to the investigation, and to furnish facilities for it up to the point where its results appear to warrant the building of a separate unit plant large enough to demonstrate the commercial utility of the solution of the industrial problem in hand. As the results of the research are guaranteed to belong exclusively to the founder of the fellowship, it is necessarily surrounded with considerable secrecy.

The Institute furnishes all ordinary supplies, and perhaps the most elaborate equipment of chemical apparatus in any laboratory in America; but its greatest contribution is unquestionably in the form of an atmosphere highly stimulative to constructive chemical research.

The Group Laboratory

Another type of laboratory that is giving a service of peculiar success to industry is that which is maintained by a group of manufacturers in the same general line. No better example in point could be given than the laboratories of the National Canners' Association, in Washington, D. C. These are equipped on a scale to which no individual plant in the canning industry could hope to aspire. It is altogether likely that there is not another laboratory in the country possessing facilities so complete for its work as this. Perhaps there is not another that gives greater service, measured in dollars and cents, at so small a cost to the individual member of the industry, as does this elaborate and admirably equipped institution, the work of which is directed by chemists of international reputation.

Evidently this affords a clear demonstration of the fact that the group laboratory, serving many members of the same industry, is able to secure results of a protective character not possible to the ordinary member, except at an almost prohibitive expense.

Undoubtedly large development along the line of group laboratories is to be expected in the near future. Nor is there any doubt that their increase will spell better protection to the consuming public, a general elevation of quality standards, and an equally general movement in the direction of standardizing products, to the increased convenience of the consumer.

There are two other types of distinctly industrial laboratories: That which is operated on a straight commercial basis, and that maintained by a manufacturing concern for its exclusive use. In the class first named are several very large and admirably equipped institutions of national reputation. Though they are operated for profit, they are semipublic in many of their characteristics. Next in this class come the consulting chemists, of all kinds and ranks, some of them maintaining laboratories larger than those of many a state university. To these must turn not only the small manufacturer, with his pressing problems, but also the large manufacturer who wishes to check results reported by his own chemists, or who must have materials passed upon by an outside and impartial authority, whose decision will not be questioned.

Any small manufacturer who feels himself moved to reach out, for the first time, for the aid of industrial chemistry may justify his venture with two comforting considerations: That the fruits of this science are generally cheap compared with those of expert legal or surgical talent, and that the chemist's brand of professional honor and secrecy is quite as high as that maintained in either of those respected and familiar professions.

THE SHERMAN THE STRAND

Twenty Years Ago—and Now!

Twenty years ago probably not one man in a thousand, when he bought a suit or an overcoat, thought of inquiring as to the standing or even the name of the maker who produced it.

Today, the biography of a tailoring institution—its record—its platform—are as much matters of public scrutiny as the antecedents of any candidate for office.

A great change! And for very good reasons.

With standards shifting—with a tendency everywhere to nibble away at quality—the one thing that enables a man to buy his clothes with security is the label of a maker who stands publicly for something definite.

—for all-wool, 100 percent and no compromise.

—for workmanship painstakingly done in an atmosphere of sunlight, sanitation, cheerfulness.

—for a full dollar's equivalent, whether you pay $15, $20, $25 or up to $50.

KIRSCHBAUM CLOTHES

Insist upon the Kirschbaum label and accept no compromise.
Look for the fixed price noted on the sleeve.

A. B. KIRSCHBAUM CO.

PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK

12
Radio Blades
Perfected the Safety Razor
IT IS some blade. Always up to the topmost efficiency — ready to clean off the toughest stubble or the tenderest growth with a smile for the shaver.
'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor with 12 Radio Blades
$1
In the Ever-Ready dollar outfit besides 12 individually guaranteed "Radio" Blades, you have the marvelous self-adjusted Ever-Ready frame. This frame is the development of many years—is guaranteed for no less than 10 years' utility.
Ever-Ready 12-bladed $1.00 Safety Razor and extra "Radio" Blades are sold by cutlery, druggists, hardware and general stores.
Beware of worthless substitutes with less blades. Look for the trade-mark face. Ever-Ready Blades also fit other makes of frames and improve their shaving.
Extra "Radio" Blades 6 for 30c
American Safety Razor Co., Inc.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Ever-Ready Safety Razor
Complete Outfit with 12 Blades One Dollar

SHOESTRINGS

(Continued from Page 5)

behind the bars, like it might get out and bite 'em! Madam Wallop herself too. Three thousand cash in cold storage!"

"They're going to get married, you know," Mr. Tams informed him; and Mr. Belcher gave a stare.

"The madam? . . . Huh?"

Mr. Tams said no. It was Miss Negley, she and Mr. Babbett, that he meant. Mr. Babbett was in wholesale hardware—real genteel.

As for Mrs. Wallop, that lady planned some day to buy herself a bungalow at Los Angeles. She had a brother-in-law there who was a banker. He came originally from Kansas.

"Don't mention it!" begged Mr. Belcher. "I got sister's husband, the banker, slipped to me the day I hired my room. She puts it over every evening again with the soup. As if anyone that comes from Kansas ain't got a brother in Los Angeles! . . . Say," said Mr. Belcher, and he took Mr. Tams earnestly by the elbow, "you listen to me. I got something to tell you. Do you hear?"

Mr. Tams heard. He listened also. For an hour or more by the clock Mr. Belcher, the banker and broker, poured into his expectant ear the fires of his eloquence and enthusiasm. It was in terms not merely of dollars but dollars by the thousands that Mr. Belcher talked.

Only one thing troubled Mr. Tams. It was that he alone should be the beneficiary of all that which Mr. Belcher so generously planned and promised. Kindly and simple-hearted, the floorwalker wished that the others, his fellow boarders, might have a share in his good fortune.

"Sure; I'm a good fellow too," agreed Mr. Belcher heartily; "get me next to the bunch and I'll let them all in too."

Then he rose and held out his hand

"Shake!" said Mr. Belcher.

Mr. Tams for an hour had been doing that. From the soles of his shoes to the crown of his head he had been quivering like a form of aspic in a caterer's wagon. However, with an effort he held out a limp, clammy hand.

In the midst of his agitation a line from In The Drawing Room recurred to him.

"Charmed!" said Mr. Tams.

There is no doubt of it; he was.

Since then, months had passed. Spring went, the summer had come; then summer itself had waned. Months of excitement they had been. They had been months not unmixed with agony too. What a time, indeed, it had been! However, in the midst of all these months of agony and excitement Mr. Tams had not been the only one of Mrs. Wallop's household to endure these contending throes.

The fact is, the miracle in Octavia Street had been general.

III

THE parlor clock had just struck seven; and, subsiding with a final croupy whir, it had stilled itself, when the door of Mrs. Wallop's cozy boudoir opened and the lady appeared in the hall. Change was a feature in Mrs. Wallop's cosmos. Last week the boudoir had been on the third floor, and in the front; but now it was the second-floor back that she graced. Exigency was the cause of this. Whatever room was at the moment vacant became *ab initio*—or is it *ipso facto*?—Mrs. Wallop's. She was not particular, it seemed. Ordinarily a lounge in the dining room sufficed. Business first, said Mrs. Wallop.

At the moment, as she paused in the dim glow of the hall's single gas jet, guests in the establishment hardly would have known her. Usually Mrs. Wallop's garb at dinner was a gown simple in style, neutral as to tint. Sundays she donned black satin adorned with bugles, an apron, for safety's sake, covering it while she carved. Not now, however. A poplin of the latest shade, the latest mode, too, attired her. A *dernier cri* was what any modiste would have called it.

Its tone, as a whole, was pale sea green. Flounces fluffed the skirt, and the waist was a filmy cloud of tulle, cut low in front and V-shaped at the back. A girdle of broad *éminence* satin ribbon, a single note of color, relieved the background of pale sea green, the poplin resembling kelp in hue; and, looking not unlike Neptune's daughter—if not that, like Mrs. Neptune herself—the landlady paused at the stair-head. Somehow she seemed agitated.

Whether it was the dress or whether something else caused this was not at the moment evident. Mrs. Wallop, however, having paused, shot a crafty look about her. Upstairs all was silent; downstairs it was equally still. Assured of this, at any rate, the lady reached down swiftly; and, billow after billow, she began pulling up the flounces of her skirt. Afterward Mrs. Wallop pulled up her underskirt. This, it happened, revealed at the moment that the landlady had donned silk stockings.

The stockings, like the gown, were pale sea green. What also was revealed was in structure Chickering rather than Chippendale. But never mind! From the back of each silk stocking obtruded a prominence. Each prominence, besides, was as large as Mrs. Wallop's two fists, doubled. Prodding the two, as if to reassure herself they were there, the madam gave vent to a constrained sigh.

Just then, down the hall a door opened; and with a little scream, a cry of startled modesty, Mrs. Wallop shook down the cloud of pale green flounces about her.

"Miss Negley! I was that scared!" she exclaimed.

Miss Negley came swiftly along the hall. She was a young woman, girlish in figure, slender, with rosy cheeks and bright, sparkling brown eyes. The stenographer in a Kearny Street real-estate firm—you would not have dreamed it now!

A dinner dress, a thing of filmy, clinging voile, attired her. Pale old rose was its tone, and the effect it gave, in its simplicity, was charming. Only the hand of an artist, though, could have achieved that same simplicity. A well-paid artist too. The little stenographer, the girlie perched on her stool in the land office, thumping away at the keys, had at the moment become transfigured.

Of the dress, though—that and the loveliness of her looks—little Miss Negley seemed unconscious. As she neared the landlady, with a gesture of quick animation she thrust out both her hands. Wonder dawned in her eyes.

"Can you believe it? I can't!" she exclaimed. "It seems just like a dream." Then—it was with a start—Miss Negley seemed aware of Mrs. Wallop's toilette. "Why, Mrs. Wallop! How splendid!"

The landlady made a coy gesture of deprecation, at the same time smoothing down the flounces of the pale green *dernier cri*.

"Not so worse, maybe!" she admitted; only, as she added, she should have put on something neutral. "We've got roast wild duck for the dinner, you know," said Mrs. Wallop; "and this never in the world'll match the gravy."

Fluttering her eyes, at the same time adjusting her back hair, she glanced sideways at Miss Negley. "Seen Mr. Babbett yet?" she inquired.

Mr. Babbett was the young man in wholesale hardware; and at his name a cloud drew into the young girl's eyes, obscuring for a moment their brightness.

"He's in the parlor, Mrs. Wallop. I saw him when I came in, but we didn't speak. He wouldn't even look at me."

Mrs. Wallop gave her hair a dig. That Mr. Babbett wouldn't speak to Miss Negley, even look at her, was strange, of course; but having maintained for twenty years the establishment in Octavia Street, cruel experience had taught the landlady never to mix in her guests' affairs.

"We're having oysters," she said. Mr. Tams had suggested them and Mrs. Wallop added: "I'm serving 'em *à la* cocktail."

"And to think," replied Miss Negley, "all the afternoon I'd been hunting what to buy him! It was one of the thin gold ones, a stemwinder."

Baffled somewhat in her train of associate ideas, Mrs. Wallop was unable for a moment to couple the stemwinder to the oysters. But presently she managed.

"Oh, I see," she said; "you mean a stemwinder."

"Never mind!" said Miss Negley, and she seemed on the brink of tears.

Upstairs doors were opening and there was a sound of footfalls in the halls. The guests were descending for the dinner. In spite of this, though, and the twenty years' experience that taught Mrs. Wallop to resist her natural impulse, the landlady's eyes grew soft. One arm she twined about Miss Negley's waist; and in her face was

(Continued on Page 73)

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The House of Brunswick has specialized in fine cabinets for over 75 years. Our woodworking craftsmen have been famous for generations, and all the world over.

But in introducing our own phonographs, Brunswick artisans bring forth crowning productions. Each model is a gem, you will all concede.

The sound chamber in the Brunswick was designed by experts in acoustics. And made like a violin, of choicest, most resonant woods.

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We save in these many ways a large percentage of the making and selling cost.

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The finest Brunswicks, measured by merits, should cost more. And they would bring more if we asked it.

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You can save money on a Brunswick, comparing type with type. You will get at this saving a composite model—the all-record type. Pathé masterpieces now become available. It will include two sound boxes and needles and all wanted features. Because of the Brunswick sound chamber you will get a matchless tone.

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If you fail to find a Brunswick dealer, let us direct you.

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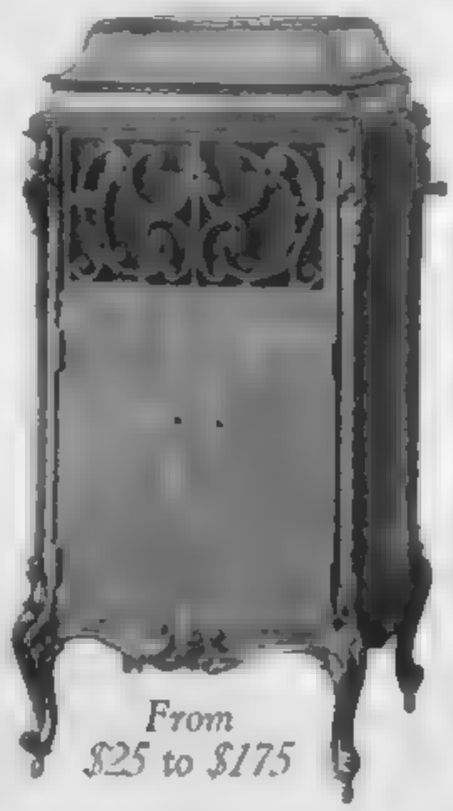
An illustrated description of the Brunswick will be sent upon request.



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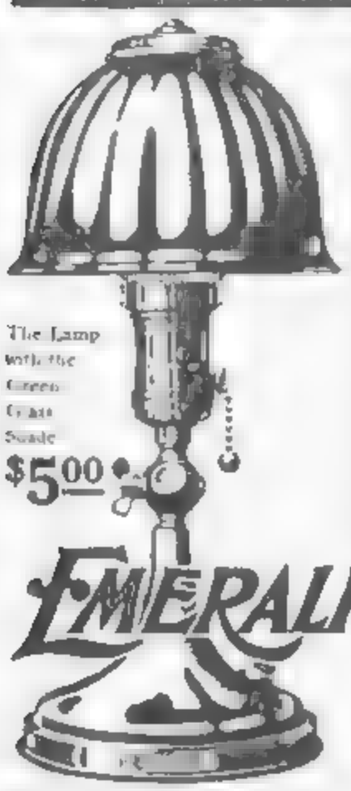

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The Reliance—One of two hundred styles—Look for name in shoe.

(Continued from Page 70)

that subtle sympathy, the understanding her sex reserves for its sex.

"He'll feel better after the soup," said Mrs. Wallop—"it's bisque of lobster. A lady friend gave me the recipe."

As she said, Mr. Tams had suggested terrapin also, but Minnie never could have managed it. Minnie was the cook, it seemed; and Mrs. Wallop was saying "Swedes is willing, of course, only fancy kitchen work ain't in their line much," when at the stairhead there was a sudden stir, a burst of laughter and talk, and a little throng of her guests came trooping into view.

Mrs. Wallop gave Miss Negley's waist a reassuring squeeze.

"Don't forget to tuck a napkin in your waist," she said; "that bisque'd be the ruin of it."

A half-choked sob escaped the little stenographer.

"I hate it!" she gulped. "I wish we were all poor again. I was so happy when I was poor."

"And mind the oysters," returned Mrs. Wallop; "one of 'em might slip into your lap."

Leading the guests was Mr. Poulsen, the gentleman who had aims in the electric-fittings trade. Attired in lavender trousers, patent-leather shoes, a striped shirt and a frock coat, the first Prince Albert he had ever donned, Mr. Poulsen seemed to find difficulty with his hands. There are no available pockets in a frock coat, though the gentleman vainly sought them; and, slightly moist, he mopped his brow with a handkerchief.

A little cry escaped Mrs. Wallop.

"Say, talking of swell!" she exclaimed; adding: "My sakes, if you don't look like a wedding breakfast! Where did you get them all?"

Behind Mr. Poulsen came Mrs. Tumulty. With Mr. Tumulty, who in a modest way was something in the hay-and-feed business, Mrs. Tumulty occupied Mrs. Wallop's second-floor front. A stout lady, somewhat small in stature, Mrs. Tumulty's costume was mauve charmeuse, with panier skirt and Watteau bodice. Mr. Tumulty, who followed, had donned a new pepper-and-salt sack suit. In honor of the occasion, also, he had put on a white lawn tie.

"Yes, swell—you said it!" Mr. Tumulty was saying, his tone gloomy, however, when a voice interrupted.

"Well, I don't know how I look," the voice said; "but I suspect."

Miss Minch, the speaker, was the occupant of Mrs. Wallop's third-floor front. In age forty, a tall, angular person, with black hair, a square jaw and a prominent nose, Miss Minch was in education—for sixteen years, that is, Miss Minch had taught sixth grade in the Larkin Grammar, and usually she looked it. Now, however, salmon-pink poplin, with a girdle of electric blue, was her attire, Mrs. Wallop, in fact, having helped her that afternoon to select it.

After a glance at herself, Miss Minch directed an equally eloquent thumb at Mrs. Tumulty.

"Look at her too!" she announced. "If you were to nudge her she'd split."

"Why, the idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Tumulty.

"Well, don't look so scared—I won't," rejoined Miss Minch; and she turned to the gentleman beside her, a Mr. Klotch, the head salesman in a typewriter concern on California Street. Mr. Klotch was wearing a dinner coat, with white tie and white waistcoat; and, pointing a finger at him, Miss Minch inquired: "Where did you hire it?"

"At Rosenstein's, Miss Minch," Mr. Klotch replied.

Among the guests, though, were several whose attire, in contrast with the others, was everyday in its simplicity. Their air, besides, was subdued. It was as if somehow they did not share in the general jubilation.

A Mrs. Niblo was one of these. A large, middle-aged lady, with a tightly set mouth, she and Mr. Niblo occupied the second-floor side. Her husband, a smallish gentleman, wearing short side whiskers, was employed in the Sansome Street white-goods trade; and, casting a glance at him, Mrs. Niblo spoke.

"Wouldn't it jounce you!" she remarked; and, with a wave of her hand indicating Mr. Niblo, she added: "And just to think, all the time I sat and listened to him!"

Her accent rising, Mrs. Niblo laid additional stress on the "him," and Mr. Niblo was seen to quail.

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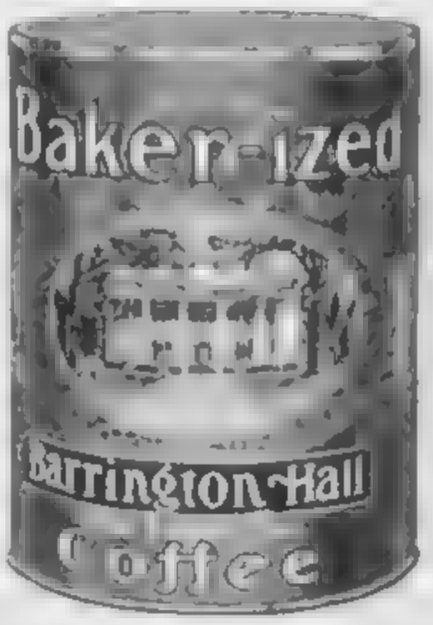

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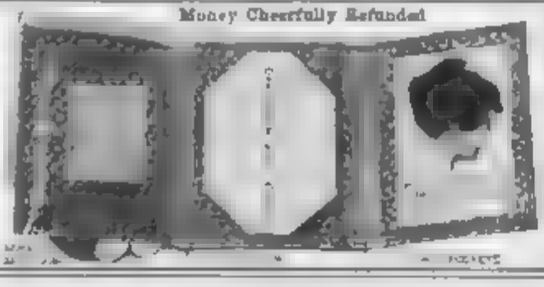

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"But, my dear! Stocks, gambling ——" he'd begun, when the lady gave him another look.

"Keep still!" she directed.

Mr. Niblo did so, and his wife shrugged her shoulders massively.

"To think, too, I might be riding in me own limousine!" she said.

Mrs. Wallop at this juncture spoke:

"Yes; ain't it like a dream!"

In fact, as she added, she expected every moment she'd fall out of bed and break an arm or something, when all at once, downstairs, the parlor door flew open and a gentleman appeared in the hall. Rather than merely "appeared in," though, a better term is "bounced into."

"Goodness heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Wallop. "Mr. Belcher!"

It was the brokerage gentleman indeed.

At the moment, however, as he emerged abruptly from the parlor, Mr. Belcher's usual sang-froid and gentlemanly aplomb seemed to have deserted him. Disgust and, with it, resentment sat upon his brow; and, ignoring Mrs. Wallop's exclamation, he bounced on along the hall, snorting as he did so, and snatched his hat from the hat-rack. Then, flinging open the street door, Mr. Belcher was further bouncing out when Mrs. Wallop gave another cry. Dismay was its keynote.

"You're never in the world going out!" she cried. "There's ducks!"

Mr. Belcher paused; and, taking advantage of the pause, Mrs. Wallop let fly another exclamation:

"They're on the fire. The dinner's ready a'ready."

"Dinner be dinged!" said Mr. Belcher; though "dinged" was not the term he used. Mrs. Wallop gasped.

Two rules in her establishment she insisted on: One was promptness at meals and the other was as exact.

"Be nice! Be nice!" warned Mrs. Wallop. "Remember ladies is with us!" Then, satisfied that with one so gentlemanly as Mr. Belcher the reproof was all that was needed, she added: "We're serving artichokes, too, with sauce. It's Holland daya."

Mr. Belcher did not reply. Jamming on his hat, he gave his waistcoat at the same time a savage jerk. Then, with a final snort, a sneer, the banking-and-brokerage gentleman bolted through the doorway. The door he slammed behind him, and again Mrs. Wallop raised her voice:

"Cracked crab, with mayonnaise, too! Mr. Belcher! Mr. Belcher!"

But he was gone; and, hurrying to the door, madam was about to carry her entreaties out into Octavia Street, when all at once she paused. Into her face a change sprang suddenly. It expressed visibly some subtle terror.

"Say!" said Mrs. Wallop, the word long drawn out. "S-a-y!"

With sudden animation, her mouth set, lips tightly pressed together, she bent down and, billow after billow, began hurriedly pulling up the flounces of her skirt. Likewise her agitation seemed to have communicated itself to her guests.

Mr. Klotch, reaching round himself, grabbed at his hip pocket. Mr. Poulsen, in turn, began feeling furiously in his coat-tails. As for the Tumultys, husband and wife seemed to share one another's emotions. Mr. Tumulty dove swiftly into his breast pocket, his wife at the same instant clutching herself in the bodice.

But no! Mrs. Wallop's two prominences remained as she had put them; her guests, having variously clutched themselves, seemed also reassured; and with a general sigh they resumed a normal expression.

During this only Miss Minch and Miss Negley had preserved their calm. A shrill laugh, a cackle of amusement, escaped Miss Minch as she observed the momentary calisthenics; but Miss Negley's face did not alter. She still looked pensive, wistfully quiet and detached.

"Well, come along, folks!" cried Mrs. Wallop shrilly, her gayety rising again. "We mustn't keep Minnie waiting." Moving parlorward, she announced that Mr. Tams—none other—had planned the menu. "Yeah; oysters to savory, it's all his," she said confidentially; "he got it from a book."

"What do you mean—'savory'?" interrupted Mrs. Niblo.

Mrs. Wallop explained. Savories were English and you finished the dinner with them.

"It's to take the taste out of your mouth, you know," she was saying, when Mr. Poulsen, moving forward, all at once bent toward her.

He was still clutching his coattails, his face moist.

"Say!" he said, whispering hoarsely. "How much have you got on you?"

"What say?" exclaimed Mrs. Wallop, startled.

"With you," corrected Mr. Poulsen; and madam's face lighted comprehendingly.

"Oh, I see," she said; "you mean, with me"

She looked about her for an instant; then slowly she drew in her breath.

"Eleven thousand five hundred," said Mrs. Wallop, and breathed thickly again. "It's in bills, you know. Gold gets into your shoes."

"Mine's bills too," said Mr. Poulsen as thickly—"nine thousand seven hundred. What's yours, Klotch?" he asked.

Some difficulty in articulation seemed for a moment to trouble the typewriter salesman.

"Seven thousand nine hunnerd," he choked; and Mr. Poulsen gazed inquiringly at Miss Minch.

"Say, you've got a nerve!" returned that lady; and Mr. Poulsen, blinking slightly, transferred his look to the Tumultys.

"Eight thousand two hundred," said Mrs. Tumulty consciously, adding that Mr. Tumulty had "the rest."

"Yes; she didn't have room on her for it all," explained Mr. Tumulty, adding: "It's nine thou three hunnerd."

"Well," said Mr. Poulsen, and he sighed, "we're all nothing but a lot of pikers. Tams wouldn't tell me what his is—he said gents don't talk about their money; but you'd oughter have seen his roll! I was there in Lubin's when he got it, and he only drawed a part. It's thousands and thousands—thousands!"

"Thousands?" echoed Mr. Tumulty, absorbed.

"You said it," returned Mr. Poulsen gloomily; "we got our piece, maybe—only Tams he made a killing." And he added: "Not meanin' anything personal, of course. You know me!" He was a little sore he hadn't got in on the ground floor too.

He was in the midst of this when Miss Minch interrupted.

With a withering glance at the electrical gentleman, Miss Minch remarked: "Here we are now, more money in our pockets than we ever dreamed of having and now Poulsen's complaining! . . . Say!" said Miss Minch. "You haven't the gratitude of a plumber!"

Perhaps he hadn't, but Mr. Poulsen still looked morose.

Meantime, at the adjacent street corner, standing under the street lamp, Mr. Belcher, the genius, the benefactor who so freely had showered all this munificence about him, waited for a Geary Street car. Gloom still sat upon his brow.

One hand Mr. Belcher thrust into his pocket. Withdrawing it, he produced a bunch of keys, two cigar coupons, a canceled movie ticket and sixteen cents in small change. Thrusting a hand into another pocket, Mr. Belcher again investigated the result. It was diverse but not remarkable. A pack of cigarettes, several matches and a toothpick, a brass coat check and a two-bit piece rewarded him; and Mr. Belcher gave a grunt. Disgust, a deeper resentment, limned his features.

"Chicken feed!" he said. "Lunch money! And that simp with thousands in his kick! Wouldn't it S O S you!"

Glancing over his shoulder, he gave a vindictive glance along the dimly lighted vista of Octavia Street.

"Coronado, eh? . . . Him?"

A sardonic laugh escaped him; and, with a snort, another sneer, Mr. Belcher flung himself disgustedly aboard the approaching street car.

Briefly, to make matters clear, the brokerage gentleman had failed somehow to share the fruits of the miracle in Octavia Street.

IV

WAR stocks were what had done it. War stocks, too, were what Mr. Belcher had advised; and that the miracle was indeed a miracle no one was better aware than he. Long employed in brokerage offices, drumming up trade for those concerns, never before, when a bunch of pikers tackled the market, had he seen them get away with it. Such things don't often happen. That it had, though, was not what troubled Mr. Belcher. It was that these tinhorns, these simps, had thousands when all he'd had was the commissions. What is more, Mr. Belcher had spent the commissions. Little wonder

(Continued on Page 77)

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(Continued from Page 74)

he was resentful. He was especially so when he thought of Mr. Tams.

The guests, with Mrs. Wallop in their midst, already had assembled in the parlor when Mr. Tams, elegant in his new attire, descended the boarding-house stairs. A gentleman, says Lord Chesterfield, may be in haste, but never in a hurry; and Mr. Tams remembered it. Ease marked his carriage. Pausing for a moment, he stood in the doorway, his eyes searching the room for Mrs. Wallop. She was hostess, was she not?

Starting slightly as his glance fell on the sea-green poplin, Mr. Tams instantly recovered himself. His manner stately, he advanced. Then, both heels placed tightly together—Position Three—one hand on his breast, the other placed behind him, Mr. Tams inclined himself, bending from the waist upward only.

"My lands!" gasped Mrs. Wallop.

"So good of you to have me!" instantly murmured Mr. Tams.

As the landlady, in her wonder, failed to offer him her hand, he hurriedly withdrew the one he'd proffered her. Mr. Tams turned, then, to the others. Mrs. Niblo was the first.

"Pleasant weath—I mean, delighted!" said Mr. Tams, hastily correcting himself.

Flushing slightly at his *gaucherie*, he turned to Mrs. Tumulty.

"Honored!" breathed Mr. Tams.

"You're what?" inquired Mrs. Tumulty, gaping.

Moist, Mr. Tams again said he was "honored"; and, as the lady still gaped, to set her at her ease he bowed deferentially to Miss Negley. For a moment, however, Miss Negley did not seem to see him.

Still pensive, her eyes still shadowy, she was gazing at the carpet. Every now and then, though, with appealing softness she glanced swiftly across the room. There, in a corner, was Mr. Babbett, the young man in wholesale hardware. But, genteel as the calling is, it pained Mr. Tams to see that Mr. Babbett was seated, not standing, as a gentleman should stand when ladies are present. One knee over the other, Mr. Babbett also had his arms folded. He was grinning too.

Again Mr. Tams addressed himself to the young lady:

"Miss Susie—ah!—delighted!"

Miss Negley at once came out of her trance.

"Oh, yes! How-de-do, Mr. Tams? I didn't hear you."

No; of course not.

"Most amusing—that reminds me ——" Mr. Tams had begun hurriedly, when, unkinking himself, his grin wider, Mr. Babbett rose.

"Welcome to our city, old top!" said Mr. Babbett; and, with that, he clapped Mr. Tams on the back.

In The Drawing Room tells of a like happening, an anecdote relating to a nobleman, a celebrated wit, who had been greeted in the same way by a rude fellow at the club: "I don't know your face, sirrah; but your manners are familiar!"—and Mr. Tams remembered it. Gasping briefly, he choked; then caught his breath. Ere he had uttered more than a word or two, however, Mr. Babbett interrupted him.

"Cancel the Duke stuff, Tams!" And, indicating Mr. Tams' attire with his thumb, Mr. Babbett inquired: "Why the dogs? Getting married or something?"

Mr. Tams liked Mr. Babbett. To be sure, the young man often had asked twice for soup at dinner, and frequently he appeared on Sundays wearing tan shoes. But then, there was no harm in Mr. Babbett. Really, you know. Cheerful, filled with high spirits, he was ordinarily the life of the party. A capital fellow; yes.

Now, however, Mr. Babbett's spirits seemed forced. His raillery, besides being rude, had behind it a subtle suggestion of rancor. Glancing at Miss Negley, as he caught her eye, its signal appealing, he scowled. He grinned again, however, when he turned back to Mr. Tams.

"Pincus & Bloom's, ain't they?" he inquired. Laughing harshly, he added: "They had 'em in the window, you know." Then, dropping his air of badinage, all at once Mr. Babbett scowled at Mr. Tams. "Say," he said, his voice thick, "what's the wheeze? I don't seem to get it, someway."

There was a pause, silence. During it the others looked on agape. Mr. Tams, startled now, stared dumbly. The Tumultys, husband and wife, exchanged glances. Klotch dully fumbled with his necktie; while Mr. Poulsen, as if suddenly reagitated, clutched swiftly at his coattails.

It was Mrs. Wallop who broke the awkward pause. Miss Minch, after an inquiring look, had gone silently to Miss Negley and was patting her on the arm; and, crossing the room to the door, Mrs. Wallop put her head into the hall. Wrinkling her nostrils briefly, she turned to her guests:

"What's keeping Minnie, I wonder? That bisque'll scorch; I c'n smell it!"

"Belcher was here just now," said Mr. Babbett; "and I don't get him, either. What the flim is or how he means to flam you, I don't savvy; but never mind!" He paused to glance at Mr. Poulsen. Again agitated, the electrical gentleman was clutching at his hip pockets. "Yes; and while you've got it, Poulsen," added Mr. Babbett, "sink it—take my advice. Only that's not what's worrying. It's what that hot-air three-sheet is trying to put over now! Get me?" he inquired, turning to Mr Tams.

Mr. Tams, still speechless, did not reply. Miss Negley did, however. So did the others.

"Joe!" Miss Negley cried.

"Why, Mr. Babbett!" exclaimed the Tumultys.

"Say, now!" said Mr. Klotch.

And as for Mr. Poulsen, after another snatch at his coattails he mopped his beaded brow.

"You ain't heard anything agin him, have you?" he demanded anxiously. Then, as a new idea seemed to strike him, Mr. Poulsen laughed. It was hoarsely, with conscious relief. "Oh, you're just sore, Babbett! Belcher wouldn't let you in."

Mr. Babbett, indeed, had not been let in. The miracle had passed him by; but this, it seemed, was not what troubled him. Ignoring Poulsen, again he turned to Mr. Tams.

"Tams," he said, "it's Coronado—what?"

Mr. Tams started.

"Coronado?" he echoed.

"You heard me," returned Mr. Babbett. "That's where you're aiming, isn't it?" And Mr. Tams flushed, his air conscious

"Mr. Belcher suggested it," he replied; and Babbett grinned anew. There was no merriment, however, in the grin. "Sure, he did!" he exclaimed. "Belcher wants to sidetrack you all. New York's what he piped to Susie."

No one seemed to hear him, though. The news of Mr. Tams' intention evidently filled them all with astonishment, for there was at once a shrill chorus of exclamations.

"Why, Mr. Tams!"

"Oh, I say now!"

"Tams, you don't mean it!"

"Coronado? Why, Los Angeles is right on the way there!"

The last was from Mrs. Wallop. Beaming, the sea-green poplin swaying about her like kelp billowing in a strong sea, Mrs. Wallop briskly advanced.

"I got a brother-in-law at Los, Mr. Tams. He's a banker. Comes from Kansas; and I c'n drop off and see him. On the way down," added Mrs. Wallop, "if I visit you."

As she finished, Mr. Poulsen spoke:

"'S right, Tams! Belcher was tellin' you'd hired a house there, and I was wonderin' if I wouldn' run down and see you too. Slick place, Coronado! F'r all I know, maybe I might find an openin' there in electric fixin's."

Mr. Tams was silent. With the frock coat, the Prince Albert, Mr. Poulsen was wearing tan shoes. Visit him at Coronado? Mrs. Wallop too! True, the lady's brother-in-law was in a bank; but as Mr. Tams' eye fell on the pale-green poplin he blinked.

Vaguely, in the midst of his reflections, he heard Mr. Babbett's voice.

"I offered to knock his block off—I did," Mr. Babbett was saying.

"Joe! Joe!" appealed Miss Negley. And Mr. Tams started. Whose block?

It was Mr. Belcher's, it appeared; for, after referring to the gentleman as "That hot-air card!" young Mr. Babbett added vehemently:

"He says she won't be satisfied with any piker now—he did!"

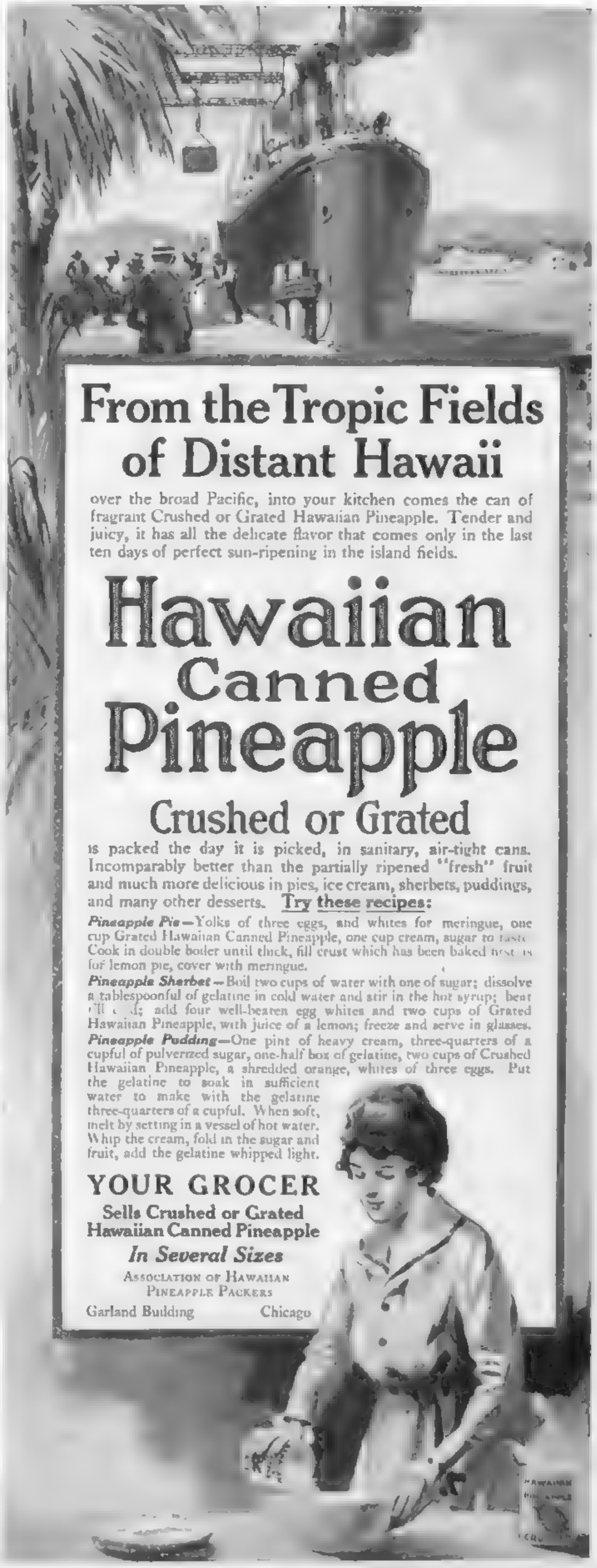
"Joe! Joe!" pleaded Miss Negley. "It isn't so!"

Mrs. Wallop at this point again spoke:

"I got to buy a new trunk, though—one of those Saratogies."

"He said," continued Mr. Babbett, "she c'd marry a swell!"

"And a hatbox, I guess," added Mrs. Wallop.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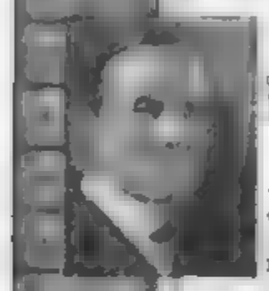

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"Joe!" Miss Negley cried.

"Ha, ha!" said Joe bitterly.

Just then, to end the confusion, Minnie appeared at the parlor door.

"Soup's on!" said Minnie tersely; and Mr. Tams, recovering himself, turned to the lady nearest him.

"Permit me to offer my arm," he murmured. The lady was Miss Minch.

"What'll I do with it?" she inquired.

But it was true Mr. Tams had taken a house at Coronado. It was a bungalow on the beach. So soon was the Beehive's employee to become a man of the world.

■

IT WAS Mr. Belcher, indeed, the brokerage gentleman, who had suggested Coronado to Mr. Tams. It was Mr. Belcher, too, who had suggested leasing a seaside bungalow. A friend of his had one to rent. The friend was Mr. James Alsop; and as choice houses are hard to get at Coronado, especially so just when the season has begun, Mr. Tams had better make up his mind in a hurry. He might not get another chance. He'd better get a jump on.

The plan, the idea so quickly put into execution, was of course not original—not with Mr. Belcher, at any rate; for Mr. Tams himself had long considered it. However, though it was not, the impulse, the motive that stirred Mr. Belcher, was. It was strictly so, in fact; and in pressing Mr. Tams to take the bungalow, to depart for Coronado at once, Mr. Belcher not only urged; he insisted. About the only thing he left unsaid was why Mr. Alsop was willing to rent. He omitted that.

His object he had achieved, however. Mr. Tams was in Coronado, Mr. Belcher remaining in San Francisco.

The firm that employed Mr. Belcher was in Montgomery Street, just round the corner from the center of San Francisco's financial district. The offices were up a flight of stairs. Together, they occupied several large rooms. The front room, the largest, was devoted to customers, the place containing a large quotation board, several rows of highly varnished oak chairs, an oak table covered with financial reports, a brass umbrella stand, a framed picture of the New York Stock Exchange, and a ticker. On the broad plate-glass window in front was the legend, lettered in gold:

LUBIN & COMPANY
INVESTMENT SECURITIES
New York Chicago Denver

Elsewhere on the glass was the additional information: Members New York and Chicago Exchanges—Wheat and Provisions—Direct Wire Service.

What the Exchanges were the sign did not name, however. Neither did it state where the Direct Wire led. That the firm dealt in Wheat and Provisions, though, was indisputable. Lubin & Company would deal in anything, the blue sky included, provided its customers put up the margins.

Briefly, the place was a bucket shop. Marvelously, it was here that Mr. Tams and the others had achieved the miraculous.

In one of the firm's private offices, a dark, somewhat stuffy cubbyhole back of the customers' room, Mr. Lubin, the company's head partner, was seated the day after Mr. Tams' departure for Coronado. The night before, Mr. Lubin had arrived from the East. He had come hurriedly, in fact. A small, stout personage, with peering protuberant eyes, Oriental features and a Teutonic accent, Mr. Lubin was now giving the accent free rein. A smoldering wrath seemed to possess him; and behind his thick-lensed spectacles his protuberant eyes seemed fairly popping. It was to a gentleman slouched down in a chair before him that Mr. Lubin was addressing himself.

"T'ouzands!" he said. "T'ouzands! And here you let those suckers get away mit them!"

The gentleman in the chair was Mr. Belcher.

"You make me sick!" said Mr. Lubin, continuing. Both hands, his two shoulders, and his expressive features—cheeks, nose, brows and mouth, all together—working in harmony, he actively expressed disgust. "It's a crimp they put in the bank roll; yes!" he exclaimed. "And here you sit and say it—what? . . . Nothing—Bah!" said Mr. Lubin.

"Yes, I did," retorted Mr. Belcher; "I said they'd all come back."

A snort, an explosion of contempt, escaped Mr. Lubin. "I should choke!"

"A sucker always comes back," persisted Mr. Belcher, whereat a fresh convulsion seized Mr. Lubin's hands, arms, shoulders and face.

"Sure, he comes back, a sucker! Leave him lay and he bites. Only what happens now? How could it he should bite when you chase him? Should I have offices everywhere? Would you like it I chase every sucker from Sans Franzitsko to Mexico? You are a bonehead, Belcher. I tell it to you!"

Mr. Belcher returned moodily that Coronado was not in Mexico, it was in California; whereat Mr. Lubin again was convulsed.

"It c'd be Klamskatchka, the same thing!" he was saying—exploding, rather—when Mr. Belcher added:

"Alsop came back, didn't he?"

Again Mr. Lubin exclaimed, his arms, hands and shoulders, in their animation, like a semaphore in action.

"He comes back; yes! But he brings with him—what? Ask me! It is a shoe's string he brings back. You make me sicker!" said Mr. Lubin.

"Well, he came back, just the same. So will Tams," said Mr. Belcher; and he added: "That's why I steered him down to Coronado."

About to say something, his disgust more evident, Mr. Lubin paused; and drawing a cigar from his pocket, he bit off the end.

"Vell?" he prompted, puffing. "I'm listening. Sure, he goes to Coronado; all them other skates too. For why?"

"The boob wants to be a gentleman," said Mr. Belcher simply—"that's why."

There was again a pause. During it Mr. Lubin withdrew the cigar from his mouth; he gaped briefly; then he thrust the cigar back again. He stared at his employee, his eyes protruding.

"Which?" inquired Mr. Lubin.

"A gentleman," repeated Mr. Belcher; and he added: "A swell; a highlife."

"A highlife?"

Again Mr. Lubin removed the cigar from his mouth. This time, though, he did not gape. His jaw fixed, he glowered.

"You mean he buys him white pants and a yachting hat—the loafer!—and spends money? He opens wine—what?"

Mr. Belcher nodded:

"Wine; lobster parties; clubs—all that sort of joss. You know what the hightones do. Tams wants to break in on them."

Mr. Lubin barely could wait till Mr. Belcher had finished.

"Buys him a motor, too, ain't it? Buys him for clothes extra suits, and rents a house. Hires a yachts next, and a feller to run it!" Inserting a finger in his collar, Mr. Lubin yanked at the collar as if it choked him. "Yes; and here you sit 'n' tell me! . . . I should bust!" said Mr. Lubin, casting his eyes to the ceiling.

Mr. Belcher stared in surprise. Just as he was about to speak, his wonder evident, Mr. Lubin cut him short:

"Whose money he spends—what? Ask me! Mine he spends on them hightones—mine! I tell you my opinion, Belcher: You are, from the chin up, solid teeth!"

Mr. Belcher protested. Swiftly, his air eager, he made his point. It was, in short, simply that once Mr. Tams tried to break into high life he would see how futile his pretensions were. His money, though it was thousands, was a shoestring compared with what those highlifes had. Consequently he would find soon enough he was still nothing but a piker. Then, this settled, he would come back to Lubin's for more. Lubin would get him then. Lubin's always did, didn't it? And, his face eloquent, his air filled with the complacency the ingenuity of this reasoning gave him, Mr. Belcher appealed to his employer:

"You see it, don't you?"

Mr. Lubin did not see it at all.

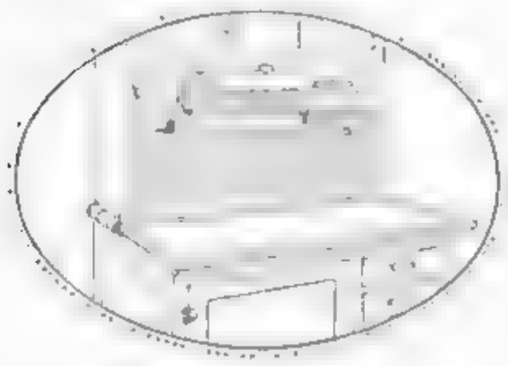
"I should choke!" he said, and did it.

Meantime, far distant from Montgomery Street, Lubin's and its complex financial affairs, things already had begun to happen at Coronado.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Auto-Front

The Newest Feature in Kitchen Cabinets



Auto-Front Half Open
Front disappears as shown in large picture

GO to your local furniture store. See the new McDougall Auto-Front. Be sure it is a genuine Auto-Front—the McDougall.

Note how the Auto-Front does away with inconvenient doors that swing over the table-top—how the single flexible wooden curtain drops and raises at the finger's touch.

See how safe, how simple, how sanitary the Auto-Front device is—with no grooves, slots or pockets to catch dirt, dust or foods.

Note how the Auto-Front (when open) adds over a third to the working surface of the table-top—how much more space it has for utensils and supplies.

See for yourself how completely the McDougall possesses every advantageous Kitchen Cabinet feature—*plus* the magic Auto-Front.

Then—get the genuine McDougall. This new, valuable Auto-Front feature comes *only* in the McDougall.

The New Disappearing Auto-Front
Patented and Trade-Mark Registered

Auto-Front Book Free

Mail Coupon Today

To McDougall Co.
Frankfort, Ind., U. S. A.

Send free "My Book" by Patience McDougall, telling all about the wonderful new improvements in Kitchen Cabinets, including the McDougall Auto-Front.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

If you prefer a Cabinet Without Auto-Front, check here ☐

If it does not bear this name, it is not a "McDougall"

McDougall

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I am the one enduring gift that brings "good cheer" to every member of the family—a thousand times a year—for years—at every meal.

I am the embodiment of all the latest improvements in kitchen efficiency—including the new disappearing Auto-Front, that opens at the finger's touch to reveal new culinary resources.

I am neat—tireless—faithful—willing to work early and late—always ready to help serve the unexpected guests—daintily, pleasingly. I never grumble.

I am the automatic maid—yet built so perfectly, so understandingly, that I meet every kitchen need—every cooking requirement—every pantry problem. I save each year more than I cost.

I am at your furniture dealer's now. He will deliver me any day you say—or in time for Christmas. Only $1.00 a week (for a short time) makes me yours for life.

Write today for "My Book." It describes the new McDougall Auto-Front in detail—shows several styles—gives prices.

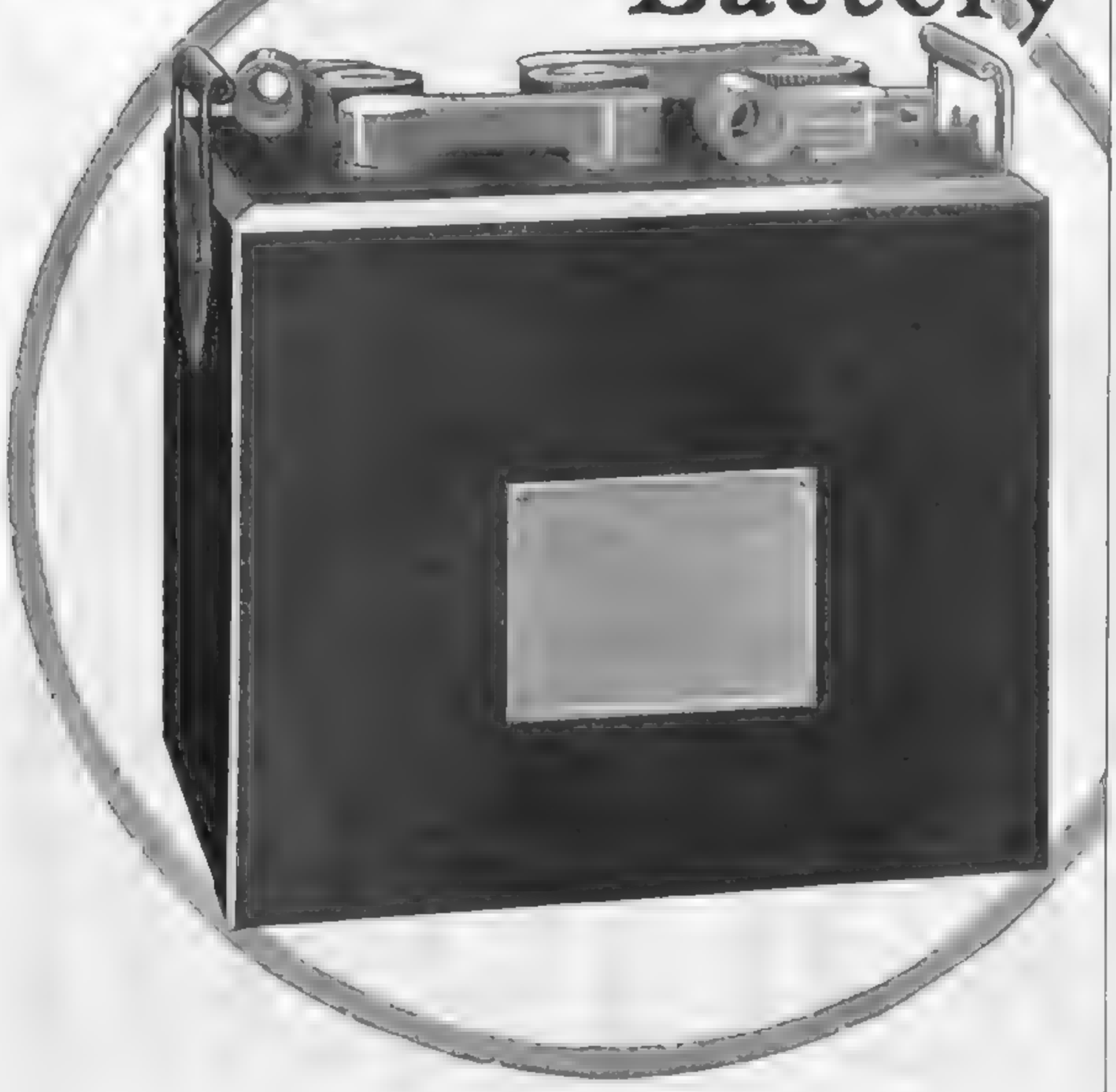
Your faithful servant,

Patience McDougall

McDougall Company, Frankfort, Ind., U. S. A.

There is a McDougall to meet every need and to fit every purse

Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery



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Service, to insure the complete satisfaction of the user—no matter where you may be.

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Its remarkable power and stability have been proved—on the cars of hundreds of thousands of motorists. More than 300,000 will be used by manufacturers on the cars of 1917.

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—and Special Prest-O-Lite Battery Service Stations Everywhere

Not only a better battery but backed by Prest-O-Lite Service

TO THE LAST PENNY

(Continued from Page 25)

thinking of his father's joy—not his own, but his father's—when the seventeen thousand dollars should be paid back.

No wisdom in counting your chickens prematurely. Certainly not! But what a day of days that would be! In the meantime he must not allow himself to feel too sure. Poor old dad!

XIII

ON THE day his month was up Tommy reported to Mr. Thompson. The president of the Tecumseh Motor Company was reading a legal document. He put it down on the desk and looked at Tommy.

"The month is up to-day, Mr. Thompson," said Tommy.

Mr. Thompson nodded. Then he asked, neither quizzically nor overseriously:

"Do the men in the shop like you?"

Tommy decided to tell the truth, unexplained and unexcused.

"Yes, sir."

Thompson said slowly: "The reason I wanted such a man as I advertised for in the New York Herald was so that I might ask him the question I am now going to ask you."

"Yes, sir," said Tommy, and concentrated on listening.

"What difference do you find between my Tecumseh works and your college?"

Tommy heard the question very plainly; he even saw it in large print before his eyes. He repeated it to himself twice. This was not what he had expected to report upon. He needed to do some new thinking before he could answer.

This delayed the words of the answer so that Tommy presently began to worry. He knew that Mr. Thompson's mind worked with marvelous quickness. He looked at the owner of that mind. It gave him courage. He said honestly: "Mr. Thompson, I wasn't expecting that question and I have to think."

"Think away," said Thompson, so cheerfully that Tommy blurted out:

"May I do my thinking aloud?"

"Do, Tommy. And don't be afraid to repeat or to walk back. I'll follow you, and the crystallization also. Think about the differences."

Tommy felt completely at his ease.

"Well," he began, and paused in order to visualize the shop and the men and their daily duties, "you tell your men what they must do to keep their jobs. Their product must always be the same day after day. At college they tell a man what he must do in order that he himself may become the product of his own work. A man here is a cog in a machine. At college he is both a cog and a complete machine." Tommy looked doubtfully at Mr. Thompson, who said:

"You are right—and very wrong. In the men themselves, Tommy, what is the difference?"

"I should say"—Tommy spoke cautiously, as if he were feeling his way—"that it was principally one of motives and, therefore, of—of rewards!"

"Yes, yes, so you implied. Don't bother to write a thesis. Give me your impressions both of the human units and of the aggregation."

Tommy remembered the impressions of his first day at the plant. The feeling had grown fainter as he had become better acquainted with his fellow workmen and they with him.

"It's in the way the men feel. Of course," he hastily explained, "that's a childish way to put it. At college a man belongs to the college twenty-four hours a day. If he makes one of the teams or the crew, it's fine. But if he doesn't, so long as the college wins he is tickled to death. I suppose at college a fellow has no family cares and—well, it is complicated, isn't it?" and Tommy smiled helplessly at Mr. Thompson.

"Tell me some more, Tommy," said Mr. Thompson. Tommy, still thinking of differences, went on, bravely indifferent to whether or not he was talking wisely:

"I rather think here a man's duty is fixed too—too well, too mathematically. The exact reward of efficiency is fixed for him in advance. It keeps the company and the men apart. The college is equally the undergraduates and the faculty and the alumni and —— It's hard to make myself understood. I hadn't thought about this particular ——"

"Never mind all that, Tommy. What else can you think of now?"

"I think the men don't belong entirely to the shop because the shop doesn't belong entirely to them."

"Do you want them to be the owners?"

"No, not the owners of the property, but to feel ——"

"Hold on. How can they be owners and not owners?"

"Well, if you could find some way by which the owner also could be a laborer and the laborer also an owner, I think you'd come close to solving the problem."

"Yes, I would. But how?" Mr. Thompson smiled.

"I don't know. I haven't the brains. But if I were boss I'd study it out. It is pretty hard where so many men are employed. All I know now is that the men, notwithstanding all the schemes to make them anxious to be first-class workmen, are working for money."

"They can't all be artists or creative geniuses, with their double rewards," interrupted Thompson.

"No; but here you pay them for the fixed thing. You don't pay them for the unfixed thing, as the college does. That's why we love it."

"What is this unfixed thing and how can we pay for it?"

"Well, a man gives labor for money; he doesn't give service for anything but love."

"Don't any of our men love their work?"

"Yes, lots of them. But they don't love the shop as we love the college."

Thompson nodded thoughtfully. Then he asked abruptly:

"If you owned this plant and were successful financially, what would you do?"

Tommy looked straight into his chief's eyes and answered decisively:

"I'd hire Thompson to run it for me, and I'd never interfere with him."

Thompson's face did not change.

"What," he asked, "would you expect Thompson to do?"

"To find out some way by which each man would do as much as he could without thinking of exactly how much he must do to earn exactly so many dollars."

Thompson laughed.

"Some job that, Tommy!"

"That's why I'd hire you."

"And the dividends?"

"They'd increase."

"Are you sure of that?"

Tommy stiffened. "I know I've talked like a silly ass, Mr. Thompson. But ——"

"That's why I hired you. From to-day on your salary will be thirty dollars a week."

Tommy felt the blood rush to his cheeks. Also he then and there composed a telegram to send to his father. Then it seemed to him it couldn't be true. Then that though it was true it couldn't last.

"Mr. Thompson, I—I don't know how to thank you," he stammered.

"Then don't try. And although you are not entitled to it by our rules and regulations, you will get two weeks' vacation, beginning Saturday, on full pay at the new rate. I'm going away to-day myself. As for your future ——" He paused and frowned slightly.

Tommy knew it! It couldn't last!

"Yes, sir?"

"I'm afraid I'm going to keep you." And Mr. Thompson turned his back on Tommy.

XIV

TOMMY'S first thought after leaving Mr. Thompson's office was that he ought to go to New York and see his father. But almost instantly he dismissed it. The two weeks on full pay at the new salary were not given to him as a vacation to be idle in, but as a heaven-sent opportunity to help Bill ten hours a day. It was only later that he thought he would also be helping himself in so doing.

He told Bill the news, and before Bill's congratulations had more than begun he suggested that Bill try to get two weeks off so that they could work together.

"Nothing doing."

"How do you know?"

"I've tried," said Bill.

Bill then told Tommy that he had made some changes in the apparatus, but they had not helped a bit.

"Are you thinking of a trip round the world just because you thought you had a patent?" asked Tommy.

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"I was only thinking of you," said Bill quietly. He did not wish to fight. He was not discouraged. In fact, the problem was so much bigger than his original carburetor notion that he was quite reconciled to working on it a thousand years if necessary. He knew he would solve it. The tough part, of course, was that somebody else might reach the patent office ahead of him.

"You needn't think of me. Think of the work, old top," said Tommy amiably. "If instead of being an Irish terrier you were an English bulldog, you'd never let go your grip"

"I haven't," said Bill; "but I'm going to bed."

"Thank heaven to-morrow is Saturday," said Tommy. "We'll have the whole afternoon. We'll try ——"

"Don't talk about it or I won't sleep," said Bill, so unpugnaciously that Tommy felt as if Bill were in a hospital.

"Everything is all right, Bill," he said, and shook hands with his partner. Bill brightened up a bit. But it was Tommy who found it impossible to sleep. Valuable patents evidently were like good gold mines—few and far between. He clearly saw the folly of his hopes; and then he convinced himself that wisdom lay not in hopelessness but in patience.

After all he was now getting thirty dollars a week. He could send fifty dollars a month to his father and still be much better off than he was at the beginning. But seventeen thousand dollars was an appalling sum!

And yet as he thought with his head and hoped with his heart he felt that he was on the point of becoming valuable to the Tecumseh organization. He knew—how, he did not stop to demonstrate—that he had left the "prep" school and was about to enter college, the wonderful step by which a boy becomes a man in one day. There was nothing that Tommy could not become—under Thompson! He was free under a very wise chief! Upon the heels of this thought came contentment and with contentment came sleep.

The experiments in the little shop in Mrs. Clayton's woodshed were more encouraging for the next few days. Bill had not sent the generator and the transformer to Mr. Kemble. He wished to make the kerosene ionize as rapidly at high as at low speed. The mechanical means at their command, however, seemed more than ever inadequate for the work.

On Saturday morning, the last day of Tommy's vacation, Bill received a letter from Mr. Kemble, the patent lawyer. He read it very carefully. Then he folded it and put it back in the envelope. He looked at Tommy and said very quietly:

"I knew it!"

Tommy looked at the envelope, saw Kemble's name on the upper lefthand corner and felt himself grow pale.

"No patent?" he asked. His dream, notwithstanding all his self-admonitions against exaggerated hopes, crashed about his head and left him stunned.

"Read it!" said Bill, and turned away.

Tommy drew in a deep breath, reached for the death warrant and said: "Cheer up, Bill! We are not dead and buried by a long shot."

"I was thinking of you," said Bill.

"So was I," laughed Tommy. Bill's eyes gleamed with admiration.

Tommy read the letter without a tremor:

"*Dear Mr. Byrnes:*

"Referring to the carburetor you submitted to me last week, I am inclosing with this letter copy of a patent issued last December to B. France, which is the only prior patent I have been able to find at all pertinent to your subject. I am not prepared at the present moment to say whether you infringe upon it or not, but there is a serious doubt. I think I should consult with Professor Jenkins again, as soon as you have been able to make some of the tests and investigations he suggested. It will be necessary for you to ascertain as definitely as possible exactly what are the effects and limitations of your alternating current apparatus. It would be well to build and try out France's device, in an experimental way, of course, for the purpose of analyzing it and the differences that exist. With the results of this work before me, I could probably reach a definite conclusion on the question of infringement. I have not failed to note that, whereas your resulting gas is of such a character as to permit your engine to be started cold, France has not mentioned this very important subject, and by his omission I conclude that he has not obtained that important result. This suggests a substantial and possibly fundamental difference between your invention and his; but I must confess his patent appears to have been drawn to cover a device such as yours using the alternating current. Consequently you will see the advisability of pursuing your investigations along the lines mentioned, to the end of ascertaining whether yours is an independent invention or merely another form of France's. It will not be necessary, in view of your successful reduction of your invention to actual practice, to file an application until the subject has been further illumined. Your dates are protected, but you should proceed with your experiments without delay, and I shall be interested in hearing the results or to talk with you further in connection with the inclosed patent.

"Very truly yours,

"HUDSON G. KEMBLE."

"What did you want to scare me for, you murderer?" reproached Tommy.

"Well, doesn't that mean ——"

"It means that we've got to consider at once what we must do," interrupted Tommy.

"I'll do nothing," said Bill doggedly.

"Oh, yes, you will," contradicted Tommy pleasantly.

"You fool," shouted Bill furiously, "what can I do? How can I do it, with only an hour or two after dinner? Do you think I can do anything here when the cold weather comes?"

"Talk to Thompson. He'll find a way. Oh, you needn't think he'll cheat you. I'll vouch for him"—Tommy spoke savagely—"a blamed sight quicker than I would for a suspicious lunkhead of an inventor."

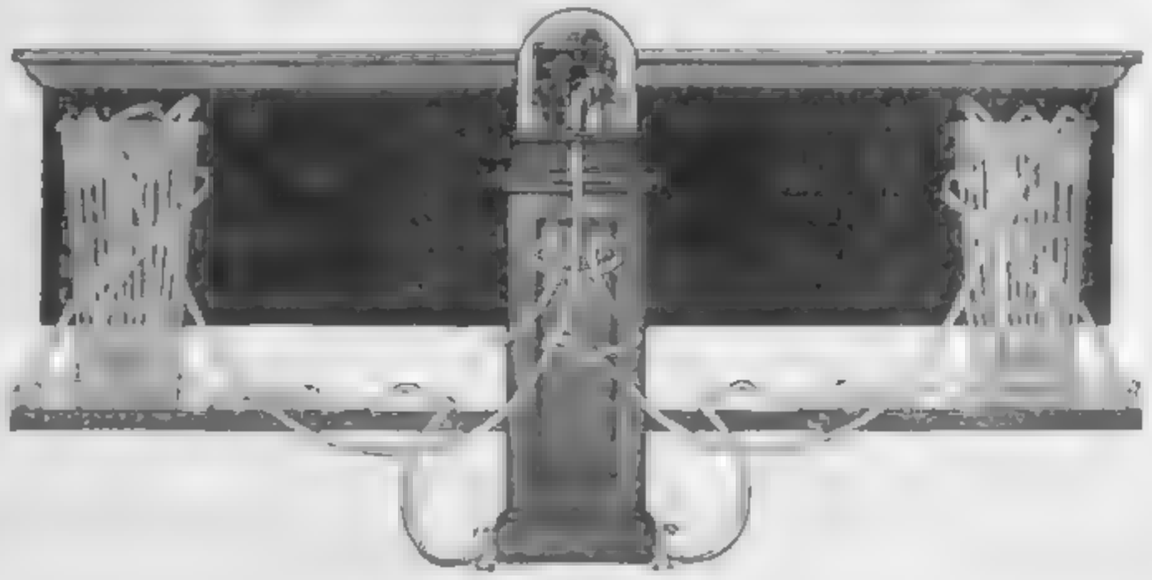
"Yes, he's got you hypnotized," said Bill with grim decision. Then because he saw in Tommy's face the loyalty that he himself felt toward Tommy, he went on: "Well, Tommy, I give up. It's all yours. You can talk to Thompson and get what you can out of him."

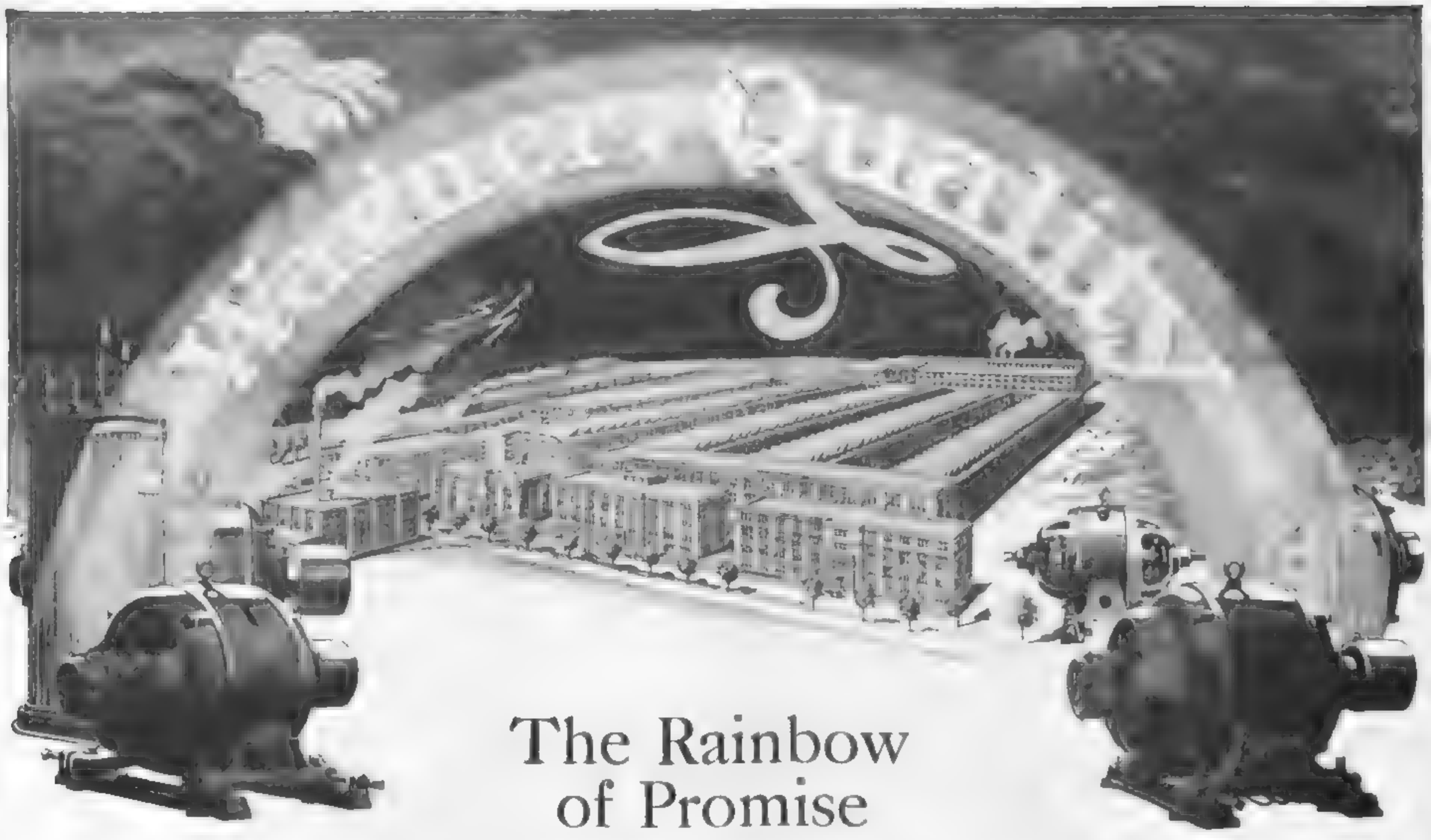
"No, you will talk to him, and then you can come back and tell me I don't know Thompson. And anyhow the time of our discovery is now a matter of record. Nobody can get back of the priority of claim. I tell you, Bill, if you must do business, you'd better pick out a man who is as much of a gentleman in his office as he is in his own home."

"I'm not afraid," said Bill boldly. "But you arrange for the meeting."

Afraid to talk to Thompson? Tommy almost laughed. Then he remembered that he himself was afraid to talk to Thompson about one thing! But perhaps if he did talk to Thompson about it Thompson might help. Perhaps! And Tommy, after half a month of peace, once more thought of the secret.

(TO BE CONTINUED)





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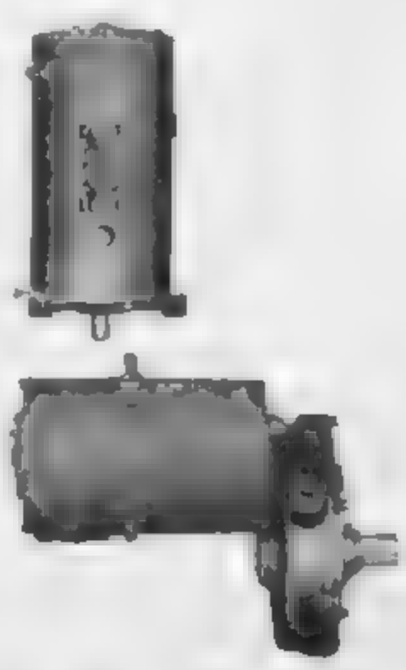

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HARMONY
A PIPE BLEND

PETER STOPS ASHORE

(Continued from Page 10)

"Help!" yelled the singer in the little cloud of powder that flew into the air. Peter felt sorry, but didn't see how he could help her just then.

It was Henston Peter wanted, and all the waiters tugging from behind warn't going to stop him. He reached across the table and took a good hold and hauled. It was like hauling a two-hundred-pound halibut over the gunnel of a dory, only he had nothing against any halibut that ever he hauled into a dory. He braced and heaved, and Henston came out of his corner and over the table, and kept on coming till he was clear over the table behind Peter and flat into the aisle beyond.

"You'll have to excuse me," said Peter to the diners at that table—all men; but they spoke right up, three of them to say hurriedly:

"It's all right, it's all right," and the other, as if to himself: "And they're scourin' the country for White Hopes!"

"Stop him, some of you, before he smashes the place up!" roared a frantic man who came running up then; and two, four, six waiters piled onto Peter, who, having no quarrel with them, gently shoved them off and went over to get Sarah.

A pugnacious-looking, prematurely gray-haired man stood at the café door as they were passing out. Peter was wondering if he would have to fight him too.

The man's face—it was the café bouncer—broke into a sudden grin.

"You're all right," he said. "I been watchin' that fuhler an' his crowd. An' you leave it to the manager to stick it onto him. You're all right, and that young lady—you take it from me, young fuhler—she's all right too."

Sarah felt grateful to the bouncer for that tribute. She hoped that it would bring a smile to Peter's face. But all the way home in the trolley there was no smile from Peter; he clung grimly to his strap and stared straight at the advertising cards. At her door he only spoke to say "Good night."

"Good night, Peter." And then, with a little clutch at his sleeve, "You're not mad with me, Peter?"

"I'm mad with myself for makin' the show o' you that I did to-night; but when he said you'd drunk wine with him there—said it with a bunch o' people like himself listenin'—when he said that ——"

Sarah's curling little hand had been reaching out for his. It came back flat to her side again.

"I got a bad temper, Sarah. It don't come out often, but it's there. And to-night, Sarah, when he lied about you like that, and his crowd, and maybe others round, believin' him maybe ——"

Sarah shivered. She knew now that in Peter's good opinion of her lay much of what she cared for in this world. In the good opinion of some man or other lay most of what the other girls in the store cared for. Always with them was the undying note—to hold and keep men's good opinion, to keep it at no matter what sacrifice of everything else.

"What they don't know will never hurt them. A man is no better off because he knows things!" She had heard that so often; and no girl is spending eight hours a day for two years with other girls without soaking in something of what they believe—not and be human, that is.

But she had never met a man like Peter. He held her in such respect, he held all girls in such respect, that it was solemn. Only the night before she had thought one time he was going to kiss her, and she had surged toward him, with her lips soft for him, but he had only said "Good night" suddenly and had run off—almost—up the street.

But Peter was speaking.

"Men have to go out to fight for a living in places where the fighting, Sarah, is sometimes pretty fierce. And sometimes that kind o' fighting makes 'em rough, and maybe cruel in spots. But that don't mean they're bad men. Men c'n be rough sometimes, but I never knew a man—that was any good, Sarah—that wanted women to have any o' men's badness. Aboard a vessel we just nacherally expect every man in her will 'tend to his part o' the work, even if he loses his life sometimes 'tendin' to it. That's a man's part, an' it's what he owes to the other men aboard. An' every man has that, an' it's as much a part of him as the beard on his face. And so when there's a woman somewhere a man's countin' on, he expects just nacherally she'll hold out against all the world for him. That's her part. And when to-night, Sarah, that fat-faced, lyin' brute said you'd drunk wine with him, 'twas just as much as if you'd said you liked him once—liked his kind."

Sarah sat down on the step. Pretty soon—she couldn't help it—Peter heard her sobbing.

He lifted her up.

"Sarah, Sarah, what is it?"

She drew away from him; for, of course, when she told him, he, that was so good himself, would never care for her again.

"It was true what he said, Peter! I did drink wine with him, and in that same place!"

Peter stood very still. And then he moved out to the curbstone, and with little tugs at his collar kept looking up at the sky. By and by he came back to the doorway.

"I wish you hadn't, Sarah; I wish you hadn't," he said; but came no nearer.

"Wish I hadn't told you?"

"No, no; I'm glad you told me. And I know what it meant for you to tell me. I'd rather take a chance going over the side—redjacks, oilskins and all—in a high sea after a shipmate than have to tell a girl something about myself that I know she don't want to hear. Specially when I care for her—not that I'm thinkin' you care for me so much, Sarah."

The blood came back to Sarah's heart. She hurried to tell him the rest.

"I've been wanting to tell you, Peter; you mustn't think me worse than I am. He used to come down to my counter and talk to me; and after a few days of that he asked me to go out with him. I was a little proud at first—to be noticed by the manager above the other girls. Girls like to be made much of, Peter; if it's only by a lost dog that licks their hand, they like it. I went to that place with him, after he'd asked me a dozen times, and the third time there with him I drank a glass of champagne. I wanted to know for myself what it tasted like. But I never took it with him again—nor went out with him again, because coming home in the taxi that night he tried to get fresh. A lot of men, Peter, think that if a girl isn't cold and stiff in her ways she must be bad. And I kicked the door of the taxi open and left him and came home alone."

"I'm glad you told me that. And Sarah?"

"Yes, Peter?"

"Good night, Sarah."

"You're not mad with me any more, Peter?"

"I could never stay mad with you."

"Then you must tell me you're not, Peter. A girl wants to be told these things."

Her eyes were smiling up like stars through the dark of the doorway at him. He drew back her head to him and kissed her. She lay very still against him. He patted her head.

"You'll marry me, won't you, Sarah, some day?"

"I'll ask mother. And whenever she says—will that do, Peter?"

Late every winter Mrs. Pentle took a month's trip south. She had returned from

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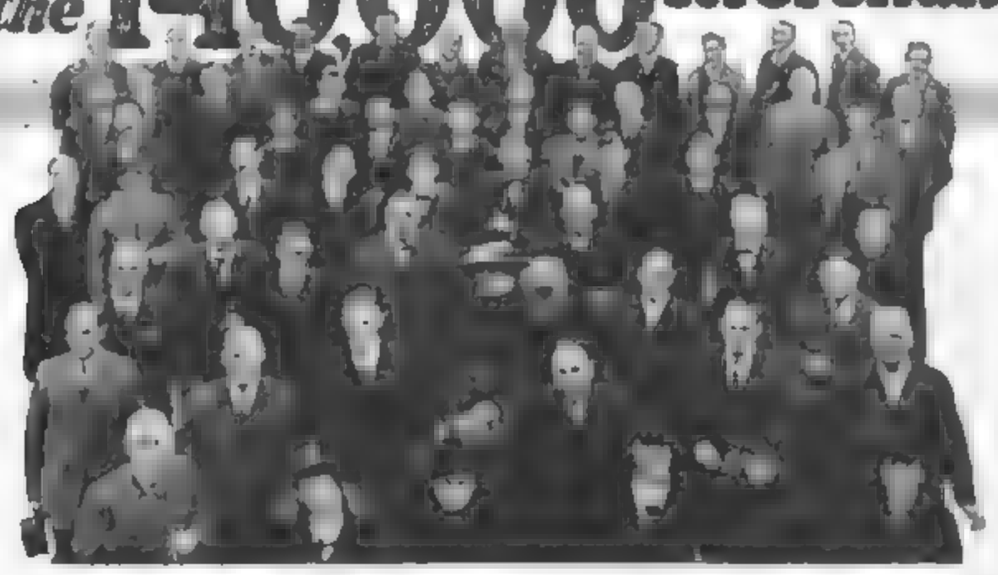

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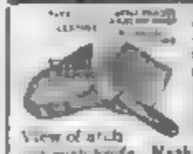

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that trip south and was making the rounds of the store. She came to the shipping room, looked round, asked Flaxley a few questions about things; and then, as she was about to go:

"I don't see Captain Crudden. He is not sick?"

"Peter's gone, ma'am," said Flaxley.

"Gone! Where to? What happened?"

"Mr. Henston and Peter had words, ma'am, and Peter put on his coat and walked out."

"What!"

"Yes'm. But before he put on his coat he threw Mr. Henston into the passageway. Then he went and got married," he added.

"Peter married!"

"Yes, ma'am. He surprised us, too—that is, gettin' married so quick."

"Whom did he marry?"

"Miss Hern, from the notions counter."

"Hern? Notions? I remember her now."

Flaxley saw her cross the passageway to the rest room and sit down on a couch. After a time she went upstairs.

It was after two o'clock—Flaxley remembered the time very well—when Mrs. Pentle left the rest room; so she must have ordered her car and gone to Gloucester right away, for she was in Duncan's store, according to the minutes of Fred Lichens, the old bookkeeper, before four o'clock.

"Is Captain Crudden here?" was her first question.

"He is. He's down the wharf—ready to sail in your vessel," said Mr. Duncan. "Shall I call him up?"

Mr. Duncan hailed from the steps of the store, and Peter came; but no smiling shipper's helper who looked like a boy was this Peter.

He was smiling enough, but there was already the hint in the set jaws, the wary, far-looking eyes, of the master mariner, the ocean battler. Her confidence ebbed; she was in an atmosphere of men's work that she could never get away from in Duncan's store, and almost timidly she heard herself asking:

"Will you tell me, Captain Crudden, what was wrong with the work in the store? I thought you liked it."

"Nothing wrong, Mrs. Pentle."

"Then what, please?"

"M-m-m," Peter revolved his cloth cap on one finger, but said nothing.

"One day in the shipping room, Captain Crudden, you told me what a comfort it was for a man to be home—of the joy of the easy slippers and the warm fire, of children climbing all over you—of the warm bed every night."

"That's right, I did."

"No more danger, no more hardship, your sure pay every week!"

"I know, I know."

"Then why? Was it the work?"

"The work?" Peter clearly smiled now. "Haddockin' in South Channel, Mrs. Pentle, workin' fourteen tubs—eight thousand hooks to a dory a day, an' dressin' our deckload o' fish on top o' that—three, four, yes an' five days an' nights runnin' sometimes, with no lookin' at our bunks till we filled her up——

"Work? I cal'late I've done more work in South Channel fishin' many a day than in any ten days I ever saw in your store, Mrs. Pentle."

"Then why, please, Captain Crudden, why?"

"Why? When you went south, Mrs. Pentle, you left a man in your place to give orders."

"Mr. Henston? What of him?"

"Of him? Honest, Mrs. Pentle, if we had that man out on the fishin' grounds we wouldn't cut him up for bait!"

Peter went back to his vessel, and Mrs. Pentle to her car.

"I ordered my house opened to-day. I'll run over there," she told Mr. Duncan.

It was a clear day with a fresh breeze from the west. She must have seen, when she looked, the whitecaps in the harbor, as her car rolled over the road.

John Ferguson, up in his lookout, saw her car roll up to her gate. John could also see the reflection of the fresh fire in the grate in her den, the fresh pot of tea beside the window seat. And no doubt she could see, as she sipped her tea, John Ferguson through an airport of his aerie.

However, the Celia Pentle was sailing out to sea and John was entering her—Celia Pentle, Peter Crudden, Master, with the date, in his book—and was reading the entry over to himself when Mrs. Pentle came in.

The harbor had grown whiter under the little crests of the tossing seas, and outside the point they were rolling yet higher and higher.

"Isn't it rough weather to be sailing, John?" she asked.

"Rough? For an able fisherman and an able master and crew? No, Mrs. Pentle. The wind's fair, ma'am, as a man'd want for a run offshore—a great chance for Peter to try the new vessel out. This time tomorrow, ma'am, and if you could listen to Peter I'll bet you'd be proud to have such a wonderful vessel named after you. A new, able vessel and a new, lovely young wife—he oughter be the happy man sailin' to sea this night."

"But his wife—won't she be lonesome, John?"

"For her own good and Peter's, I cert'nly hope so, ma'am. But she won't be lonesome for too long, ma'am. Their age—an' healthy an' lovin'—they're the kind, ma'am, to have a houseful o' children. An' that'll be a good thing. Many's the day an' night, out on the wide ocean there, Peter'll be drivin' his vessel, thinkin' o' them children an' the mother to home, an' plannin' how he's ever goin' to kill fish enough to pay for the shoes an' their clothes an' their schoolin' an' the house rent, an' all the rest of it. Many a hard night out to sea he'll be thinkin' o' that, an' it'll be that'll hold him to his work an' make a full man o' him. And the mother she'll be keepin' the home, lovin' the children an' lovin' Peter that's workin' night an' day to keep 'em. I tell you, ma'am, they're the wise ones that lay their courses so that by 'n' by, whether they will or no, they got to go on with the steady drivin'."

John laid the glasses on the Celia Pentle.

"Look at her now, ma'am, down to the rail already an' whalin' away through it! An' there's Peter—look at him—in the oilskins up by the wind'ard bitt! An'—— But there's some one callin' you, ma'am."

It was her maid, who came running over to say that there was an urgent telephone message.

"It is from Mr. Henston, madam."

Mrs. Pentle nodded that she heard, but continued to look through the glasses at the Celia sailing out to sea.

The maid coughed. She was at the foot of the tower, looking up.

"He says, madam, that the silk buyer wishes him to go to New York for that stock of pongees, and that he is waiting for an answer to his letter before he goes."

Mrs. Pentle stood at the hatch of the tower, looking down.

"Fishermen are pretty careful of what they use for bait, aren't they, John?"

John, after consideration, said:

"Bank fishermen are maybe more careful than most, ma'am; though, when we was hard put to it, I've seen some pretty poor quality o' stuff cut up for bait."

Mrs. Pentle looked down the ladder to the maid.

"Tell Mr. Henston there is no answer. Tell him to go to New York and that, hereafter, he had better stay there and look after the silks exclusively."

For as long as the falling darkness would allow, John saw Mrs. Pentle picking out the plunging course of Peter's vessel through the green-white waters. And then, turning to him, she said:

"I've been thinking that I ought to take more interest in my young girls when they marry.

"On the day the Cruddens have a baby born to them I shall make over the Celia Pentle to the baby."

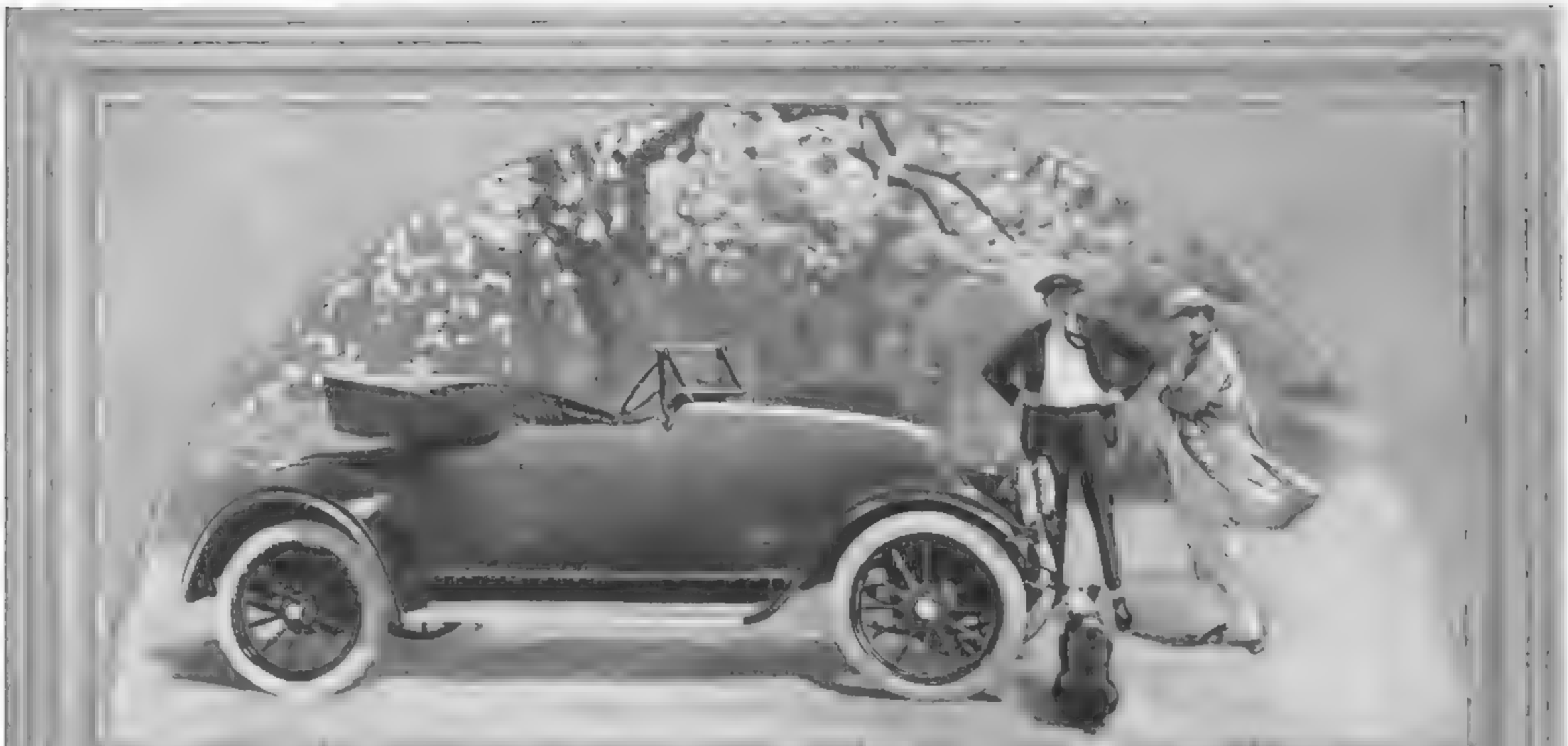
For all she smiled when she said that—and in John's opinion she should 'a' been a happy woman to be able to say things like that—for all that there was what John called a melancholy in her voice and a sort of vapor in her eyes when she said it; and, looking after her making her lonesome way over to the big house with all the lighted windows, he couldn't help thinking that for all they said she was such a boss of a woman—for all that—there ought to be somebody more than a lot of butlers and maids and cooks to meet her at the door.

Fred Lichens couldn't see where Peter's stop ashore ever hurt him any. Certainly, since the baby came, he has been making fishing history in the Celia!

He looked over to Mr. Duncan when he said that.

Mr. Duncan wasn't deaf.

"A little change never harmed anybody," retorted Mr. Duncan—"it's the change lasting too long!"



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WHEN a Franklin owner tells the plain facts about his *tire economy*, the average motorist is skeptical.

Somebody has said—"tire trouble is the unspoken thought in every motorist's mind," yet it is the one trouble that most motorists accept patiently, *unintelligently*, as though nothing could be done about it.

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Last year automobile owners discarded 9,000,000 worn-out tires, representing more than *two hundred and ninety million dollars*.

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MISS LONG LANDS THREE JOBS

(Continued from Page 19)

"Oh, you—you!" she raged. "You do what I tell you, you numskull. You can't eat my feelings, can you?"

"Oh, all right," said Mr. Pellam, flushing. "Here goes. There is nothing wrong with what you've got on. That's just exactly what's the matter with it. It's so darned correct and expensive. The boots were bought at Slately's, the spats at Alexandrine's, hosiery—saw it when you untangled your legs—came from Nibble & Nibble, the suit—beautiful cut—from Simon Simon's, and the big hat over there from Bellar. You'd think you couldn't go wrong at any of those shops, and you can't. Nobody else can either. When you come up the Avenue there are maybe three of you in sight, and unless the wind blows your hat half off it's all a guess which is which."

Miss Long's cheeks flushed with embarrassment and kept on flushing; but her eyes were big with wonder at the extent and accuracy of Mr. Pellam's deductions of origin, and she was plainly undismayed.

"Go on, now," she breathed. "Dream something on me."

Mr. Pellam leaned forward, elbows on knees, hands clasped, face solemn. "Imagine yourself before a cheval glass," he began. "Crown of tawny hair, red-brown; pale forehead, amber eyes, freckled nose, cheeks smooth as flower petals and—er—inclined to flush."

Miss Long's eyes flashed a warning look, but it was entirely wasted.

Mr. Pellam was not philandering; he was intent on his job.

"Neck," he went on—"well, you know what your neck is—a place where pearls would be wasted and that cries aloud for a dog-collar of kisses, the only kind that wouldn't hide it."

Miss Long's eyes flashed again—another wasted signal. Mr. Pellam dreamed on:

"Body small but slender. Not Venus at all but Psyche in miniature. Legs straight, thank goodness. What's your note? Amber. What's your tone? Silk. Imagine yourself from the neck down. Camisole, crêpe de Chine, pale pink; corset-waist—no corset—same, but ribbon heavy cream. Knickers, crêpe de Chine, same shade. Stockings, silk, deep brown or dark green plaid. That's our foundation for street costume. You think men don't know anything about what's underneath, but I assure you they can feel it when you walk by on the other side of a plate-glass window."

Miss Long was breathing fast. Her eyes stared at him pleadingly.

"P-p-put something else on me quickly, p-p-please," she stuttered.

"Sure," said Mr. Pellam dreamily. "Here goes"

Before he could begin Miss Long came to. She glanced at her watch, gave a little scream, jumped from the chair, snatched up her hat and grabbed Mr. Pellam by the arm

"Come on," she said. "It's twenty-five minutes to six."

"What bit you?" demanded Pellam, an aggrieved look in his face.

"You are a gentleman, aren't you?" cried Miss Long. "Well, try not to be a blockhead at the same time. Can't you see I've got a hunch? Come on."

She half dragged, half pushed and wholly wheedled him out of the flat, out of the house and into a taxi.

"Say," said Pellam, going red in the face with impotent rage, "didn't I tell you I haven't got even the price of two pork and beans on me?"

Miss Long leaned out and called to the driver: "Simon Simon's, and you've got to get there in ten minutes. Don't stop to think it out."

"The girl is mad," soliloquized Mr. Pellam. "I told her I'd put some dream clothes on her, and now she's walking in her sleep and shouting Simon Simon's!"

Miss Long began to count out loud.

"One, two, three, one, two, three—I'm doing this so I won't slap him—one, two, three—told him I had a hunch—one, two, three, one——" et cetera, until the cab drew up.

"Wait," said Miss Long to the driver as she jumped to the sidewalk and turned as if to help Pellam out. He gave her a withering look, but stepped out and preceded her meekly into the building. They met a stream of astonished beauty of all ages. Miss Long had to push Pellam twice, so potent was the cross fire of admiring eyes.

"Has Mr. Simon gone yet?" she asked anxiously of the elevator buttons.

"No, miss."

Two minutes later Pellam found himself in a small screened-corner office, looking at a little man who seemed keen, surprised, but quite willing to listen to anything that the excited Miss Long had to say.

"Sit down there," said Miss Long to Pellam, and pushed him into a chair. Then she turned to the keen little man.

"Mr. Simon," she said impressively, nodding her head backward at Pellam, "I've found something."

Mr. Simon glanced nervously at Pellam, raised his hand to his mouth and coughed. Apparently that glance saw nothing, but in reality it saw enough to tell Mr. Simon that under ordinary circumstances he would say "Sir" to Mr. Pellam.

"You wouldn't think to look at him he'd be guilty of a brand-new idea, would you?" asked Miss Long.

An unfailing light of interest dawned in Simon's face as he took out a pencil and began to work down his cuff.

"Go on," he said, his eyes beginning to glow.

Miss Long turned to Pellam.

"What's your name?"

"Pellam," said Pellam.

"Mr. Pellam," continued Miss Long, "says that the great trouble with women is that they really dress for other women when they think they're dressing for men. He says that deep down in the débutante's heart she doesn't want to dress for women at all. She does it through a kind of dwarfed, follow-the-sheep-in-front instinct. He says that if he knows one out of three correctly turned-out women he has a horrid feeling of seeing triplets when they walk up the street. He says we are a nation of standardized automobiles and standardized clothes, and that it's all wrong, because there's just one perfect chord of color in which you can write the fugue of a girl's personality. When she finds it she becomes a little heaven all by herself."

Mr. Pellam nodded, a look of admiration in his face for Miss Long's powers of expression. Mr. Simon's eyes glowed until they shone.

"I'm getting you," he said. "Go on."

Miss Long tossed aside her hat.

"Now I'm standing here," she continued, flushing for the fourteenth time that day, "in camisole, corset-waist and knickers, all pink crêpe de Chine ribboned with quarter-inch cream. I've got on dark brown silk stockings and—and that's all. D'you see me?"

"Sure, sure," said Simon, "and lovely too! Go on."

"No," said Miss Long, sweeping her eyes up to Pellam's. "Now you."

Pellam did. He began at the bottom and dressed her for the street. He shod her in half-leg brown boots of the finest calf and three-inch heels. He skirted her with the pleated tartan of the Black Watch, softest dark green with blurred black lines. He gave her a blouse of sheer lawn open at the throat in wide lapels. He created a vision of a jacket out of dark green glovecloth, gave it a standing collar edged with black braid to go with the upward sweep of her coiffure, made it follow the curve of her shoulder from neck to elbow, and then flared out the sleeves and stopped them short. He added a waist line that would take all the master-cutting of Simon Simon's at its best, tacked a black rope latch in front, and sketched in the loose fall of the jacket skirts with a wave of his hand. Then he crowned her with a plaid toque and two banded feathers, one amber for her eyes, one red-brown-gold for her hair.

Simon relaxed from tensity in a big sigh. His pencil had been busy all over his cuff.

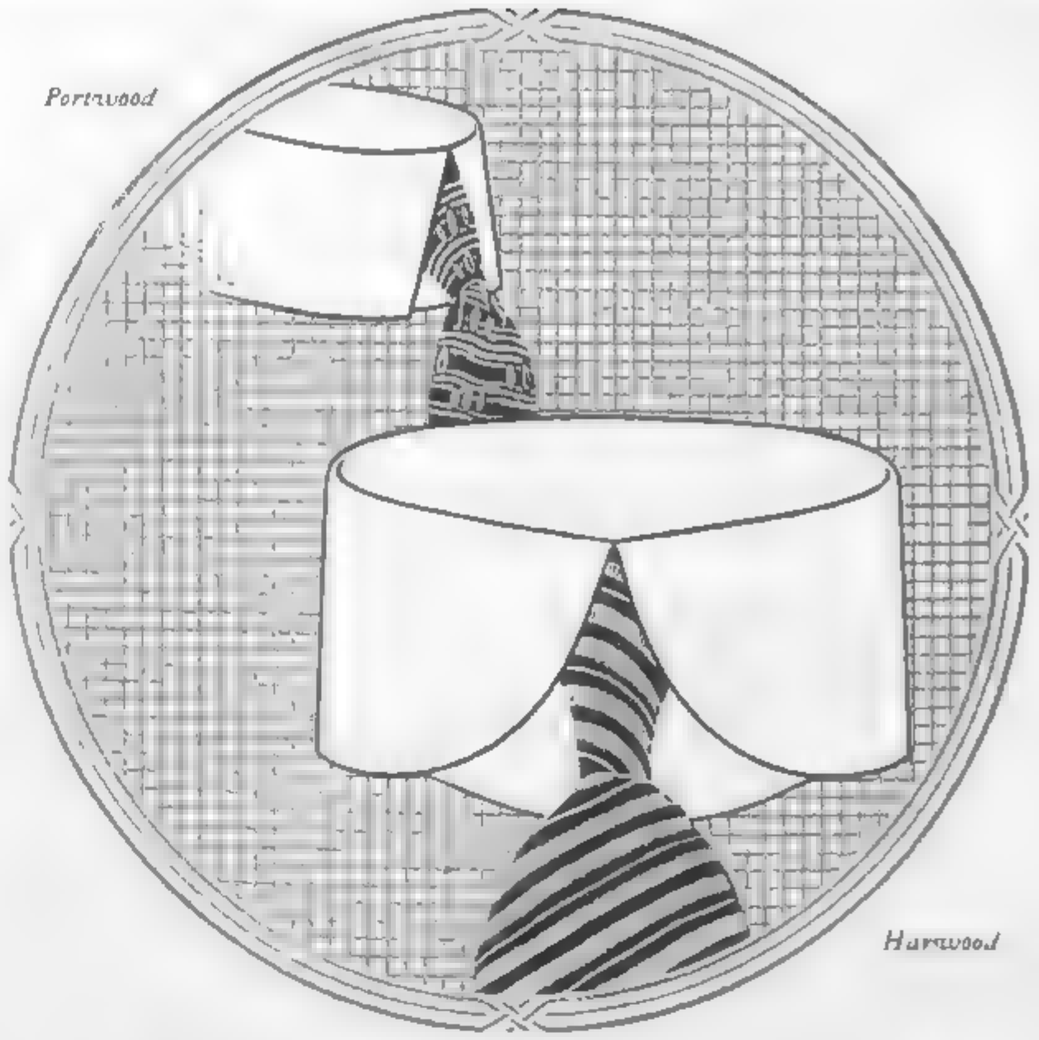
"We'll get that model under way tomorrow, Miss Long," he said, and turned to Pellam. "What do I owe you?" he asked nervously.

"Twenty-five," said Miss Long promptly.

Mr. Simon gravely counted out the money and passed it over. Pellam took the bills in a sort of dazed haze and fingered them wonderingly.

"Some hunch!" he murmured.

"Isn't he engaged?" asked Miss Long excitedly. "Can't you see him in a teeny office like this dreaming frocks on girls at ten, fifteen, twenty dollars a vision? And can't you give him half? What's the matter with you men to-day? You're dopey!"



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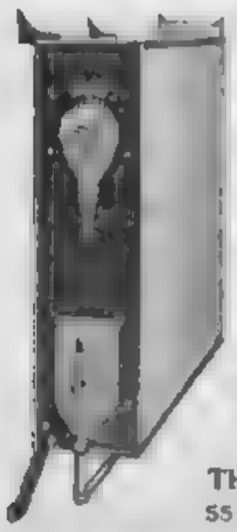

Insures health and comfort. Makes possible winter washing [illegible] to your car.

The SCIENTIFIC SAFETY GARAGE HEATER saves your tires, batteries, engine and bearings, preserves the finish of your car, prevents frozen [illegible] jackets. It does it all by keeping your garage warm in winter.

It requires no matches. You can pour gasoline upon it. It is absolutely safe—the most wonderful appliance ever de[illegible] [illegible] new booklet "Winter Motoring"—TODAY!

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Get the Kiddies a Bicycle for Christmas

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For Children from 4 to 8 Years Old

THE LITTLE HUMMER

Bright maroon frame
Motorbike handlebars
Full leather saddle
Ball-bearing wheels
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Height—27 inches

BICYCLING develops health, grace and self-reliance in little folks. And they take to it easily and naturally. Most department store, hardware and furniture dealers have LITTLE HUMMERS. If yours hasn't yet, write us, enclosing remittance. The LITTLE HUMMER will come promptly (freight prepaid east of Missouri River). One model for all.

T. B. LAYCOCK, SON & CO.

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Simon squared his shoulders and turned eagerly to Pellam: "Er—would you?"

"Sure," said Pellam, grinning. "You see, I've been hungry for a week."

Three hours later Mr. Pellam, no longer hungry, taxied once more to the Alangor accompanied by a contented but very tired little lady. She had taken off the big hat and he had pinned it to the roof of the cab. Twice her head had nod-nodded till it brushed his shoulder and twice she had straightened and said sleepily, "Beg your p-pardon;" and Pellam had held on to himself with both hands and said: "Not at all!"

He half carried her up the steps. She awoke and laughed.

"You wouldn't think I'd just eaten a great big dinner, would you?" she asked.

Then her face fell and she groaned. Pellam followed the direction of her eyes and read that most tragic of all New York notices—"Elevator not running." He laughed. He picked her up and carried her. He carried her up flights of stairs and flights of stairs until his heart pounded a warning that it was going to burst on the next landing but one. That would have been on the floor next above Miss Long's.

"How strong you are!" said Miss Long as she fished out her latchkey. Pellam didn't answer; he couldn't, for his triumph had been the closest call of a long athletic career, and his lungs were pumping so madly that he expected to wheeze at any moment like a broken-winded horse.

They went into the somewhat bare sitting room, stood and looked at each other. Miss Long sent her big hat sailing toward the couch. With both hands she pushed up her hair and felt round in it. Pellam eyed her fingers enviously. Suddenly his heart stopped pounding and began to hop, skip and jump.

"Go home now," said Miss Long sleepily, "and thank you very much."

"Look here!" said Pellam in a tone that made her eyes fly wide open. "Aren't you just a little tired of doing all the bossing? Stand up on that chair."

Miss Long eyed him wonderingly and very slowly stood up on the chair. Mr. Pellam advanced upon her.

"Shoo!" she said through parted, trembling lips. "I've got my *fingers* crossed!"

Mr. Pellam paid no heed. He bore down upon her and grappled her about the waist. His eyes engaged hers in mortal combat.

"Put your arms round my neck," he commanded.

"Fingers crossed," gulped Miss Long.

Mr. Pellam shook her. "Do as you're told," he warned.

Very slowly, her eyes wavering to this side and that as though they were thinking of green hills far away, Miss Long's hands crept round his neck.

"Now!" said Mr. Pellam, and kissed her breath away. She had to bury her face against his shoulder and hold him tight to make him stop.

"Darling," he said, "you're the one girl in the whole big world. Do you understand? I want you—I want you for mine. Just name the day, dear—any day next week. Sweetheart, you're not afraid any more?"

"Never was afraid," gasped Miss Long. "You're just a great big baby, but I won't have you—not next week."

"Well, dear," said Mr. Pellam, tightening his grip, "to-morrow is Saturday, but you know best. We won't wait for next week."

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of stories by Mr. Crowfoot. The fourth, entitled Meal Ticket vs. Heavy Date, will appear in an early number.

Swell Swill

MANDY, the old colored woman who comes in to help by the day, was engaged in clearing away the dinner table after a bounteous repast, which had included a huge watermelon among other good things of the season.

As she passed through the doorway, carrying in each hand a well-filled can of the glistening melon rind, she turned and, rolling her eyes over in my direction, said:

"Miss Fanny, would you min' if I carried home one o' dem cans?"

"Why, no, Mandy," I replied; "but what in the world do you want of it? You don't keep pigs or chickens."

"La, no, Miss Fanny; I don't keep no pigs," said she, laughing until her fat sides shook. "I jest want to make de neighbors jealous. Dey don't nebber hab no sich garbage as dis settin' outside deir front steps!"

Cheney

Cravats

In selecting neckwear, ordinarily, one question must remain undecided: How will the tie look after the twentieth or fiftieth time worn? This is automatically settled when you find the name

CHENEY SILKS

stamped on the neckband, for that name implies distinctive, unvarying quality.

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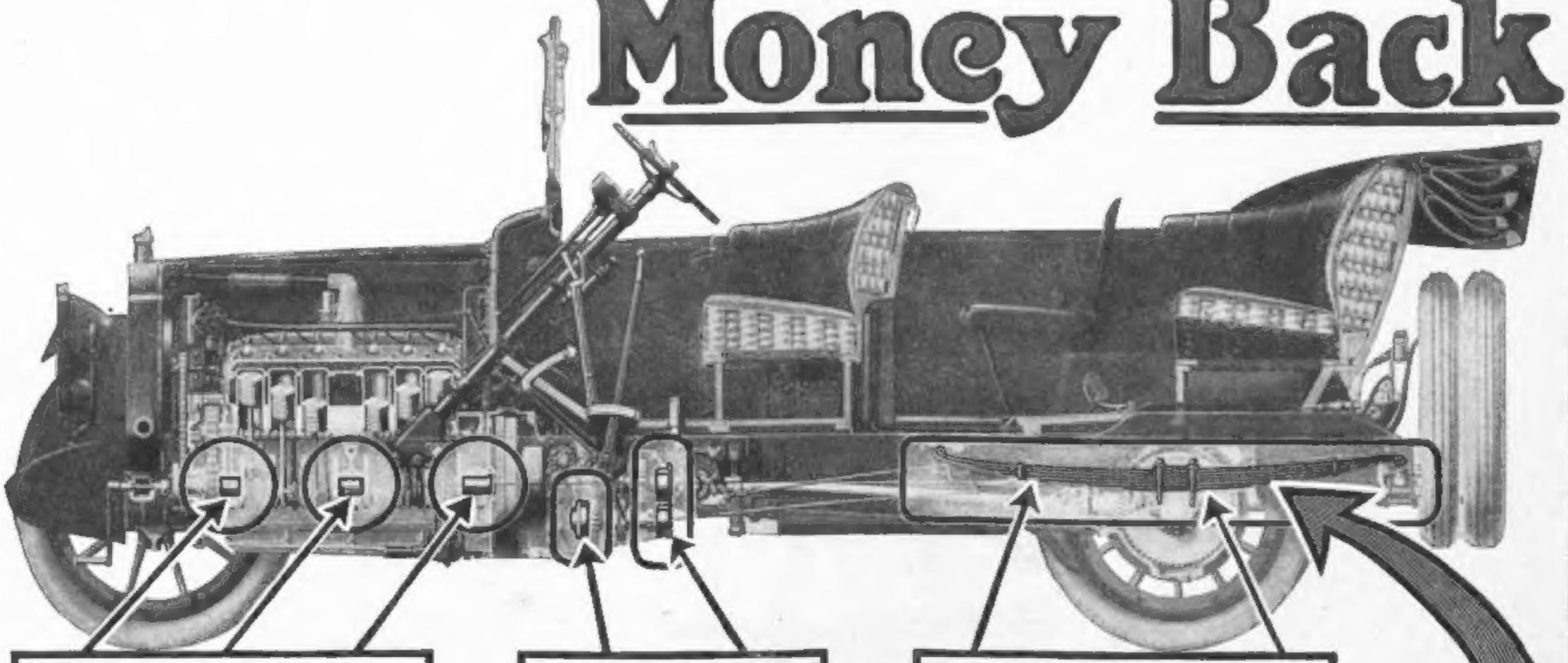

The efficiency and life of a motor are directly dependent upon its bearings of specially lubricated anti-friction metal which are introduced between the crank case and moving parts.

Dann Insert is to the spring leaves what these special bearings are to the motor.

The ability of the transmission to transmit power without loss is the result of specially designed bearings for its shafts to rotate upon.

Dann Insert is to the spring what these special bearings are to the transmission.

The ability of a spring to be efficient is dependent upon its leaves sliding freely upon each other. An efficient spring must be able to respond instantly to the slightest road impact.

Dann Insert, the lubricated spring-leaf bearing, is to spring efficiency what special bearings are to every other part of the car.

This BRONZE BEARING

(Self-Lubricating)

Between the Leaves of Every Spring From Tip to Tip

gives the smooth, easy, efficient spring action as necessary to the life of all the working parts of an automobile as it is to the riding comfort of the occupants. Stiff, inactive springs transmit destructive vibration, hard road shocks and jolting strains to every part of the motor, transmission and final drive system.

A spring equipped with bearings between the leaves allows each leaf to slide freely upon its own bearing surface and to absorb the vibration which otherwise passes to the body and passengers.

Dann Insert—the bronze spring-leaf bearing, self lubricating between all the leaves of all the springs from tip to tip in any automobile gives a riding ease that cannot be obtained in any other way. The principle of efficient spring action demands a free-sliding leaf motion.

DANN INSERT

"The Lubricated Spring-Leaf Bearing"

Every spring leaf rests on a bearing surface; is responsive—flexible—workainstantly—saves occupants of car from jolting—working parts of car from vibration, destructive pounding strain—eliminates vibration—retards car depreciation—increases tire mileage. Spring leaves are automatically, continuously lubricated—no spring squeaks.

Dann Insert is a perfect spring-leaf bearing of anti-friction bronze and is so constructed as to supply continuous and adequate lubrication to the entire bearing surface of the spring leaves. It fits between all the spring leaves from tip to tip. The bronze bearing metal reduces friction between the leaves to allow easy sliding of one leaf over the other. The graphite compound will not flow liquid and furnishes a lubricating surface that protects against rust and grit.

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"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"
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